Sept. 21, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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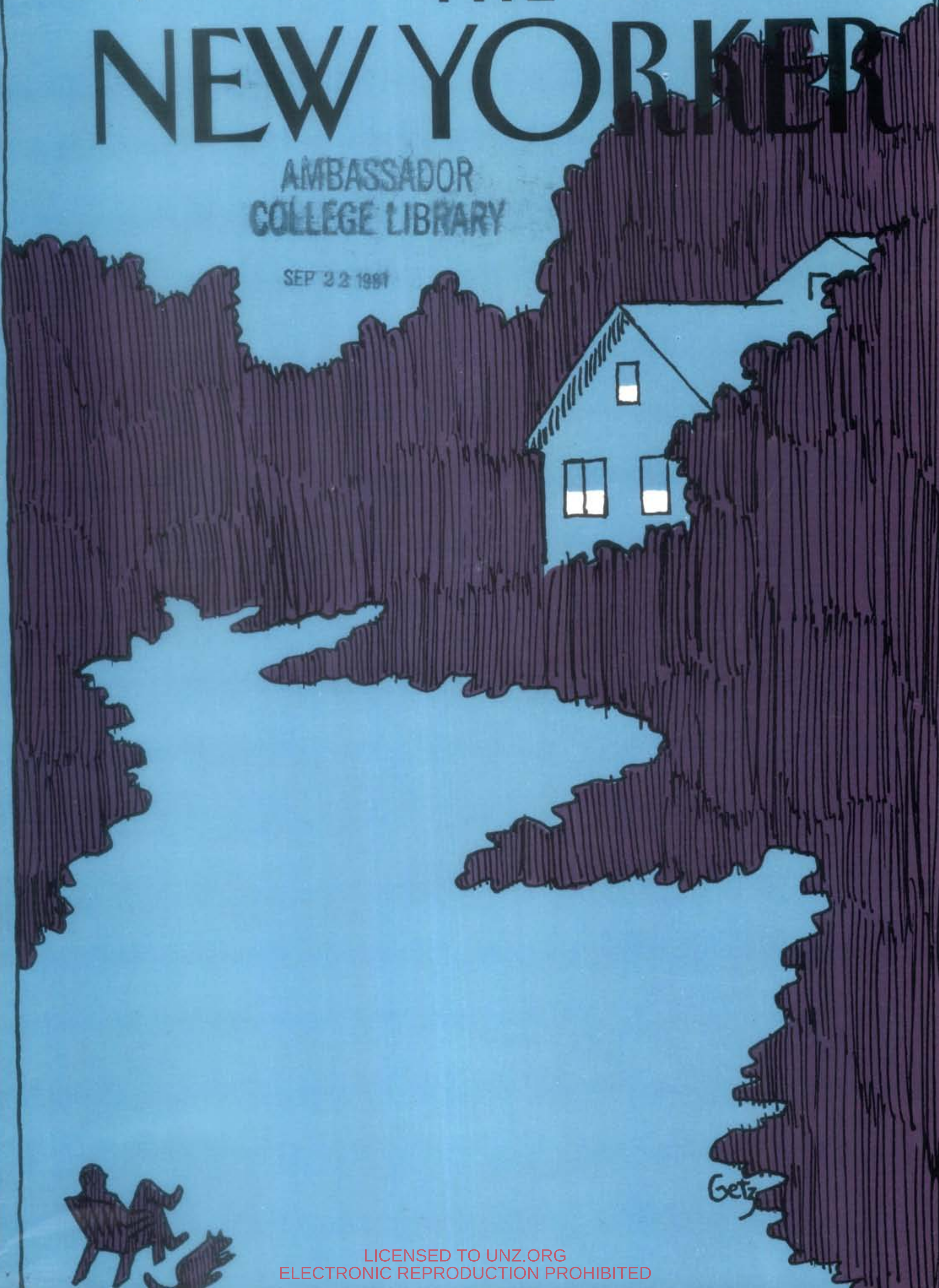

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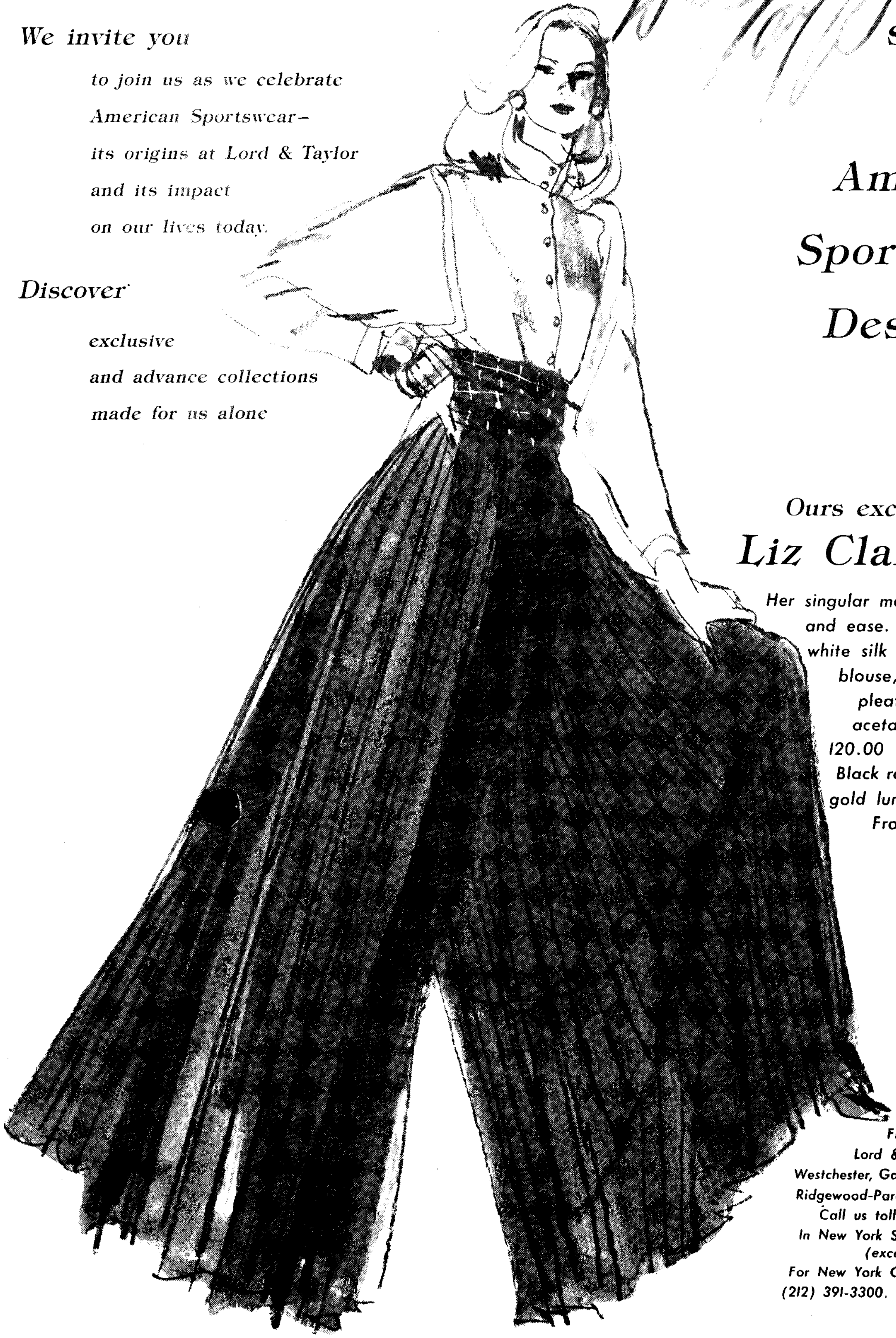

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park *in London in 1980—is a witty and original* work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Dave Allen—The British humorist in a limited engagement of a one-man show. Previews Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-19, at 8. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 20, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **the vagabond king.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 27.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Louis—A musical based on the life of Louis Armstrong, with a book and lyrics by Don Evans, and music by Michael Renzi. Opens Friday, Sept. 18, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 4. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays and Monday, Sept. 21, at 7:30.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"AFLOAT" . . . . *Ann Beattie* 38

"WORK" . . . . *David Plante* 41

"GRIEF REVISITED" (POEM) . . . . *James Lewisohn* 44

PROFILES (HOPE, ARKANSAS) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 49

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 97

THE SPORTING SCENE (HANG GLIDING) . . . . *Wallace White* 100

A REPORTER AT LARGE (JAZZ IN CHINA) . . . . *William Zinsser* 142

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 169

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 171

BRIEFLY NOTED 182

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Sam Gross, Charles Addams, Al Ross, Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, George Booth, Frank Modell, Arnie Levin, William Steig, Richard Edes Harrison, Dana Fradon, Ed Fisher, Robert Weber, Mischa Richter, Roz Chast*

THE NEW YORKER

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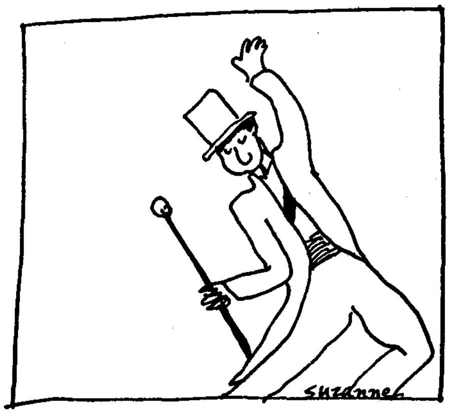
STEUBEN GLASS

her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ya'acobi & Leidental—A play by Israeli playwright Hanoch Levine. A presentation of the Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Long Runs—Ain't Misbehavin': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Amadeus:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **Barnum:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Children of a Lesser God:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Chorus Line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Dancin':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Deathtrap:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Evita:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** 8,896 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Fifth of July:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Swoosie Kurtz and Michael O'Keefe (who is spelling Richard Thomas for the next few weeks) dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42nd Street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Oh! Calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **One Mo' Time:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Sugar Babies:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. Starting Monday, Sept. 21, Helen Gallagher will fill in for Miss Miller for three weeks. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

"Salute to the Black Classics of Dance and Music"—A three-week festival presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. The dance portion (two programs) is scheduled to run from Thursday, Sept. 17, through Sunday, Sept. 27, and the music portion from Thursday, Oct. 1, through Saturday, Oct. 10. The dance section will feature works choreographed by Talley Beatty, Eleo Pomare, Louis Johnson, John Parks, Andy Torres, and Shauneeque Baker-Scott, performed by Hinton Battle, John J. J. Cole, Tanya Gibson, Sheila Rohand, and others. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Program I: Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 25, at 8; and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Program II: Friday, Sept. 18, at 8; Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2:30; Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, barrel-racing, steer-wrestling, and much more. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24-25, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 2.)

DANCE

Twyla Tharp Dance—Opening performances of a four-week engagement by Miss Tharp and her company which will run through Sunday, Oct. 18—Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22-23, at 8: The première of a full-length work entitled "The Catherine Wheel." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2: "The Bix Pieces;" two New York premières—"Assorted Quartets" and "Short Stories;" and "Baker's Dozen," with Dick Hyman, jazz piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 8: "Brahms' Paganini;" "Uncle Edgar Dyed His Hair Red" (New York première); "The Fugue;" and "Deuce Coupe," with guest dancers Cynthia Gregory and Christine Sarry. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878.)

Classical Performing Arts of Japan—Twenty-three dancers and musicians in two programs. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8: Kabuki dance and popular dance forms that originated in the sixteenth century, accompanied by traditional music played by *hayashi* and *samisen* ensembles. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 17-18, at 8: *No* plays (both classical and modern) and *kyogen* comic plays. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—In six programs. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2 and 8.)

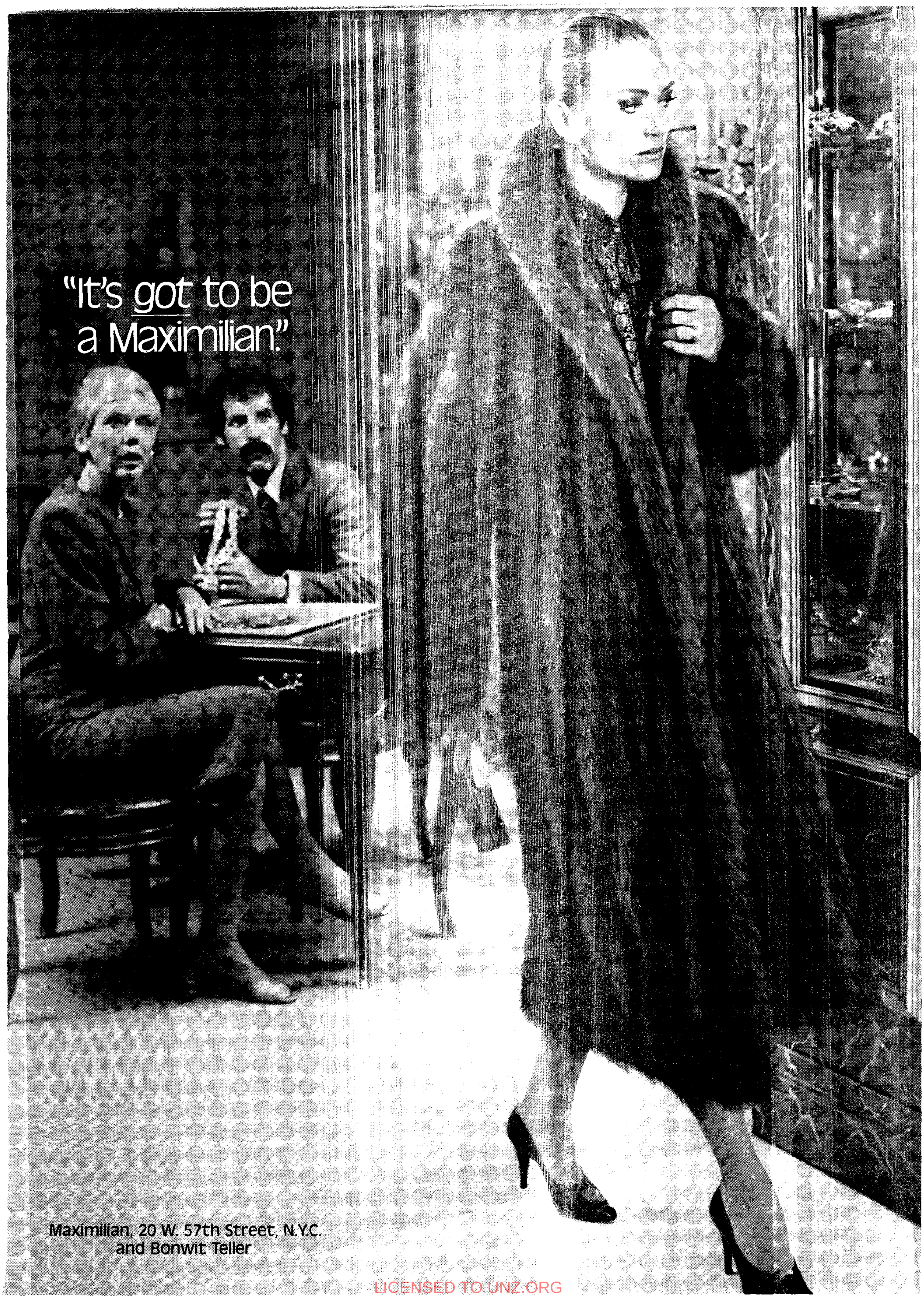
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist **Bob Cunningham** and his trio occupy the four-foot-high bandstand at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. **Eddie Daniels,** who usually forsakes his tenor saxophone for his clarinet when he plays this club, heads a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 20; on Tuesday, Sept. 22, Ted Nash, a former West Coast big-band and studio reed player, will come in with a trio. Mondays belong to the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, a thirties-jazz trio. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Thursday, Sept. 17, **Mose Allison,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer, pianist, and songwriter; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, the **Persuasions,** the Impalas, and the Steinettes, joined by Willie Winfield & the Harptones on Friday, and the Cleftones on Saturday; Monday, Sept. 21, guitarist, harmonica player, and whistler **Toots Thielemans** and the **David Chesky** band; Wednesday, Sept. 23, saxophonist **Sadao Watanabe;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, the **Roches** and Franklin Micare. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays



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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Two cases in point—pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RED MITCHELL**—are the current musicians in residence, Mondays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Sept. 20, Red Mitchell will work with another pianist. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has claimed the piano bench for two and a half months. He appears Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Open City, the Turncoats, the Papers, and Pressure Point; Thursday, Sept. 17, People Falling and L-7; Friday, Sept. 18, Sic F*cks and Velveteen, with Lisa Burns; and Saturday, Sept. 19, Marshall Crenshaw and the Cooties. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**AL CARMINES,** composer of numerous Judson Memorial Church and Off Broadway productions and on leave from his regular gig as a pastor at Judson, plays piano and sings Bessie Smith tunes, Irving Berlin tunes, and his own tunes in his pleasing, modest baritone. He's here every night but Sunday. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** a wily, mainstream-jazz singer and pianist who has no faults, has the floor. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

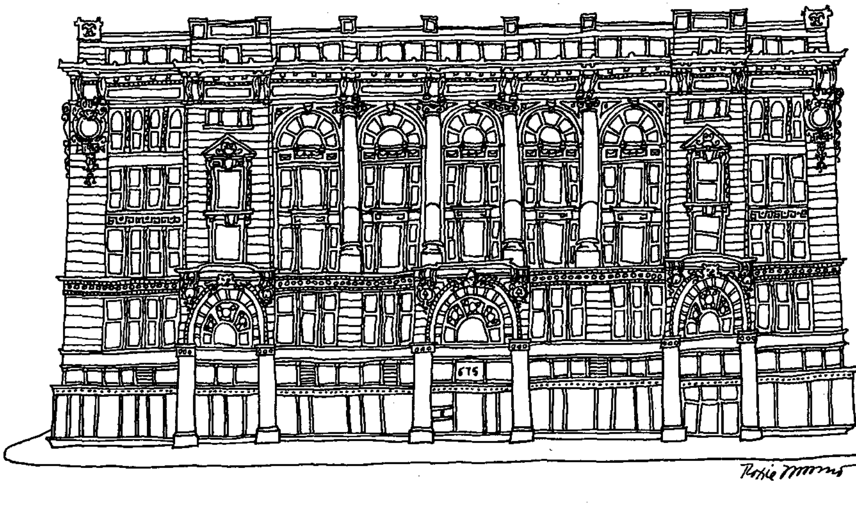
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 16, John Roberts and the Derby Ram; Saturday, Sept. 19, D. W. Griffiths & the Rank Strangers; Sunday, Sept. 20, guitarists Bob Zaidman and Larry Johnson; Thursday, Sept. 24, the Double Decker String Band; and Saturday, Sept. 26, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays; from eight-fifteen on Saturdays and Thursday, Sept. 24; and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Sept. 20, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will lead his Jazz Sultans from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Rhapsodic Caribbean pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER** is present through Sunday, Sept. 20; on Tuesday, Sept. 22, a triple-threat tenor-saxophone front line—**SCOTT HAMILTON, AL COHN,** and **BUDDY TATE**—will arrive with a rhythm section. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. Trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** pianist **CHARLES BATEMAN,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** drummer **TOMMY BENFORD,** and bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays)—collectively, the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—go at it from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, Miss Rhapsody (Viola Wells) sings blues from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Dining.



Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Neva Small; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, Marion Cowings; on Monday, Sept. 21, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** with saxophonist **BILLY MITCHELL** and singer Gwen Cleveland; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 22-23, Raw Sugar; and starting Thursday, Sept. 24, Lee Genesis. On Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings lively Brazilian-jazz numbers with her band. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** is back, playing piano and singing from five to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist perform through Saturday, Sept. 19; on Tuesday, Sept. 22, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums and buzzes while he plucks and bows, will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **DON EWELL,** who spent much of the forties with various Dixieland and Chicago-jazz bands and much of the fifties and part of the sixties with Jack Teagarden, is the current pianist, and he offers up generous helpings of Johnson, Morton, and Waller. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 20-21, will be given over to pianist **JOE ALBANY.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, **PHILLY JOE JONES,** Miles Davis's drummer in the fifties and still a robust mainspring, will head a combo; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, the jubilant trumpeter **TED CURSON** will drop by with his group. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant

(Advertisement)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COMFORT

(The ease of the body begins in the mind.)

HAVE you noticed that most of the clothes we associate with comfort appear to have a history? The old shoe which things (and sometimes people) are said to be as comfortable as. That old tweed jacket with chamois patches where the elbows finally gave out. An ancient sweater, the one which will never be equalled for softness, for ease, for just the right amount of warmth under a blazer (preferably a good old one).

These things are so tied up with our memories of the good times we've had in them that they've come to seem an extension of ourselves. The tweed jacket reminds us of a warm afternoon late in October, when stretched out on a hillside, we watched a hawk overhead. We blended into the landscape so thoroughly we couldn't have bothered him at all.

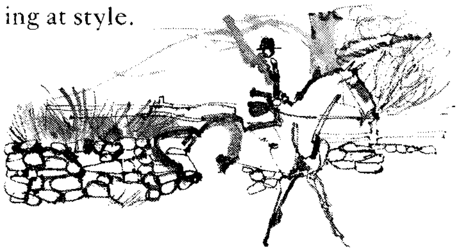
The sweater, too, has had a long and eventful life, even by cashmere standards. It's shared innumerable European adventures, taken the edge off damp mornings, comforted us in out-of-the-way hotels where they turn off the heat on the first of May regardless of the temperature outside. It has been mended repeatedly. Not good enough to give away, we've been told. Throwing it away is unthinkable.

In our book, the sweater and jacket are classics. That is, they were of the highest order of excellence in the first place and have proved themselves over the long haul. Is it snobbery to note that they were made of pure, natural materials? On the contrary. Our love of these materials has to do with the way wool and leather and linen and cotton breathe, something essential to our comfort. It has to do with their subtle variances of texture. With their colors: muted tones, shades, hues, rather than pure intensities, compatible rather than competitive. Finally, the way they adjust to our body and get softer the longer they're worn gives a friendly boost to our psyche.

Not only were our old favorites made of natural materials, they were made with the kind of care that meant they were made to last. Which brings us to workmanship, a touchy subject today.

We can't deny that it has become increasingly difficult to find new workmanship that measures up to the old kind. For some time we've had to assume that some of the things we're able to offer now, even in small quantities, may not be available at all in another few years because the people who make them are retiring or dying off.

Nature does have a way of renewing itself, however, and so does human endeavor. In one of our old Scottish hand weaving mills, the apprentice program they started a few years ago seems to be taking hold. And in countries as far apart in space and culture as Italy and Japan, we've discovered a new generation of sportsman-designer-manufacturer with a common flair for allying function and comfort and arriving at style.

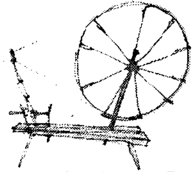


The urge to hold onto the dear, familiar things is universal. The cloth, the design, the leather, the workmanship, nothing new can be as good. Above all, they've become part of us, taken on our shape. They're familiar.

But even as the deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay gave out, so the jacket and sweater and shoes will have to be retired one day. Those of you who know us best also know that we've been replenishing the supply of these classics right along.

We've pursued the exceptional sweater east to the Shetland Islands, for those hand-framed under the uncompromising eye of James Adie. North to Vermont where we've discovered a cottage industry of handknitters. We've travelled so far west that it's become the far east, in search of the closely-woven cottons that are smooth and soft enough to be confused with silk. And of course you know about the tailors who work for us in Canada, the coats we have made in England.

Back home again, we look around us and we're confident. Confident that the new things we've found and the ones we've developed have the potential to become well-loved old things.



The promise is there: In the jacket of handwoven tweed, handsome on the hanger but impersonal before it's become your tweed jacket. In the hand-lasted shoes, impressive but a little stiff looking before they've been worn and formed themselves to your feet, before they've become your shoes. In the handframed Shetland sweater, a definite candidate for history once it's become your sweater.

We'll be disappointed, actually, if you're not at ease in these things from the start. Eventually, we expect you to find that they've taken their place, alongside the old shoe, the tweed jacket, the comforting sweater, in your personal history of comfort.

Paul Stuart

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist and composer **DON FRIEDMAN** is here through Saturday, Sept. 19, with bassist Ed Schuller; on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 20-21, **FRED HERSCH** will be at the keyboard; and on Tuesday, Sept. 22, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will come in with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 16, singer Michael Johnson; Thursday, Sept. 17, the rockabilly outfit **BUZZ & THE FLYERS,** the Cobras, and the Schoolgirls at eight-thirty, and at midnight, Any Trouble, the Schoolgirls, and Stiff; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 21-22, Jay Black & the Americans; Wednesday, Sept. 23, the Burrito Brothers; and Thursday, Sept. 24, Chicago-blues aces **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. **SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-song patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice seems to float around the room. She's on Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Snatch 22, Hybiscus & the Screaming Violets, and Pleazer; Thursday, Sept. 17, Afraid of the Dark, the Breakfast Club, and the Tapes; Friday, Sept. 18, Stimulators; and Saturday, Sept. 19, the Rattlers and the Peter Dayton Band. Music from well after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobbi Rogers is singing a program of Richard Rodgers songs Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a sextet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Sept. 16, Wilfredo Velez; Thursday, Sept. 17, singer Cookie Watkins and her band, Jet; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, African-funk trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA;** Thursday, Sept. 24, the Diplomats; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Don Lombardi; Thursday, Sept. 17, Jim Perry; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie; Wednesday, Sept. 23, Street Kids and the Hardbeats; Thursday, Sept. 24, Bob Nelson; Friday, Sept. 25, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Saturday, Sept. 26, Lightning Harry Dee. On Tuesdays, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a ten-piece unit, plays non-depressing swing music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixth year in this wonderful room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, Duran-Duran; Sunday, Sept. 20, Bow Wow Wow; Monday, Sept. 21, Neon Leon and China Davis; Tuesday, Sept. 22, Moonbeam and Pillow; Wednesday, Sept. 23, Pyg Bag and Au Pairs; Thursday, Sept. 24, rock poet Jim Carroll and his band; Friday, Sept. 25, Birthday Party and Au Pairs; and Saturday, Sept. 26, A Certain Ratio. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, the new tribute of the month is one honoring Irving Berlin. It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," and it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Guanabara, a Brazilian-jazz septet; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20, **STEPS,** which is made up of saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER,** vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI,** pianist **DON GROLNICK,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE;** Monday, Sept. 21, the Ed Palermo Big Band; Tuesday, Sept. 22, the Bob Mintzer band; and Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 23-27, super bassist **RON CARTER** and his quintet. Music from ten.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will lead a trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, singer **DAKOTA STATON,** who is at her best on up-tempo blues-tinged numbers, will work with her backup crew. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A lineup of good jazz in a knotty-pine room. **ART FARMER,** the man with the golden flugelhorn, is on hand through Saturday, Sept. 19; on Tuesday, Sept. 22, bebop trombonist **KAI WINDING** will arrive; Sundays and Mondays, trumpeter **JOHN MC NEIL'S** quintet, which features bassist **RUFUS REID** and drummer **BILLY HART,** has possession of the stand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Anne Burgess

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter, New Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but not unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 16, Balboa, the Locals, and City Thrills; Thursday, Sept. 17, Henry Gross and Dan Daley; Friday, Sept. 18, the Producers and Philip D'Arrow; Saturday, Sept. 19, the **SHIRELLES;** and Tuesday, Sept. 22, Numbers and Jack Spunk. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine, and on Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **HANK CRAWFORD,** a fulfillingly bluesy alto saxophonist—after all, he was Ray Charles' musical director for five years—heads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 20; on Tuesday, Sept. 22, trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY,** a crackling hard-bopper, will bring along his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday, Sept. 16, blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his band, Two Tenor Boogie; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20, trombonist and vocalist **DICKY WELLS;** and starting Wednesday, Sept. 23, pianist **JOE ALBANY** and his New Yorkers. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FRANK SINATRA and **THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 16-20, at 8. Thursday, Sept. 17, is a benefit performance.

SIMON & GARFUNKEL—Great Lawn, Central Park. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 6:30. (Rain date: Sept. 20.)

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—With Frank Lymon's Teenagers and jazz tap dancers Dorothy Bradley and Chuck Green. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, at 8.)

A TUBA SPECTACULAR—With Major Holley, Doc Cheatham, Howard Johnson, Britt Woodman, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 7. Tickets at the door the night of the performance.)

GEORGE BENSON—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 7 and 10.

ROGER MCGUINN, DAVE MASON, and **DR. JOHN**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednes-

Le parfum qui est une femme.
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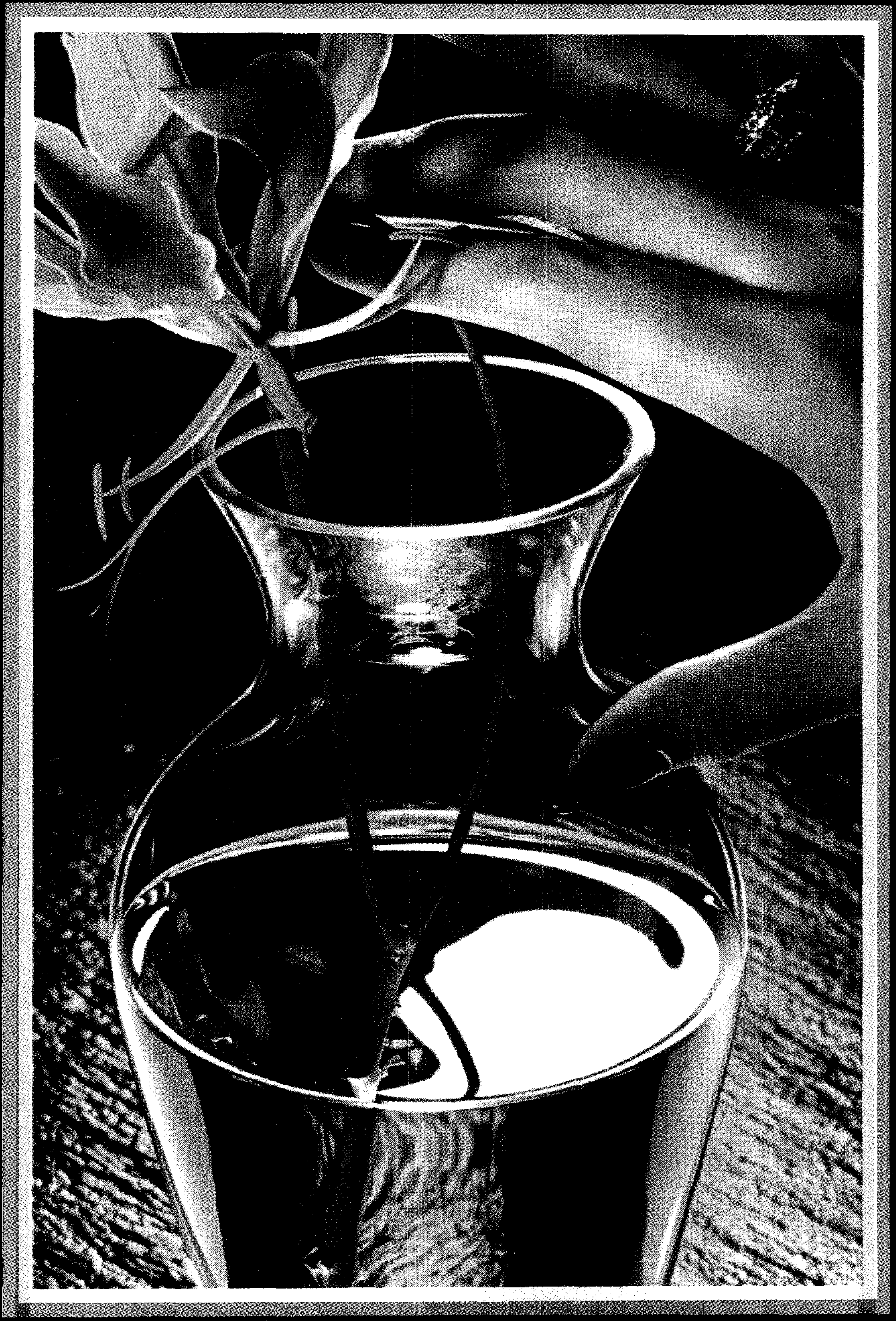

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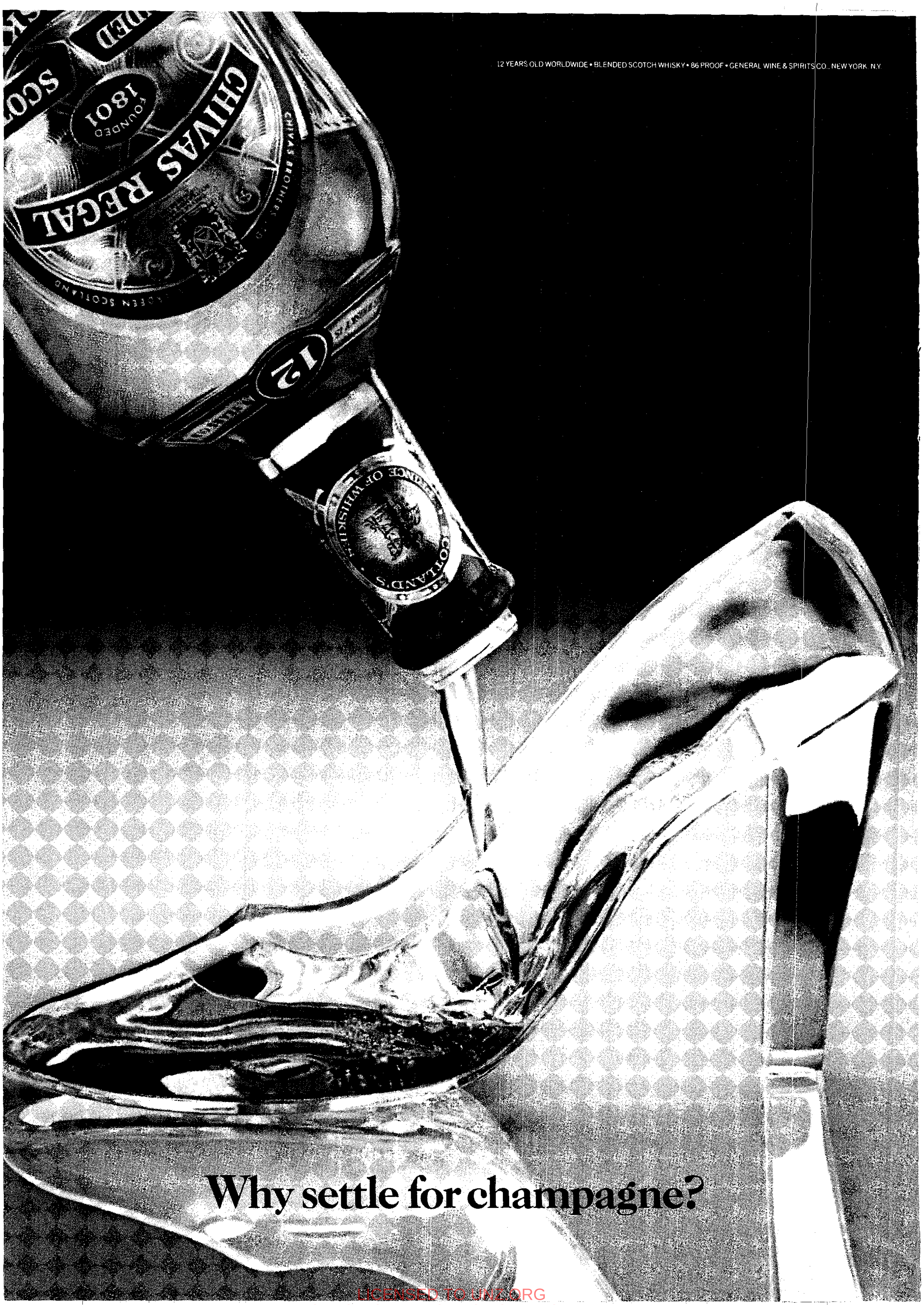
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12
Why settle for champagne?

days at 10: Thiago de Mello & Amazon, featuring Claudio Roditi. . . . Thursday, Sept. 17, at 10: Jo Jones, Jr. & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 10: Cedar Walton quartet, featuring Bob Berg. . . . ¶ Sundays at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 24-26, at 10: Woody Shaw quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Thursday, Sept. 17, at 9: Leo Sayer. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 9: Richie Havens and the Visitors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 9: Defunkt and Nona Hendryx & Propagation. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 10: Mink DeVille. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9 and midnight: Sun Ra Arkestra. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 9:30: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 9:30: Derek Bailey and Han Bennink. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alan E. Cober—Drawings and watercolors by a skilled draftsman who sometimes inclines toward the grotesque. Through Friday, Sept. 25. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alan Davie—Recent paintings by an English artist who spends much of his time on the island of St. Lucia and fills his works with Caribbean symbols and references. Through Oct. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gaylen Hansen—Eight recent paintings. Through Oct. 13. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Cesar Paternosto—Twenty-one abstract paintings by an Argentine-born artist who lives in New York. Through Oct. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—Collages from 1920-47, and selections from his Dadaist *Merz* graphics and publications. Through Oct. 17. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Paintings and drawings in the pictographic style perfected by this Uruguayan-born artist, plus small wooden constructions that also bear his stamp. Through Oct. 3. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St.: Billy Al Bengston, Todd McKie, and Catharine Warren are among the eight artists showing works on paper. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . SIEGEL (formerly Art Latitude), 29 E. 73rd St.: A work apiece by Philip Guston and Alfred Jensen, who died during the past year, and by younger artists who felt their influences, among them Stuart Diamond and Joan Snyder. Through Oct. 10.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Rela Banks—Egg-shaped sculptures carved in fine stones like chalcedony, granite, limestone, and alabaster, not to mention numerous varieties of marble. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Gustave Baumann (1881-1971)—Seventy-five color woodcuts and a number of original woodblocks, all of the Southwest, by this German-born artist who spent most of his life in Santa Fe. Through Oct. 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Anna Bialobroda—Recent paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969) / **Tom Butter**—Late paintings. / Fibre-glass sculptures. Through Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Two phalanxes, each made up of several hundred abstract figures ranging in height from infinitesimal to eighteen or twenty inches, made of found varicolored pieces of lead, plus foot-high abstract cardboard figures striped with graphite. Through Oct. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

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George Chemeche—Recent paintings: one series inspired by the Alhambra mosaics and another by illuminated manuscripts. Through Oct. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Sixteen recent drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Jacobson Hochman, formerly Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65) / **Michael Steiner**—Paintings, sculptures, and collages of 1938-64 by this abstract artist. / Drawings. Through Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Margo Hoff—Large collages by an artist who colors the component materials of her works with acrylics and crayons, then cuts out and assembles the forms she wants. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Linfante—Oversized pastel paintings of fruits. Through Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

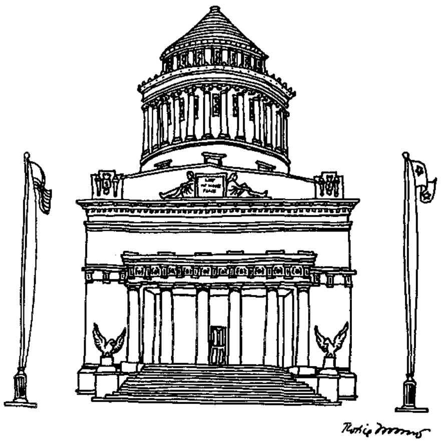
Harry Nadler—Paintings done in low-key colors on a formal grid pattern that is alleviated here and there by little surprises in the shape of concave (and sometimes convex) configurations. Through Oct. 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Six-foot-tall abstract paintings incorporating paper pulp as both canvas and medium. Through Oct. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent welded-steel sculptures incorporating pieces of found metal. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of Stankiewicz's earlier and large-scale works is at Zabriskie's 521 W. 57th St. gallery. (Opens at 2; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Oct. 17.

Jeff Way—Two new series of paintings, one of them featuring portraits of Elvis Presley and the other impressions of Christ. Through Oct. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the ALEXANDER, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by eleven artists, most of whom express strong social feelings in works that are intended to shock, and do. Through Oct. 3. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 663 Fifth Ave, at 53rd St.: More than a hundred and seventy-five prints (Rembrandt, Homer, Feininger, Dine) in a show intended as a visual course for the prudent collector. Forgeries, prints altered by publishers, and a comparison of Cézanne's lithograph "The Bathers" with a photographic reproduction of that same work are among the lessons. Through Oct. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . BLUM HELMAN, 20 W. 57th St.: Robert Moskowitz, Neil Jenney, Donald Sultan (paintings), and Bryan Hunt (sculptures). Through Oct. 10. . . . DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show by four young artists—Kimberly Burleigh, who paints what she sees on TV screens; Jessica Lenard, who paints Florida vignettes; Mike McCollum, who lives in Las Vegas and incorporates Western symbols in his canvases; and Gin Taylor, a recent arrival here from Alabama, whose fascination for subways is reflected in her paintings. Through Friday, Sept. 18. . . . HABER THEODORE, 29 W. 57th St.: Eleven European and American artists in an exhibition of paintings (Michael Goldberg, Antoni Tàpies), sculptures (Louise Nevelson, Gio Pomodoro), and works on paper (Sam Francis, Hans Hofmann). Through Oct. 3. . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, George Catlin, and Karl Bodmer are among the interpreters of the nineteenth-century American West featured in this loan exhibition. Through Oct. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . MARKEL, 50 W. 57th St.: Works in mixed mediums dealing with the stars at night, by twenty-five artists. Through Oct. 3. . . . ODYSSIA, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscapes by Marjorie Portnow, Sandra Rubin, William Beckman, and about twenty others. Through Oct. 10. . . . OSCARSSON HOOD, 41 W. 57th St.: A single work apiece by sixteen artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Mia Westerlund, and Budd Hopkins. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: A sort of preview show of individual works by artists who will be exhibited at the gallery during the coming season, among them John Gundelfinger, Joseph Digiorgio, and Sally Vagliano. Through Saturday, Sept. 26.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Erica Bogin—Collages incorporating pieces of handmade paper, fabric, and thread. Through Oct. 1. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

Jeffrey Brosk / **Joseph Saltzer**—A thirty-three-foot-long installation entitled "Hemingway's Wall," which consists of concrete blocks, stucco, wood, and sand. Through Oct. 3. / Closeup photographs of walls. Through Oct. 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

George Greenamyer—Steel sculptures by an artist who pokes fun at Uncle Sam, bureaucrats, and suburban life styles. Through Oct. 10. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Mike Metz—Aluminum sculptures cast from Styrofoam molds and affixed to modern-day products: a can of Mobil oil sprouting a mushroom cloud, a head atop a container of Joy detergent, and so on. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Lucio Pozzi—Recent work: four large oil paintings. Through Oct. 3. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Rodney Ripps / **Laurie Anderson**—Shaped paintings in relief, mostly of clowns, astronauts, and angels. / Four audio-accompanied wall works. Through Oct. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—Paintings and silk screens of, for example, Dracula, Howdy Doody, Santa Claus, Superman. Through Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the BOONE, 417 and 420 West Broadway: The works of seven gallery artists, including two new paintings by Ross Bleckner and a diptych by David Salle. Through Oct. 7. . . . COWLES, 420 West Broadway: A selection of works by Dennis Ashbaugh, Tom Holland, and Alan Saret, plus photographs by Gerald Incandela. Through Oct. 3. . . . SOHO 20, at 99 Spring St.: The offerings of a dozen of the gallery's artists, including Eunice Golden's latest studies of the male nude, Diane Churchill's nature collages, and Linda Bastian's paintings on silk. Through Sept. 30. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Sesquicentennial Tribute to New York University—A four-part exhibit in celebration of this institution's hundred and fiftieth anniversary: Paintings by Jim Dine, Ad Reinhardt, and others from the university's collection; works from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. John Brademas (the former is the president-designate of the university), including original posters by Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Indiana, and James Rosenquist; paintings by Ralph Fasanella of the Washington Square

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

area; and one hundred photographs of the N.Y.U. neighborhood by André Kertész. Through Oct. 17. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt—One hundred prints have been mounted in a retrospective of Brandt's surrealist studies of the female nude, done from 1945 through 1980. Through Sept. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Forty sepia prints (portraits, landscapes, waterfront scenes) by a turn-of-the-century French Pictorialist. Through Sept. 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Nell Dorr—A fifty-year retrospective of this octogenarian's work, beginning with her portraits of children in the Florida Keys during the twenties and including prints of nudes and flowers, and numerous mother-and-child studies which she has done over the years. Through Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Louis Faurer—Prints of New York and Philadelphia in the forties and fifties. Seventy-five in all. Through Oct. 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Horgan, Jr.—Late-nineteenth-century mammoth albumin-plate photographs of life on the plantations of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Through Oct. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Danny Lyon—Recent shots of New York (street scenes) and Colombia, South America (slum children, the interiors of brothels), plus some earlier character studies; seventy-five prints in all. Through Oct. 10. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

M. Miller—Formal portraits of mostly upper-class Chinese—the mandarins and compradors of Hong Kong and Canton—made between 1861 and 1864 by this Hong Kong-based photographer. Through Oct. 3. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Up the Nile—Nearly thirty vintage gold-toned albumin prints of the river and its scenery (the pyramids of Saqqara and Giza, the Sphinx, the temple at Luxor), as it was in 1857-80, taken by Felix Bonfils, Felice A. Beato, Francis Frith, and H. Arnoux. Through Sept. 30. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

Group Show—At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display (in photographs) of Frederick Law Olmsted's and Calvert Vaux's plans and original drawings for the creation of Central and Prospect Parks, plus historical and contemporary photographs and a topographical model of Central Park as it was in 1873, with its requisite balance of "turf, wood, and water." The show was put together by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. Starts Thursday, Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen, Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures), supplemented by illustrated books and engravings from the museum's own collection. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the career of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp: examples of her early abstract style; a number of marionettes she created for the Swiss Puppet Theatre in the mid-teens; two painted-wood Dada heads and watercolors from the nineteen-twenties; and drawings, gouaches, oils, and a series of painted wood reliefs from the late nineteen-thirties. Over forty entries in all. Starts Thursday, Sept. 17. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works; drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Through Oct. 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Jean Dubuffet, coinciding with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Stella, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and Oldenburg are among the fifty-six artists represented. Starts Thursday, Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Black-and-white photographs from the late nineteen-forties to the present by N. Jay Jaffee of scenes taken in such disparate locations as Brooklyn and Paris. Starts Saturday, Sept. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and progressing from "The Slough of Despair" to "The Gates of Heaven." The show is open through Nov. 1, from 10 to 6 Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from 1 to 6 on Sundays (closed Mondays). It is intended as a complement to another Blake show, at the Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The William Blake representation here is larger and more diverse than the Frick's, including a series of twenty-one watercolors done in 1805 for "The Book of Job," a bound volume of the engravings for his 1793 "America," and complete sets of illustrations for both his "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." Also on display is the "Pickering Manuscript," the only extant holograph of Blake's work. Besides the Blake exhibition, the Morgan is also showing drawings and maquettes by Maurice Sendak (who claims Blake as one of his early influences) for the sets and costumes of a production of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" by the Houston Grand Opera. And, to round things off, the Morgan also has on view, among several other Mozart manuscripts, one of the three known sketches for "The Magic Flute," written shortly before his death. All three shows through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Alison Knowles' "The Book of Bean," an installation set up as a book, which the viewer "reads" by walking through it, page by page. Through Oct. 3.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—An installation by Vito Acconci entitled "Abstract House," through Oct. 3; Fred Frith, Sonny Sharrock, Bill Laswell, Fred Maher, and Michael Beinhorn (music), Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30; Paul William Simons (music), Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season which will run through Saturday, April 17—Monday evening, Sept. 21: "Norma," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Tatiana Troyanos, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 22: "Das Rheingold," with Ellen Shade, Birgit Finnilä, Ragnar Ulfung, Gerd Brenneis, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, and Franz Mazura; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 23: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Siegfried," with Elisabeth Payer, Manfred Jung, Heinz Zednik, Donald McIntyre, Franz Mazura, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Norma," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Tatiana Troyanos, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "Das Rheingold," with Ellen Shade, Birgit Finnilä, Ragnar Ulfung, Gerd Brenneis, Donald McIntyre, and Franz Mazura; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Nicola Rescigno. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 7. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 17: "Nabucco," with Grace Bumbry, Joanna Simon, John Broecheler, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 19: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Maralin Niska, Henry Price, and John Seabury; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Wells, Leigh Munro, Joseph Evans, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, James Billings, Spiro Malas, and Jack Harrold; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 20: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and

Richard Fredricks; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 20: "Nabucco," with Grace Bumbry, Joanna Simon, John Broecheler, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 22: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Maralin Niska, Henry Price, and John Seabury; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 23: "Nabucco," with Grace Bumbry, Joanna Simon, John Broecheler, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Wells, Leigh Munro, Joseph Evans, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, James Billings, Spiro Malas, and Jack Harrold; David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Hynes, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "Nabucco," with Grace Bumbry, Joanna Simon, John Broecheler, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Vincent La Selva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta directing performances of Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8; Friday, Sept. 18, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 7:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Danny Kaye and Zubin Mehta conducting a nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund on Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting the American première of Hans Werner Henze's "Barcarolle," as well as music by Saint-Saëns and Brahms on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8; Friday, Sept. 25, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

New York String Ensemble—A small chamber orchestra, with Martin Rutishauser, guest conductor; Edmund Niemann, piano; and David Sills, viola. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Alan Cox, flute; Louise Schulman, viola; Myron Lutzke, cello; and others. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

RECITALS

Haydn-Stravinsky Celebration—In advance of their regular concert season, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center is presenting a series of events commemorating the two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Haydn and the hundredth birthday of Stravinsky. The participants include nine members of the Chamber Music Society as well as thirty-six guest artists, among them Leonard Bernstein and Michael Tilson Thomas, pianist-conductors; Beverly Hoch, soprano; James Atherton and Robert White, tenors; Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano; and Myron Romanul, zimbalon. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8:45, a concert of music by both composers. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:15, a lecture on Stravinsky by Ned Rorem. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:45, an all-Stravinsky concert preceded by the film "A Stravinsky Portrait," by Richard Leacock, at 6:15. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8:45, a concert of music by both composers. (Alice Tully Hall.) For information about tickets to any of the above, call 362-1900, Ext. 322.

João Carlos Martins—Piano, playing Bach's Partita No. 4 and the Goldberg Variations. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

João Carlos Martins and Arthur Lima—Piano, in a Bach-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2:30.)

Miriam Burton—Soprano. (St. Malachy's Church, 239 W. 49th St. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the recital.)

Arthur Lima—Piano, in an all-Chopin concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 3.)

Ruth Waterman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Riegger, Babbitt, Schoenberg, and Edward Barnes. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8.)

Yuri Lotakov—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

New College String Quartet—With Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; Judith Norell, harpsichord; and Joachín Valdepeñas, clarinet. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 21, at 8:05, and Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 5:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 21-23, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 24-26, at 8.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Las Vegas of the Sugar Ray Leonard-Thomas Hearns World Welterweight Championship bout and a ten-round bout between junior middleweights Tony Ayala and Jose Baquedano. Also three live bouts *in situ.* (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7.)

College Football—**FRIDAY, SEPT. 18:** Rutgers vs. Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 7:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 19:** Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Catholic University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 20:** Manhattan vs. Siena, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 26:** Army vs. Brown, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Brooklyn, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Delaware, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 20: Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Pittsburgh.

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Exhibition games: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 12. The Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 19; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 20; the Grey Flight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 23; and the Cowdin, Saturday, Sept. 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Sept. 26, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. The Long Look, Friday, Sept. 18, and the Rutgers, Thursday, Sept. 24. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19.

Running—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 4 on Saturday, Sept. 26, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

Soccer—North American Soccer League semifinal playoffs: Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 9, and, if necessary, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Czeslaw Milosz reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

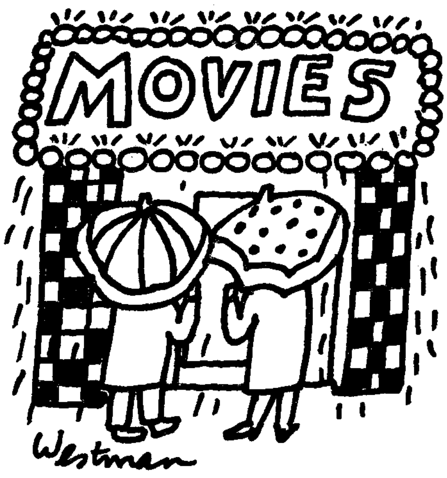
Fall Antiques Show—An Americana show, including mission furniture, quilts, folk art, and Indian artifacts. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 24-26, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Sept. 27, noon to 6.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, from noon until sundown.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, Sept. 18, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, together with naïve paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 19. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2: Japanese netsuke, from the collection of the late Mary Louise O'Brien. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Later Japanese and Chinese works of art. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** 171 E. 84th St. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 10:30 and 1: European and American books. Exhibition hours: Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, from 10 to 5, and Monday, Sept. 21, from 10 to 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Sept. 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 21-23, at 10 and 2, and Thursday, Sept. 24, at 11: The contents of the World Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 10 and 2: American prints, drawings, and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 18. **PHILLIPS,** 525 E. 72nd St. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 11: European and American furniture and decorations. Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Sept. 16, from 10 to 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 2: Oriental rugs. Exhibition hours: Monday, Sept. 21, from 10 to 5, Tuesday, Sept. 22, from 10 to 7, and Wednesday, Sept. 23, from 10 to 1.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Shooting Party" (1977; directed by Emil Loteanu; in Russian). No performances on Monday, Sept. 21.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Sept. 16: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" (†); and "Neptune's Daughter" (1949; Edward Buzzell), with Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Ricardo Montalban, Betty Garrett, and Keenan Wynn.
Sept. 17-18: "Brigadoon" (†) and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever." (†)
Sept. 19-20: "Gigi" (†) and "The Little Prince." (†)
Sept. 21-22: "Camelot." (†)
Sept. 23-25: "My Fair Lady." (†)
From Sept. 26: "Easter Parade" (†) and "On the Avenue." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 17: "Superman II" (†); and "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 24: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Sept. 25: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 24: "Superman II." (†)
From Sept. 25: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†) From Sept. 18: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
From Sept. 18: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 17: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Sept. 18: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 24: "The Night Porter." (†)
From Sept. 25: "True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 17: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore; and "Nine to Five." (†)
Sept. 18-24: To be announced.
From Sept. 25: "Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Sept. 24: "I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.
From Sept. 25: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Sept. 25: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.
Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Sept. 16: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From Sept. 17: "Tim" (Michael Pate), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Prince of the City." (†) From Sept. 26: "Chariots of Fire" (Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.
Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini. From Sept. 18: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 24: "Arthur." (†)
From Sept. 25: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid. From Sept. 18: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 22: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Sept. 23: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 17: "Blow Out." (†)
Sept. 18-24: "S.O.B." (†)
From Sept. 25: "Superman II." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†) From Sept. 18: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 17: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid.
Sept. 18-24: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Arthur." (†) From Sept. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "14 Americans: Directions of the 1970s" (directed by Michael Blackwood and Nancy Rosen), a documentary. From Sept. 23: "September Wheat" (Peter Krieg; a West German film, in English), a documentary.
Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Through Sept. 18: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974), with Brigitte Mira. Sept. 19-24: "The Marriage of Maria Braun." (†) From Sept. 25: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "S.O.B." (†) From Sept. 25 (tentative): "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "New York, New York." (†) From Sept. 18: "I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.
Theatre 3: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.
Theatre 4: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 17: "Condorman" (Charles Jarrott), with Michael Crawford and Barbara Carrera; and "Song of the South." (†)
From Sept. 18: "I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Sept. 17: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.
From Sept. 18: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Blow Out." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 17: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Sept. 18: "The French Lieutenant's

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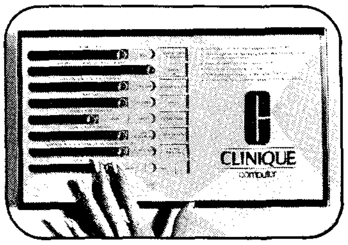

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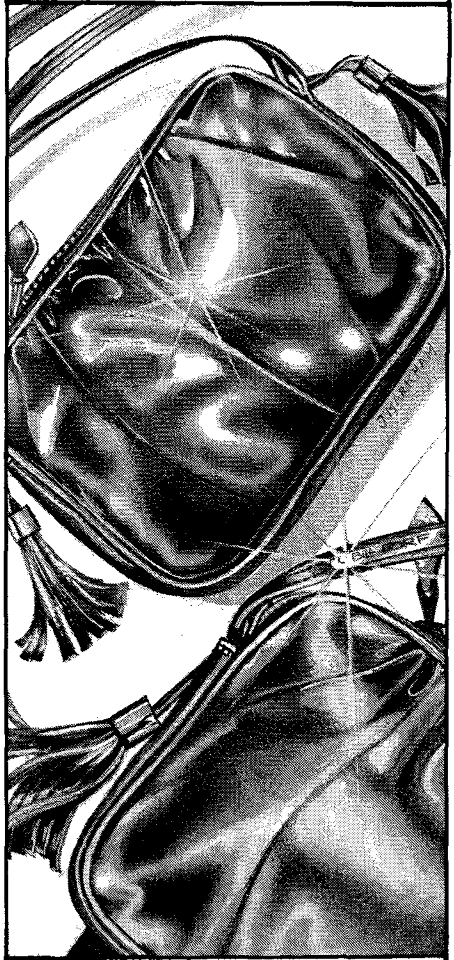

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Woman" (Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) "Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) "Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 22: "Movies for Cynics," a seven-day series of American films of social and political satire; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From Sept. 23: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 19: "Battling Butler" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Playhouse" (1921) and "The Scarecrow" (1922). From Sept. 20: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Best Boy." (†) From Sept. 25: "The Inheritance" (1976; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Dominique Sanda and Anthony Quinn.
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "Arthur." (†) From Sept. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman. From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 24: "The Night Porter." (†) From Sept. 25: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. From Sept. 18: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Sept. 18: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini. From Sept. 18: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore; and "Nine to Five." (†) From Sept. 18: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 17: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept. 18: "I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "The Cannonball Run" (directed by Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore; and "Nine to Five." (†) From Sept. 18: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter. From Sept. 25: "Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher. From Sept. 18: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 24: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris. From Sept. 25: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 5: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 24: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From Sept. 25: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408) "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 17: "Blow Out." (†) From Sept. 18: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder; and "Game of Death" (1979; Robert Clouse), with Bruce Lee and Gig Young.
Theatre 4: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636) "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340) "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 17: "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" (Ron Maxwell), with Kristy McNichol and Dennis Quaid. From Sept. 18: "Mommie Dearest" (Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

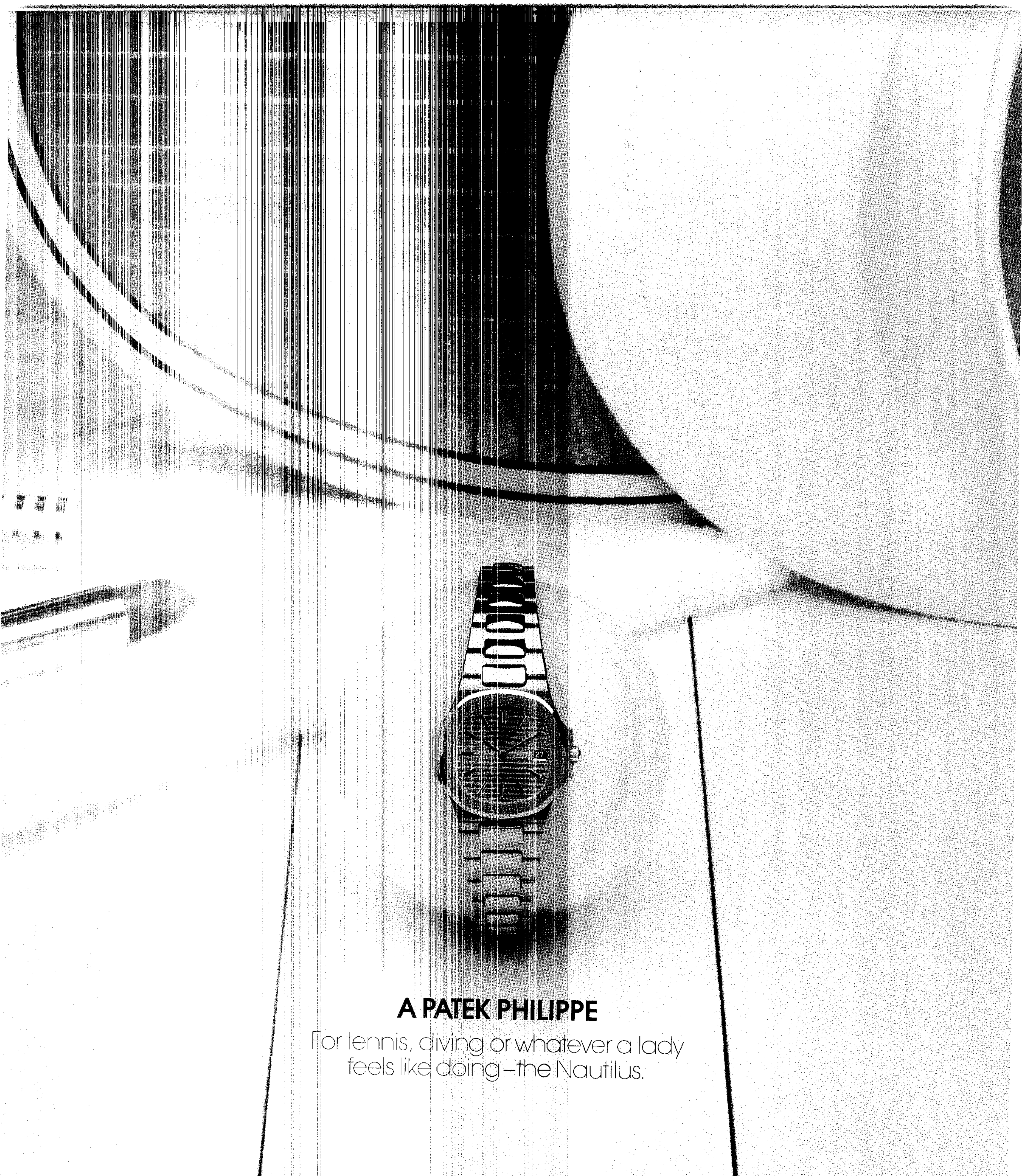
Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 24: "Arthur." (†)
From Sept. 25: "So Fine" (Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Sept. 17: "Lovers and Liars" (Mario Monicelli), with Goldie Hawn and Giancarlo Giannini.
Sept. 18-24: To be announced.
From Sept. 25: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 17: "Hell Night" (Tom DeSimone), with Linda Blair. From Sept. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 16: "The Ritz" (1976; directed by Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Sept. 17: "Salut l'Artiste" (1976; Yves Robert; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Sept. 18: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze and Jackie Joseph; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
Sept. 19: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.
Sept. 20: "Roman Holiday" (†) and "Darling Lili." (†)
Sept. 21: "Silver Bears" (†); and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965; Miloš Forman; in Czech).
Sept. 22: "The Island" (†); and "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).
Sept. 23: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas; and "The Killing." (†)
Sept. 24: "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters; and "Brewster McCloud." (†)
Sept. 25: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta



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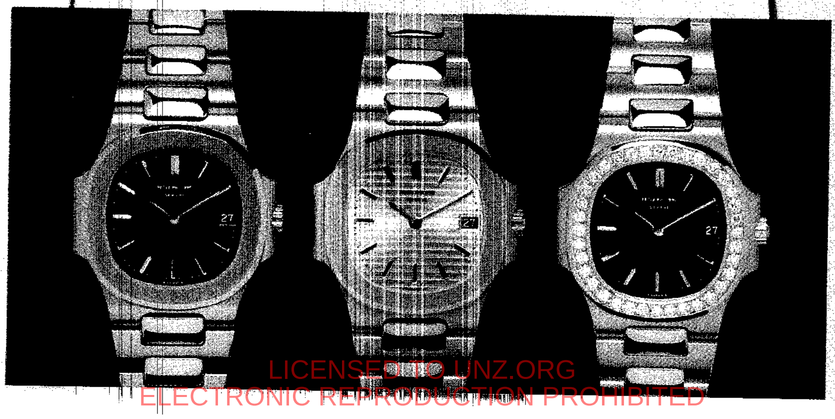

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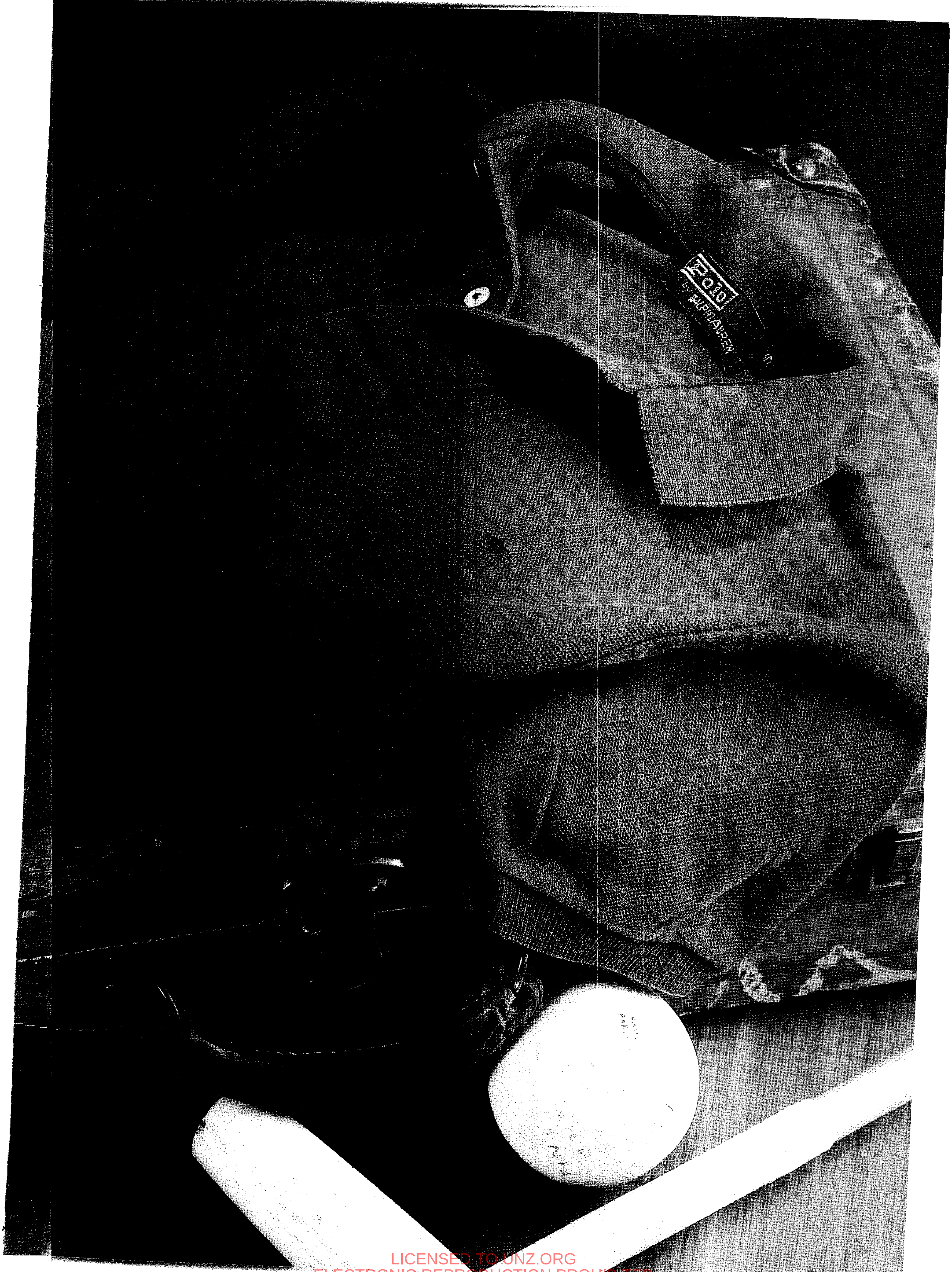
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Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Sept. 26: "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen; and "Joseph Andrews." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 16: "The Inner Scar" (1972; Philippe Garvel; in French); "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Claude Brasseur, and Sami Frey; and "New York Story" (1980; Jackie Raynal). Jackie Raynal will be present at 8:45.

Sept. 17: "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

Sept. 18: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

Sept. 19: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.

Sept. 20: "Love on the Run" (†); and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton.

Sept. 21: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Angela Winkler; and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

Sept. 22: "Charulata" (1964; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).

Sept. 23: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Sept. 24: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Sept. 25: "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan; and "The Day of the Locust." (†)

Sept. 26: "Women in Love" (†); and "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 17: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Sept. 18-19: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

Sept. 20-22: "Willie & Phil" (1980; Paul Mazursky), with Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey; and "Back Roads" (1981; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Sept. 23-24: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Modern Romance" (1981; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Sept. 25-26: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Sept. 17: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

From Sept. 18: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 19: "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "Watership Down" (1978; Martin Rosen), an animated film.

Sept. 20-22: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.

Sept. 23-26: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972; George Roy Hill), with Michael Sacks; and "Battle Beyond the Stars" (1980; Jimmy T. Murakami), with Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 19: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "The Yakuza" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan.

Sept. 20-22: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange, and John Colicos; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Sept. 23-26: "Rock Show" (1980), with Paul McCartney & Wings; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Sept. 17: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte; and "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones;" 1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard.

Sept. 18-19: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Sept. 20-22: "Room at the Top" (†); and "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Sept. 23-24: "The Tin Drum." (†)

Sept. 25-26: "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux; and "Love on the Run." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 16: "It's a Gift" (1934; Norman Z. McLeod), with W. C. Fields; and "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948; Charles Barton).

Sept. 17-19: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Sept. 20-21: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Glenda Farrell, and Everett Sloane; and "The Nutty Professor." (†)

Sept. 22-23: "Traffic" (†); and "A Nous la Liberté" (1931; René Clair; in French).

Sept. 24-26: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charles Chaplin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 16: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine; and "Johnny One-Eye" (1951; Robert Florey), with Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris, and Dolores Moran.

Sept. 17: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Sept. 18-19: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

Sept. 20: "The Tin Drum." (†)

Sept. 21: A program of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

Sept. 22: "Shanghai Express" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong; and "Morocco" (1930; Joseph von

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Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

Sept. 23: "Stromboli" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Ingrid Bergman; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi.

Sept. 24: "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson; and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth.

Sept. 25-26: "Teorema" (†); and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, *80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)*

Sept. 16: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin himself; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Sept. 17: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Sept. 18: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Sept. 19-20: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Sept. 21: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

Sept. 22: "The Case of the Lucky Legs" (1935; Archie Mayo) and "The Case of the Curious Bride" (1935; Michael Curtiz), both films with Warren William playing Perry Mason.

Sept. 23: "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart; and "All Through the Night." (†)

Sept. 24: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Sept. 25-26: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. *53rd St. (956-7078)*—The first programs in a series of recent films from India, all with English subtitles: Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Daily Bread" (1969; Mani Kaul; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 17 at 6: "In Search of Famine" (1980; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali). Mr. Sen will be present. . . . Sept. 17 at 9 and Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Pathetic Fallacy" (1958; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali). . . . Sept. 18 at 6: "The Forest" (1973; Girish Karnad; in Kannada). Mr. Karnad will be present. . . . Sept. 19 at 2:30: "Daily Bread." . . . Sept. 19 at 5: "The Churning" (1976; Shyam *Benegal;* in Hindi). Mr. Benegal will be present. . . . Sept. 20 at 2:30: "In Search of Famine." . . . Sept. 21 at noon: "Chachaji: My Poor Relation" (1978; William Cran). . . . Sept. 21 at 2:30: "The Forest." . . . Sept. 21 at 6: "The Role" (1977; Shyam Benegal; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 22 at noon: "Chachaji: My Poor Relation." . . . Sept. 22 at 6: "Once Upon a Time" (1978; Girish Karnad; in Kannada). . . . Sept. 24 at 2:30: "The Churning." . . . Sept. 24 at 6: "Mister Shome" (1969; Mrinal Sen; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 24 at 8:30: "The Whole Sky" (1969; Basu Chatterji; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 25 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Time." . . . Sept. 25 at 6: "Scorching Wind" (1973; M. S. Sathyu; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 26 at 2:30: "27 Down" (1973; Avtar Kaul; in Hindi). . . . Sept. 26 at 5: "Last Rites" (1970; Pattabhi Rama Reddy; in Kannada). . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: Sept. 19-20 at noon: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . Sept. 20 at 5 and Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, and Jean Hersholt. . . . Sept. 26 at noon: "Reaching for the Moon" (1931; Edmund Goulding), with Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels, and Edward Everett Horton. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 24: "Last Dance" (1981; James Benning), a film installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information.

Movies for Cynics—A series of American films of social and political satire. At the Paramount Theatre, B'way at 61st St.—Sept. 16 at 3: "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 6:15: "The Americanization of Emily" (1964; Arthur Hiller). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 9 and Sept. 17 at 3: "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover" (1977; Larry Cohen). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6:15: "First Family" (1980; Buck Henry). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 9: "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges). . . . *¶ Sept. 18 at 2: "First Family."* . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 4:30: "Winter Kills" (1979; John Huston). . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 7: "The Great Dictator." . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 9:30: "The hungry i Reunion" (1981; Thomas Cohen). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 2: "The Great McGinty." . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 4:30: "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Silber and Tete Vascencellas) and "Nixon: From Checkers to Watergate" (1980; Charles Braverman). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 7: "Smile" (1975; Michael Ritchie). . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 9:30: "Winter Kills." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 2: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey) and "An Acquired Taste" (1981; Ralph Arlyck). . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 4:40: A program of short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 7: "The Americanization of Emily." . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 9:30: "Smile." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 3: "The hungry i Reunion." . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6:15: "Taking Off" (1971; Miloš Forman). . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 9: "Putney Swope" and "An Acquired Taste." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 3: "Taking Off." . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6:15: A program of short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 9: "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" and "Nixon: From Checkers to Watergate." (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Chariots of Fire" (Hugh Hudson; Great Britain). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 25 at 9: A repeat showing of "Chariots of Fire." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 26 at 12:30: "Bob le Flambeur (Bob the Gambler)" (Jean-Pierre Melville; France; 1956). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3: "Lightning Over Water" (Wim Wenders and Nicholas Ray; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Passe Ton Bac d'Abord (Graduate First)" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9: "The Witness" (Peter Bascó; Hungary, 1968). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Through the Night (1942)—The title of this Humphrey Bogart picture is taken from the Johnny Mercer and Arthur Schwartz song (which is sung in a night-club sequence) and doesn't provide a clue to what the story is about. Some people might think this is one of the good Bogarts that they've missed; on the contrary, it's a sugarcoated anti-Nazi message comedy, and so negligible that you've forgotten it ten minutes after you've staggered out. (It feels *long.*) Concocted by Leonard Spigelgass and Edwin Gilbert from a rattlebrained story by Spigelgass and Leonard Ross, and directed (ineptly) by Vincent Sherman, it's set in New York (a studio version) during the Second World War. Bogart is Gloves Donohue, a Broadway gambler-promoter, and he and his bunch of meant-to-be-lovable Damon Runyonesque demi-racketeers (among them, Frank McHugh, William Demarest, and Jackie Gleason) rout an entire Nazi "fifth column" organization, headed by the super-suave Conrad Veidt, dachshund-loving Judith Anderson, and baby-faced hit man Peter Lorre, who operate under cover of an antiques-auction business. This movie oozes sentimentality, and the coy, frolicsome music is like a TV laugh track. With Jane Darwell at her folksy phoniest as Bogart's Irish ma, Phil Silvers as a nearsighted writer, Kaaren Verne as the heroine, and Martin Kosleck, Sam McDaniel, Barton MacLane, Wallace Ford, and Ludwig Stossel. Produced by Hal B. Wallis and Jerry Wald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23.)

Arthur—*As Hobson, the valet to a drunken* millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Beekman, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 25.)

Battling Butler (1926)—A rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably *no one* else's; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 19.)

Best Boy (1980)—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl, whose presence on both sides of the camera imposes a sense of assurance about the movie's honesty and the validity of our feelings for its unusual hero. (3/10/80) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 24.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Rainer Werner Fassbinder here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Film Forum; starting Sept. 25.)

Blow Out—It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car into the water below. The

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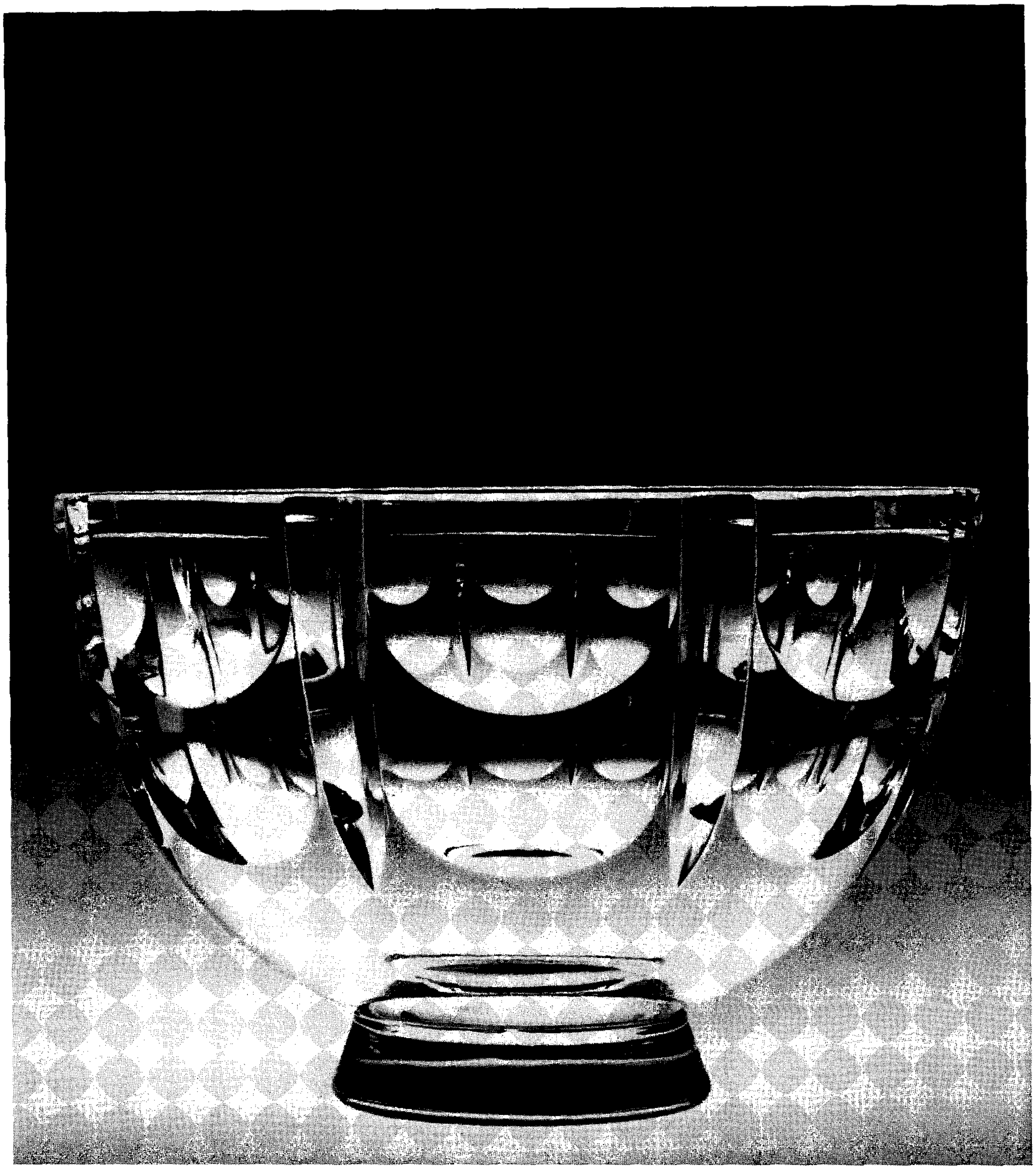

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Sept. 17.)

BREWSTER MCCLOUD (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

BRIGADOON (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings either, but this way it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. Lerner wrote the script; Kelly choreographed. With Hugh Laing, Barry Jones, Eddie Quillan. (Art; Sept. 17-18.)

CAMELOT (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner and Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, and Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Art; Sept. 21-22.)

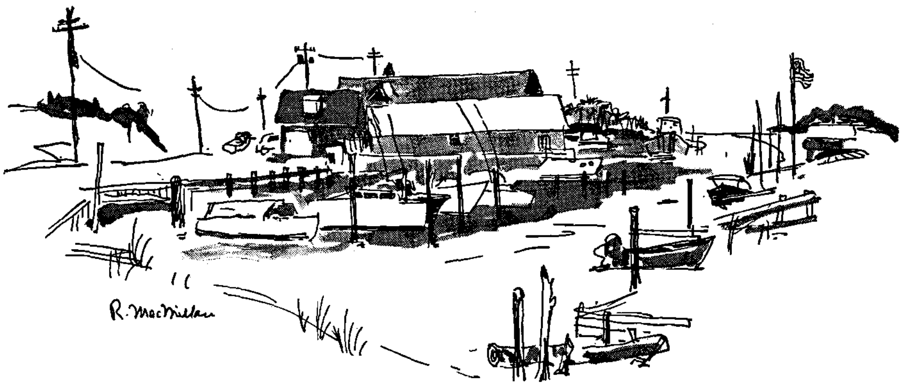
CUTTER'S WAY—Its original title, "Cutter and Bone," is also the name of Newton Thornburg's 1976 novel, on which it's based. This moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness is set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California; it has an odd, hallucinatory lyricism—the atmosphere is never less than absorbing. John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes; Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin, the film is an attempt to get at something that—if it were arrived at—might turn out to be less subtle than all the ambiguous reaching and groping suggests. Writers who aren't forcibly restrained love to go for "mordant" protagonists, and actors love to play them. Heard gives a stylized performance of a man full of self-lacerating energy; he isn't a character—he's a one-eyed, one-legged literary conceit. As Cutter's burned-out wife Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty—she's wound up tight, like an American Glenda Jackson, but without Jackson's shaping and style. The film is packed with symbolic gestures, though they're not quite as effective as the ghostly fiesta scene behind the opening titles, with señoritas dancing to music that's different from the music we hear, and castanets silently clicking. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Cinema Studio.)

DARLING LILI (1970)—Julie Andrews singing radiantly in a spy story set in the First World War. She cheers up French invalids with fine poise, and Rock Hudson is in love with her, and that's all. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST (1975)—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

EASTER PARADE (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Art; starting Sept. 26.)

ENDLESS LOVE—A predictable fiasco; still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's



novel about the single-minded love of a teenage boy (Martin Hewitt) for his young girlfriend (Brooke Shields), the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is the girl's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as the boy's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin). (Criterion Theatres.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; the heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 24.)

Gigi (1958)—A plushy, cheerful, musical version of the Colette story about an adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionary style that carries all—or almost all—before it. (The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause.) Leslie Caron is Gigi, and Louis Jourdan is her catch; with Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Art; Sept. 19-20.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Produced, directed, and written for the screen by David Swift. Robert Morse stars, as he did in the Broadway original. For once, the film version of a good and funny musical remains good, and very funny. (Art; Sept. 16.)

The Island (1961)—A ponderously simple Japanese film by Kaneto Shindo that aims at universality by stripping away all the particularities—which are considered to be the nonessentials of civilization and personality. The result is something so barren that those who acclaim it as a masterpiece seem to be asserting proof of virtue. It's about a family living on an island without fresh water: the family members' life is a succession of trips to the mainland for water, which they then carry by shoulder yoke up steep paths to pour over their crops. The film is made without dialogue, and this silence of the characters has been widely commended as the perfect use of silence—the demonstration that the family gives all its energy to the effort to stay alive and has no need for idle talk. We are supposed to regard this preverbal existence and the silent struggle with elemental forces as more basic, more "true to nature" and hence greater than our talky superficial lives. (If the members of this island family—so sure of their relationships with each other and with the earth and water and plants that they have nothing to say—ever figure out how to get a pipeline in from the mainland, they'll be liberated from that primal struggle with the elements and soon they'll be on the path to conversation and what—in Kaneto Shindo's view—is probably sophistication, corruption, and decadence.) Though we are spared the kind of uplifting film conversation that filmmakers with this approach usually provide (the lean, true words of real people), the images are saturated with a musical score of prodigious monotony. "The Island" was made on a small budget, and its pictorial qualities have been highly praised. It's pictorial, all right. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

Joseph Andrews (1978)—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom

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Jones," directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" fifteen years later. It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel that has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 26.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were juvenilia; this expert suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a race-track robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine little actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsia; Joe Sawyer; Vince Edwards; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted by the director from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break;" cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 23.)

The Little Prince (1974)—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of *tristesse*, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (Art; Sept. 19-20.)

Love on the Run (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on the screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir; every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad 1; Sept. 25-26.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Film Forum; Sept. 19-24.)

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My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison had already played Higgins a bit too often. (Art; Sept. 23-25.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Sept. 20.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 24.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dollincss is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (Gotham Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 17.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Working within this format, he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he moved ever closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milks the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band. (Regency; Sept. 20-21.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand fitfully alive in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Art; Sept. 17-18.)

On the Avenue (1937)—One of the best of the Fox musicals of the thirties, despite its unevenness and lack of sophistication. If it had nothing else, it might still be worth seeing for Alice Faye singing the memorable "This Year's Kisses," and it has a lot more: Dick Powell in ebullient voice, the Ritz Brothers doing a parody number, and a first-rate Irving Berlin score that includes "I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," "Slumming on Park Avenue," and "You're Laughing at Me." The love interest involves ever beautiful, ever coy Madeleine Carroll, who gurgles when she means to talk, but the director, Roy Del Ruth, doesn't linger on her. (Art; starting Sept. 26.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Cinema II, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Sept. 25.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936,

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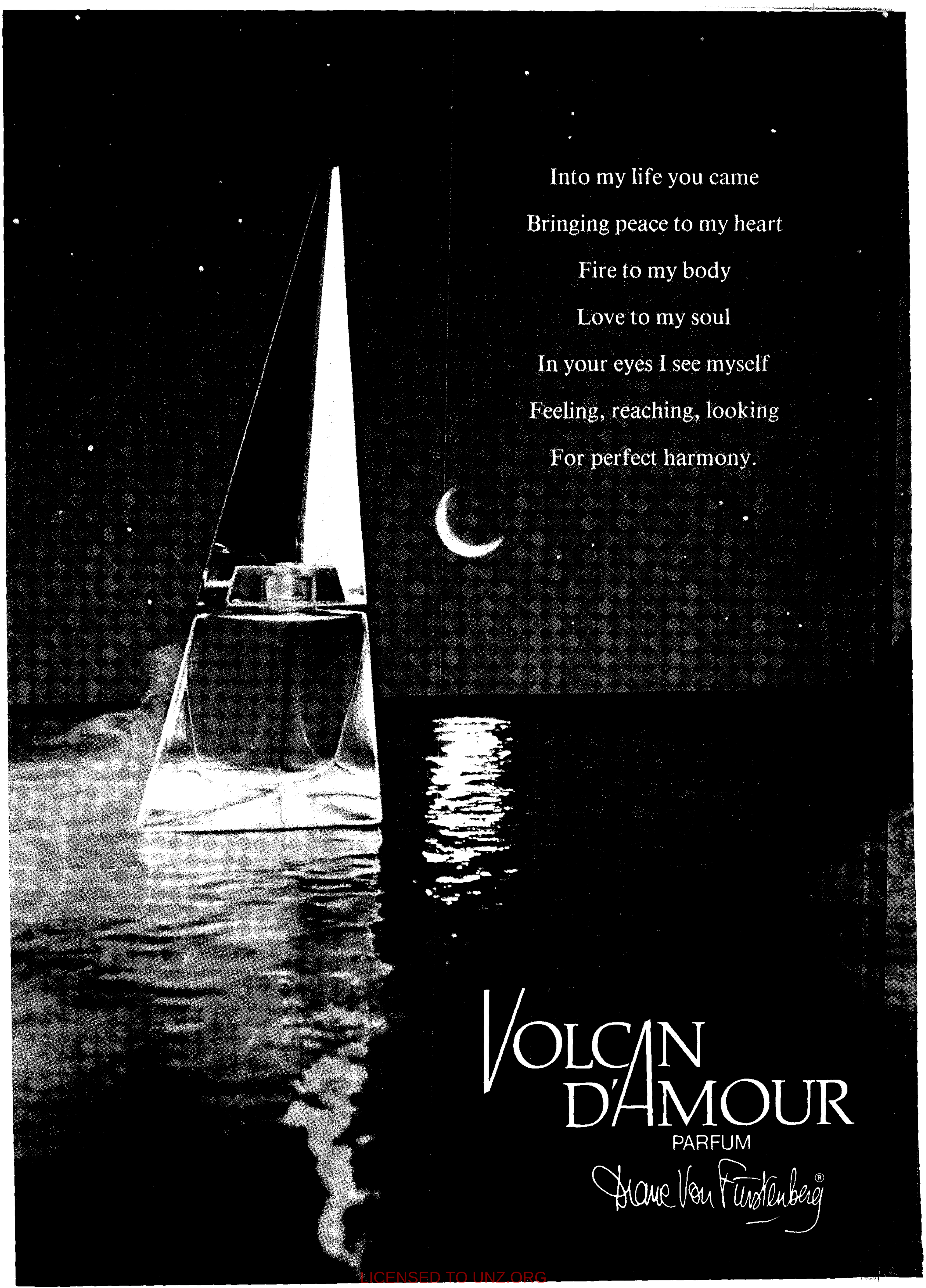
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and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum; through Sept. 17.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until she has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. (Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess.) With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. Much of it was shot on Roman locations. The cinematography was by Franz Planer until he fell ill and Henri Alekan took over; the music is by Georges Auric; the editing is by Robert Swink; the story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it at one stage. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 20.)

Room at the Top (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the breakthrough English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (Olympia Quad 1; Sept. 20-22.)

Silver Bears (1978)—A whimsical thriller about the silver market, with absurd international casting that leads to such nonsense as David Warner and Stéphane Audran playing a pair of silky *Persian* schemers, brother and sister—this Englishman and this Frenchwoman. Underneath the debris of what can only be called a producers' and bankers' picture lies buried a good Czech director, Ivan Passer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags as a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously. Blake Edwards wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, which is acknowledged to be based on his own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. With Shelley Winters, William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 18-24.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Guild; through Sept. 17.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, has become a smoothie; his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three archfiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 25.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 25-26.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Thalia; Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad 1; Sept. 23-24.)

Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Regency; Sept. 22-23.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, we shouldn't jeopardize our vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the fascinating, stony Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladek Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Catherine Willmer, Richard Heffer, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue; the set designer is Luciana Arrighi; the costume designer is Shirley Russell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 26.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the death last week of Roy Wilkins, who led the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People from 1955 to 1977, America lost a devoted servant of the cause of human rights and a tenacious believer in the constitutional promise of liberty and dignity for all citizens. Laboring for that cause and the fulfillment of that promise, Wilkins, in the capacity of executive director and main strategist of the N.A.A.C.P., helped to bring about, during the fifties and sixties, some of the most dramatic improvements that black American life has undergone in this century.

Wilkins and the N.A.A.C.P. did not, of course, work alone to obtain those gains. The contributions of other civil-rights groups and their leaders—notably, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., A. Philip Randolph, Whitney Young, Jr., Floyd McKissick, Bayard Rustin, James Farmer, and Malcolm X—were indispensable. Nor are the contributions of the white liberal organizations that once joined the civil-rights coalition to be overlooked. But Wilkins, as the leader of the nation's oldest civil-rights organization, not only was at the very heart of the struggle but symbolized the continuity of the movement for black progress. In his approach to the solution or amelioration of racial problems, Wilkins differed from other civil-rights leaders in making the legal restraints upon black freedom the main focus of his attack. While he coöperated with leaders who stressed the tactics of confrontation and direct action—without which the society would not have yielded as much as it did—such tactics were at odds with his own style and fundamentally alien to the somewhat genteel methods of protest that the N.A.A.C.P. had always followed. Partly as a result, he was not the imposing and inspiring civil-rights figure that Dr. King was. A relentless pragmatist, who knew just when and where and how to push the buttons of American political life, Wilkins lacked that poetry of moral risk and its testimony by which Dr. King aroused the national conscience, or much of it; and lacked as well the sentiments of black nationalism by which Malcolm X captivated the black streets and ghettos. But, unspectacular as the style of Wilkins and the N.A.A.C.P. was, they achieved—particularly in the courts of the land—victories that, barring some calamitous regression in the nation's moral and political life, are permanent. In the use of litigation and the application of dogged, painstaking effort, no organization in the United States has done more than the N.A.A.C.P. to widen black opportunity in the realms of employment, housing, and education—and there are scarcely any of these accomplishments, especially among those made in the fifties and sixties, that do not bear the mark of Wilkins' astute leadership.

If, as it seems, the N.A.A.C.P. has not been sufficiently recognized for the profound progressive changes it has wrought in American society, part of the reason may lie in Wilkins' deportment and personality. His manner was retiring and understated. He was not large of build, he often wore conservative three-piece suits, he spoke slowly and elegantly and carefully, and he abhorred the attention-getting theatrical gesture. Gracious, deliberative, and even-tempered, he appeared incapable of raising his voice—as though that would have been a violation of principle or as though he were content to entrust his case to argument rather than to volume. But his subdued voice and manner masked what were probably the sharpest intelligence and the clearest eye in the civil-rights movement. He seemed to be one of the rarest phenomena in the noisy and contentious world of politics—a cool, urbane, self-assured, and morally resilient gentleman. As such, he was a worthy representative of the old black middle class from which he sprang, or to which, at any rate, he came to belong—a class that has been much maligned and whose once great influence in black public affairs has virtually disappeared. Wilkins' death offers an occasion to reflect upon the many contributions that an educated, progressive, and thoughtful black middle class has made—within the limits of its particular attitude and outlook—to the advancement of nonwhites in American society and to the fulfillment, by no means yet complete, of the American constitutional promise.

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Around Dusk

WHEN the weather is comfortable, a group of young women regularly meet on Sixth Avenue in the Village and dance for beer money. Around dusk one day last week—the day of the power failure in lower Manhattan, when dusk was unusually conspicuous—they came out for the first time since spring, in one of their usual spots: the corner of Washington Place, in front of a bar called McBell's. Each of the dancers wore a white blouse, black corduroy knickers, white knee socks, black lace-up shoes, a blue velveteen vest, arm and leg garters with tiny bells attached, and a straw hat with a round crown. Long colored ribbons dangled from their hats, and the dancers waved white handkerchiefs as they moved. There were nine performers, including two musicians—a fiddler and a pipe-and-tabor player. Their music and their style of dance—morris dancing, an English folk ritual—go back several centuries. In costume and in motion, none of them looked old enough to buy anything stronger than a milkshake. They attracted a crowd.

Another crowd had gathered in front of Lamston's, on the opposite side of Sixth Avenue. About thirty people stood quietly in a line outside the front door of the store, which, like many Manhattan buildings south of Fourteenth Street, was dark inside. They resembled any bunch of citizens in a long, boring queue, except that, given the circumstances, they also looked as if they might be well-behaved looters. They were waiting to buy flashlights. On the sidewalk a few feet away, a woman was selling grotesque red mushroom-shaped candles.

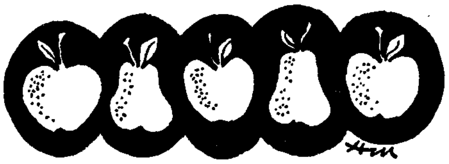
Back across the avenue, the morris dancers finished their last number—"Trunkels from Village of Ascot-under-Wychwood"—and then their leader held a straw hat upside down and made a brief speech. "Please put a coin in the hat," she said. "It's sure to bring you good luck and fortune throughout the year."

A white-haired, red-faced man who was wearing a blue blazer and coffee-colored slacks, and who gave the impression that he'd just spent a few hours in McBell's or some place like it, watched all this. "Lucky hat," he said. "I got a lucky hat, too. It's at home. Maybe I should bring my lucky hat out here and pass it around. I really should. You know what happened to me today? My lights went out."

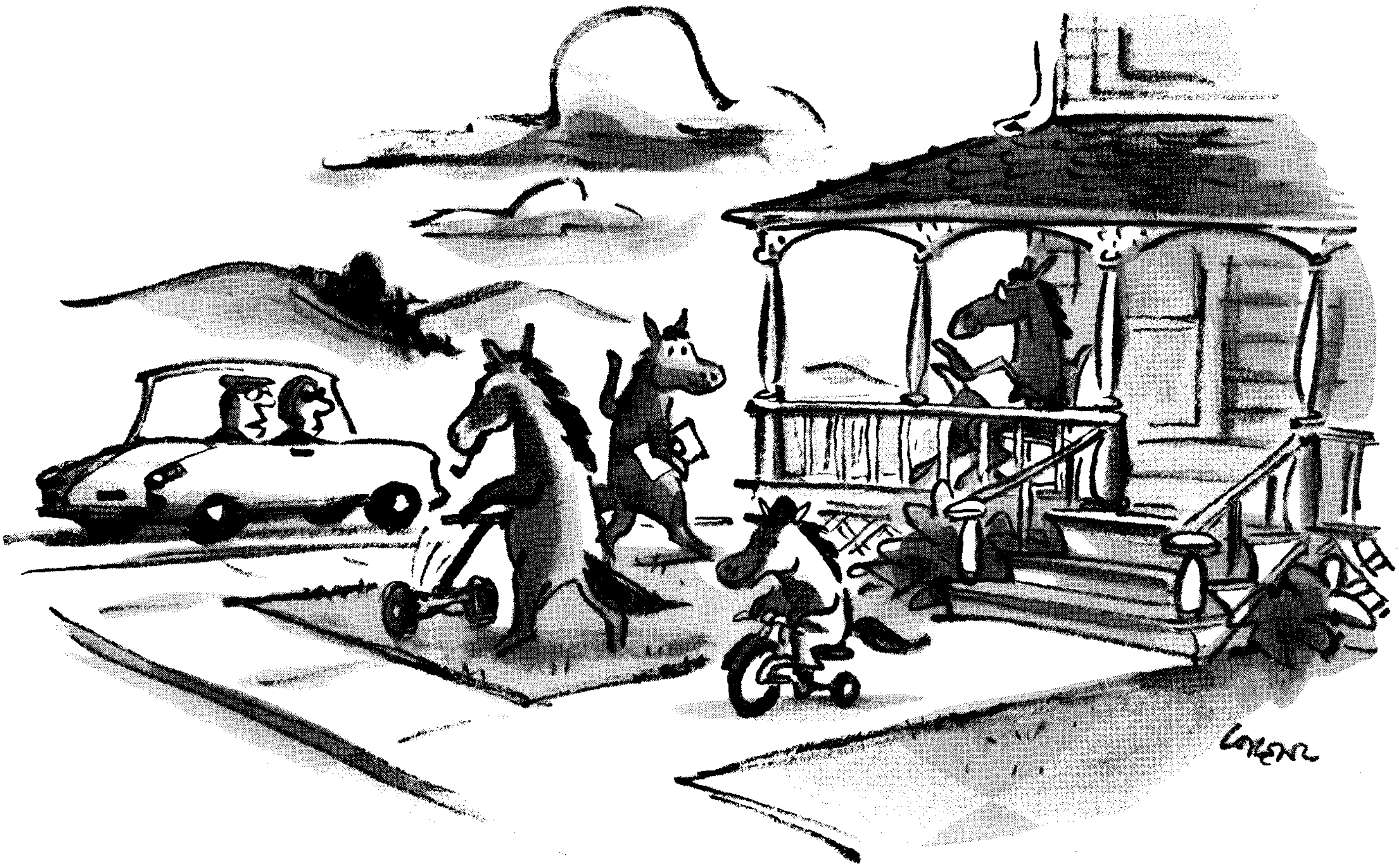
Masks

IN the forgotten part of Vermont—the northern part of the Green Mountains, south of the Canadian border, east of Lake Champlain, and west of the Northeast Kingdom—lie the towns of Montgomery and Montgomery Center, combined pop. 677. They are three miles apart but are under one set of town officers, and, for convenience, are both generally referred to as Montgomery. We went up there this summer to attend the vernissage of the Mask Montgomery Project, the brainchild of a young woman called Maggie Sherman. Mrs. Sherman, an outlander from Nashville, Tennessee, is a textile artist married to a Vermonter. They live in a sugaring house they remodelled themselves, and one day in the middle of what are referred to by some New Englanders as the Hate Months (Jan.-Feb.-Mar.) the idea came to her straight out of boredom to make life masks of the entire community—or, at least, of those members who could manage to stay still long enough for strips of plaster-impregnated gauze to set. First, she had to raise the money.

Montgomery is a no-frills town, far away from boutiques, Mercedeses, antiques, and beautiful eighteenth-century houses around village greens. It lies on the floor of a valley partly ringed by the Cold Hollow Mountains, which are lined up in the distance like the flats of a stage set—layers of greens fading from dark green in the foreground to light grayish in the farthest range. Montgomery's section of these mountains is called the Gibou, a bastardization of the French *hibou* (owl). The Trout River meanders through the valley. A boom town at the turn of the century, with a big mill that made butter tubs, Montgomery now has three small businesses, which employ twenty per cent of the population: Montgomery Schoolhouse, Inc., a manufacturer of wooden toys; Hearthstone, a maker of wood-burning stoves; and Jay Peak, a modest ski resort. The other members of the work force farm or are employed by such enterprises as Wayne's Service Station, Sylvester's general store, Granny Grunt's (food and drink), and the elementary school. Montgomery is not your average depressed New England town, however. This is no junk-car, immobilized-homes sort of place. Most of the houses are plain clapboard, neat but not manicured, with a few healthy elm trees that bring tears to the eyes. There is a cheerful air of self-sufficiency but none of that thin-lipped, yup-nope delivery of so many New Englanders: strangers are given the benefit of the doubt.



Mrs. Sherman started her fund-raising with Daniel Woodward, the president of Montgomery Schoolhouse, Inc. Her original plan was to try to get government funding, but Mr. Woodward, a firm believer in self-reliance, suggested that she try to raise the money locally, made a substantial contribution, and put his 800 telephone line at her disposal for out-of-town calls. She then borrowed the town checklist and started calling everyone on it to generate enthusiasm and funds for her project. She was successful at both. By the day of the vernissage, she had raised twenty-six hundred dollars and had assembled three hundred and ninety-nine masks. Reactions ranged from "Maggie's got to be crazy!" to wild enthusiasm, the children being among the most enthusiastic. Older people also loved the idea—all except a few people in their eighties, who didn't want to do it. She masked the children at the school and the adults in the Grange Hall—lying on gym mats, or sitting up if they preferred. She also made house calls for the hermits and the extremely old who would not or could not come to the Grange. She liked to do the children lying down, because that way their bones emerged, and the adults sitting up, because that way their lines and wrinkles emerged. Mrs. Sherman's masking process is fairly simple. First, she wraps a scarf around the hair, then applies Vaseline to the face to prevent sticking, followed by strips of plaster-gauze dipped in water. The subject has a choice of breathing through the mouth or through the nose. (The majority chose the nose.) The plaster hardens in about five minutes, and then the mask is peeled off. In Montgomery, at this stage each person was invited to decorate his or her mask at the Grange or take it home and decorate it. Boxes of supplies were on hand: buttons, ribbons, scraps of material, sequins, sparkles, paper, poster paints, shells, feathers, yarn, fur, stones (rhine- and mineral), spools—a child's paradise, and an adult's as well, to judge from the results. Mrs. Sherman began the masking in May, and the cutoff day was July 31st. Toward the end of July, there was a rush of people wanting to be masked—the result of a sort of community spirit that had developed as time went on. Those who had been masked encouraged those



"It appears to be real horse country hereabouts."

• •

who had been dragging their feet to go ahead and do it. "Have you been plastered yet, ho ho?" was the cry. All the claustrophobes came in on the thirty-first, making for a long day at the Grange.

Another problem was getting some of the people who took their masks home to return them. This required a certain amount of tactful prodding on the telephone, and eventually all but two masks were returned.

The grand opening took place one day in August, from two to four, in the Grange Hall. Mrs. Sherman was able to persuade the Montgomery Volunteer Fire Department to donate a keg of beer. There was also lemonade, courtesy of the Black Lantern Inn. On the doors of the Grange were posted lists of the names of all the financial contributors: Rhoda Lush, Zak, Cordy Gruenig, Big Dave & Shirley, Gaston Begnoche, North Country Wood—in all, about fifty. The masks were hung on the walls—in family groups whenever possible. The effect of entering the Grange Hall that afternoon was not unlike that of walking into a kindergarten on Parents' Day. Under each mask was a label giving name and age. The ages ranged from three to eighty-five. The most forceful masks were the undecorated ones of two men aged sixty-nine and seventy-three, which, curiously, did not look at all like death masks, because the strength and vitality of their faces came through. Merle Van Gieson, Second Constable and Town Moderator, showed us around, pointing out the masks of the selectmen and other town fathers, and the town fathers in person whenever possible—a real service, because it was extremely difficult to match up the faces with the masks. Most of the masks were so extravagantly decorated that the line of the nose in profile was the only clue. The three- and four-year-olds' masks were the funniest—artless, and full of beans (and sparkles and buttons). It was hard to make generalizations, but it seemed to be true that the younger the person the more the buttons used, and the older the person the more lifelike the decoration—the most lifelike being none. Irene Scott (sixty-nine) painted a realistic, no-nonsense face, with real glasses on the nose; on a paper balloon coming out of the mouth was written, in perfect script, "I taught school in Montgomery for 42 years and have many happy memories of my work with 2 generations of Montgomery families." Some went in for total disguise, others for the sort of decoration one might use for a costume ball. There were clown masks, Pierrot masks, abstract masks, surreal masks, masks that told a story. Nancy Hartung (thirty-three), a belly dancer—for whose specialty one might think there would not be a big audience in Montgomery—made her mask into a highly stylized sun, with the aid of gold paint and shiny gold material. Annie Byrnes (forty) had done her thesis on the right and left sides of the brain, and her mask was decorated with symbols representing the functions of each, its headdress topped off with photographs of various moments in her life. Even Father Charbonneau (thirty-seven), the Roman Catholic priest, couldn't resist putting a circle of red on each cheek of his otherwise realistic mask. Whether the desire to disguise one's face or make a joke of it comes from the child in one or from fear of looking foolish in the eyes of others is anybody's guess. What's masquerade, what's real? Over three hundred people came to the opening, and, in contrast to what happens at most openings, the guests didn't just stand around and drink but looked at what they were supposed to be looking at, and did so with interest and pleasure. Clearly, the whole town has been given a tremendous lift by the project. WBZ-TV, an NBC Boston station, covered the event, but its presence did not set the town on its ear by any means. There was no rush to get in front of the camera, and when adults were asked to, by a young man in a red T-shirt with "CBS" on it, they would stand very straight, as though having their picture taken. The children were equally shy about being on camera. Most refreshing. As a morale booster, the masking of Montgomery was better than the Firemen's Barbecue. The lemonade ran out, but otherwise the only slight contretemps occurred when a woman said to Mrs. Sherman, "You got my age four years older than I am."

Mic and Bud

A YOUNG Manhattan friend writes:

I spent Labor Day at the Bronx Zoo, going right along with the spirit of the holiday by just really taking it easy—or, at least, that's what I thought I'd been doing until I stood around for an hour watching Mic and Bud, the zoo's two huge tortoises from the Aldabra Islands, off Madagascar. I mean, these guys must have written the book on taking it easy. Or maybe thought about writing it. Here's my log of how Mic and Bud used an hour on Labor Day afternoon:

4:00 P.M. Mic and Bud lie motionless together—shell to shell—next to the knee-high rock-and-cement wall surrounding their spacious outdoor pen. It's a nice grassy enclosure with a pond and eleven trees.

4:08. Mic blinks his right eye.

4:15. Mic raises his head and cranes his neck far to the right. Then he pulls his head back under the roof of his shell.

4:29. Mic makes a little chewing motion with his mouth.

4:40. Bud uses his front and rear legs to pull himself about five inches away from Mic.

4:43. Mic blinks both eyes a few times.

4:52. Mic stretches his neck until his head sticks way out of his shell. Then he yawns, shuts his eyes, and lowers his head to the grass.

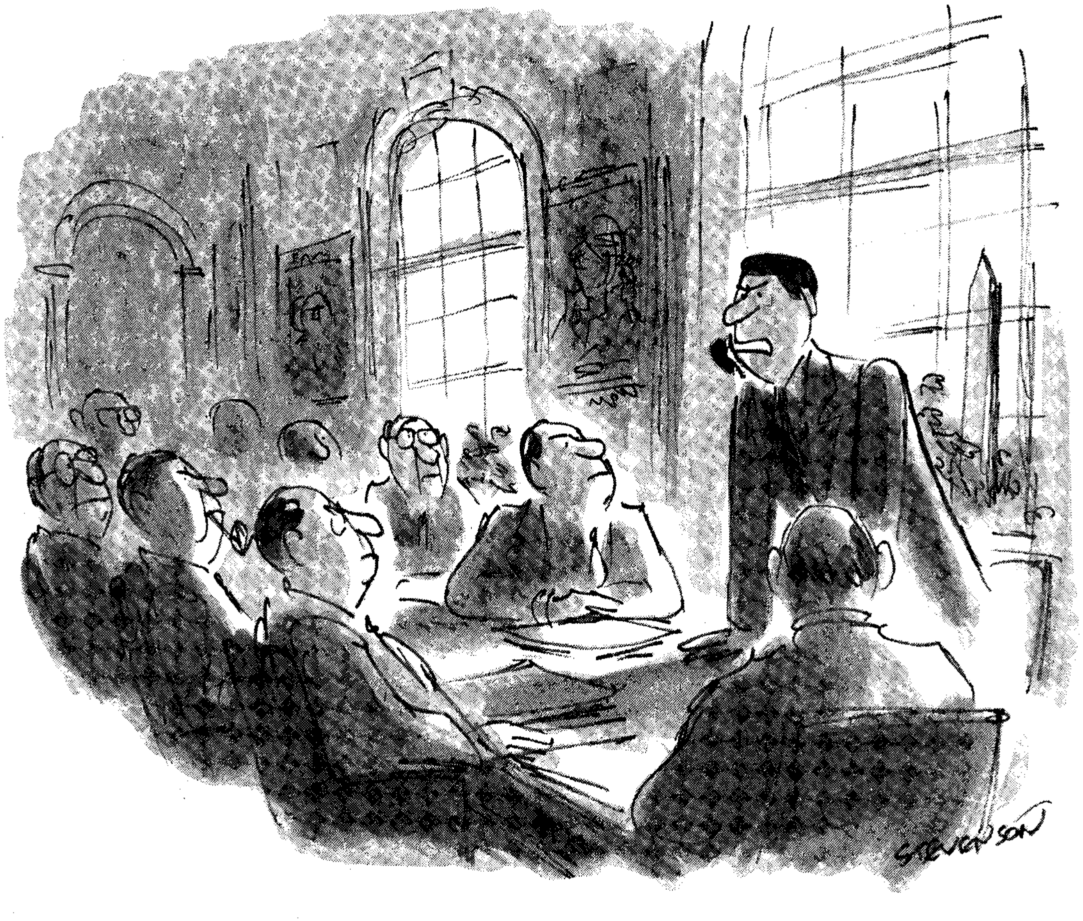
4:56. Bud's throat contracts once, as if he'd just swallowed something.

Now, the strangest thing is that these guys have a vacation coming up. Vacation from what? Well, at the end of September these two masters of non-motion are packing up for a trip to St. Catherines Island, off the Georgia coast. They'll be joining another male and two female Aldabra tortoises in a special facility the Bronx Zoo has down there, and enjoying seven months of mating in a nice climate. So, on behalf of Mic and Bud, I'd like to answer a man who walked up to them on Labor Day and yelled, "Where's your get-up-and-go?": "*It's all being saved up for our warm little island. See you in May.*"

The Walkman

LIKE bird-watchers who track the range of a species, we've been taking notice of people wearing the Walkman during the past few weeks. In New York, these sightings have become common, but we've travelled to Washington, D.C., Chicago, San Francisco, and Seattle, with a brief excursion to Victoria, British Columbia, and we've seen enough to convince us that the Walkman user has settled far afield, and is more than just migratory. The Walkman is a hand-sized high-fidelity tape player or radio connected by wires to a pair of high-quality foam-rubber headphones the size of half dollars. At least forty versions of the product are now available, but Sony introduced it in Japan and the United States two years ago, and the company holds a trademark on the name associated with the phenomenon.

According to a Sony representative we talked with, the corporation's chairman, co-founder, and chief executive officer, Akio Morita, otherwise known as Mr. Sony, came up with the Walkman idea in self-defense. The devotion of his son and daughter to loud rock music clashed with his taste for quiet classical music, or even silence, so Mr. Morita asked his company's engineers if



"One moment! I never said I believed in supply-side theory. I merely said we should give supply-side theory a fair hearing."

BAR
BAR
S.GROSS

they could make a portable tape player that would be compact, lightweight, and capable of producing private but full stereo sound for one or two listeners through headphones. When Sony's technicians satisfied the request, Mr. Morita recommended a first run of a hundred thousand machines, to test the market. The company produced a third of that number in the spring of 1979, almost immediately faced back orders, and by the end of 1980 had sold two million units. The corporation expects to sell a million and a half more this year. Sony now offers seven versions of the Walkman, ranging in weight from nine and seven-eighths ounces (plus an ounce for the headphones) to one pound, and in retail price from $99.95, for the cassette-playing Walkman I, to $229.95, for the SRF-80-W, an AM-FM radio with phones which converts to a regular table radio with two independent speakers. Other models include a machine that plays and records in stereo and a Walkman with a "hot line" enabling two listeners to the same cassette, on the same set, to interrupt their music, talk with each other, and resume their listening where they left off, without ever removing their headphones. One observer, though, claims to have spotted a gaggle of Los Angeles Walkman users who somehow chattered away while listening to separate and uninterrupted tapes. Aside from New York's Walkman joggers, roller skaters, delivery boys, subway riders, and museumgoers, and its dental patients who listen to Walkman music while a doctor fixes their teeth, and the dancers on Fire Island who gather around one tape player, plug in their phones, and prance in what others see as a silent tribal ceremony, here are some of the sightings we made on our recent trip.

On Embassy Row in Washington, we saw a limousine bearing diplomatic plates which was full of trim, dark-suited men, each of them wearing a Walkman; between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial, we saw a park policeman on top of a horse and under a pair of headphones; outside the Kennedy Center, we noticed a spare young woman in sweats, with ballet shoes tied to her belt, phones on her head, and a tape player strapped to her chest. At Chicago's O'Hare Airport, we followed a couple of stewardesses under the Walkman influence as they strode toward a few days off; we noted a businessman who had transformed Sony's instrument of pleasure into a tool of efficiency, and was flipping through a box of cassettes labelled like files to find the right informational tape to play on his Walkman. In San Francisco, on the California Street cable car from Market Street over Nob Hill, we rode with an energetic conductor who had no trouble collecting fares, commenting on the city's wind-cooled charms, and enjoying his Walkman without missing a beat; in Chinatown, we passed a solemn Oriental couple pushing a shopping cart in front of them and evidently concentrating on a tape player to which both their headsets were attached; on a bus from the city's East Bay Terminal to San Francisco International Airport, we sat next to a vigorous white-haired hiker who wore rainbow suspenders, an official Boy Scout knapsack, and a Galactica hat over a pair of phones. Getting the lay of Seattle from the observation deck of the Space Needle at the former World's Fair grounds, we stood next to a three- or four-year-old phonehead, our first sighting of a pint-size Walkman user; in Volunteer Park, resting under an old and impressive oak, we were startled by a clear-eyed young man perched on a branch about halfway up the tree who made hooting and other birdlike noises and then climbed down to retrieve his Walkman recorder from a patient friend. Crossing on the Princess Marguerite from Seattle's Pier 69 to downtown Victoria—a voyage that started across Puget Sound at eight o'clock in the morning and ended fifteen minutes after noon—we ate breakfast near a casually dressed gentleman with a Cartier watch who read a *Globe & Mail* while listening to his Walkman, and in a video-game arcade outside the dining room we mixed with a pack of intent players who in shuttling between games paused only to flip their cassettes or adjust their headphones.

AFLOAT

ANNIE brings a hand-delivered letter to her father. They stand together on the deck that extends far over the grassy lawn that slopes to the lake, and he reads and she looks off at the water. When she was a little girl she would stand on the metal table pushed to the front of the deck and read the letters aloud to her father. If he sat, she sat. Later, she read them over his shoulder. Now she is sixteen, and she gives him the letter and stares at the trees or the water or the boat bobbing at the end of the dock. It has probably never occurred to her that she does not have to be there when he reads them.

DEAR MARTIN,

Last week the bottom fell out of the birdhouse you hung in the tree the summer Annie was three. Or something gnawed at it and the bottom came out. I don't know. I put the wood under one of the big clay pots full of pansies, just to keep it for old times' sake. (I've given up the fountain pen for a felt tip. I'm really not a romantic.) I send to you for a month our daughter. She still wears bangs, to cover that little nick in her forehead from the time she fell out of the swing. The swing survived until last summer when—or maybe I told you in last year's letter—Marcy Smith came by with her "friend" Hamilton, and they were so taken by it that I gave it to them, leaving the ropes dangling. I mean that I gave them the old green swing seat, with the decals of roses even uglier than the scraggly ones we grew. Tell her to pull her bangs back and show the world her beautiful widow's peak. She now drinks spritzers. For the first two weeks she's gone I'll be in Ogunquit with Tom. He is younger than you, but no one will ever duplicate the effect of your slow smile. Have a good summer together. I will be thinking of you at unexpected times (unexpected to me, of course).

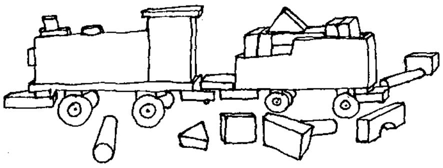
Love,
ANITA

He hands the letter on to me, and then pours club soda and Chablis into a tall glass for Annie and fills his own glass with wine alone. He hesitates while I read, and I know he's wondering whether the letter will disturb me—whether I'll want club soda or wine. "Soda," I say. Martin and Anita have been divorced for ten years.

In these first few days of Annie's visit, things aren't going very well. My friends think that it's just about everybody's summer story. Rachel's summers are spent with her ex-husband, and with his daughter by his second marriage, the daughter's boyfriend, and the boyfriend's best friend. The golden retriever isn't there this summer, because last summer he drowned. No one knows how. Jean is letting her optometrist, with whom she once had an affair, stay in her house in the Hamptons on weekends. She stays in town, because she is in love with a chef. Hazel's the exception. She teaches summer school, and when it ends she and her husband and their son go to Block Island for two weeks, to the house they always rent. Her husband has his job back, after a year in A.A. I study her life and wonder how it works. Of the three best friends I have, she blushes the most easily, is the worst dressed, is the least politically informed, and prefers AM rock stations to FM classical music. Our common denominator is that none of us was married in a church and all of us worried about the results of the blood test we had before we could get a marriage license. But there are so many differences. Say their names to me and what comes to mind is that Rachel cried when she heard Dylan's "Self Portrait" album, because, to her, that meant that everything was over; Jean fought off a man in a supermarket parking lot who was intent on raping her, and still has nightmares about the arugula she was going to the store to get; Hazel can recite Yeats' "The Circus Animals' Desertion" and bring tears to your eyes.

Sitting on the deck, I try to explain to Annie that there *should* be solidarity between women, but that when you look for a common bond you're really looking for a common denominator, and you can't do that with women. Annie puts down "My Mother/My Self" and looks out at the water.

Martin and I, wondering when she will ever want to swim, go about our days as usual. She's gone biking with him, so there's no hostility. She has always sat at the foot of the bed while Martin was showering at night and talked nonsense with me while she twisted the ends of her hair, and she still does. At her age, it isn't important that she's not in love, and she was once before anyway. When she pours for herself, its sixty-forty white wine and club soda. Annie—the baby pushed in a swing. The bottom fell out of the birdhouse. Anita really knows how to hit below the belt.



MARTIN is sulky at the end of the week, floating in the Whaler.

"Do you ever think that Anita's thinking of you?" I ask.

"Telepathy, you mean?" he says. He has a good tan. A scab by his elbow. Somehow, he's hurt himself. His wet hair is drying in curly strands. He hasn't had a haircut since we came to the summer house.

"No. Do you ever wonder if she just might be thinking about you?"

"I don't think about her," he says.

"You read the letter Annie brings you every year."

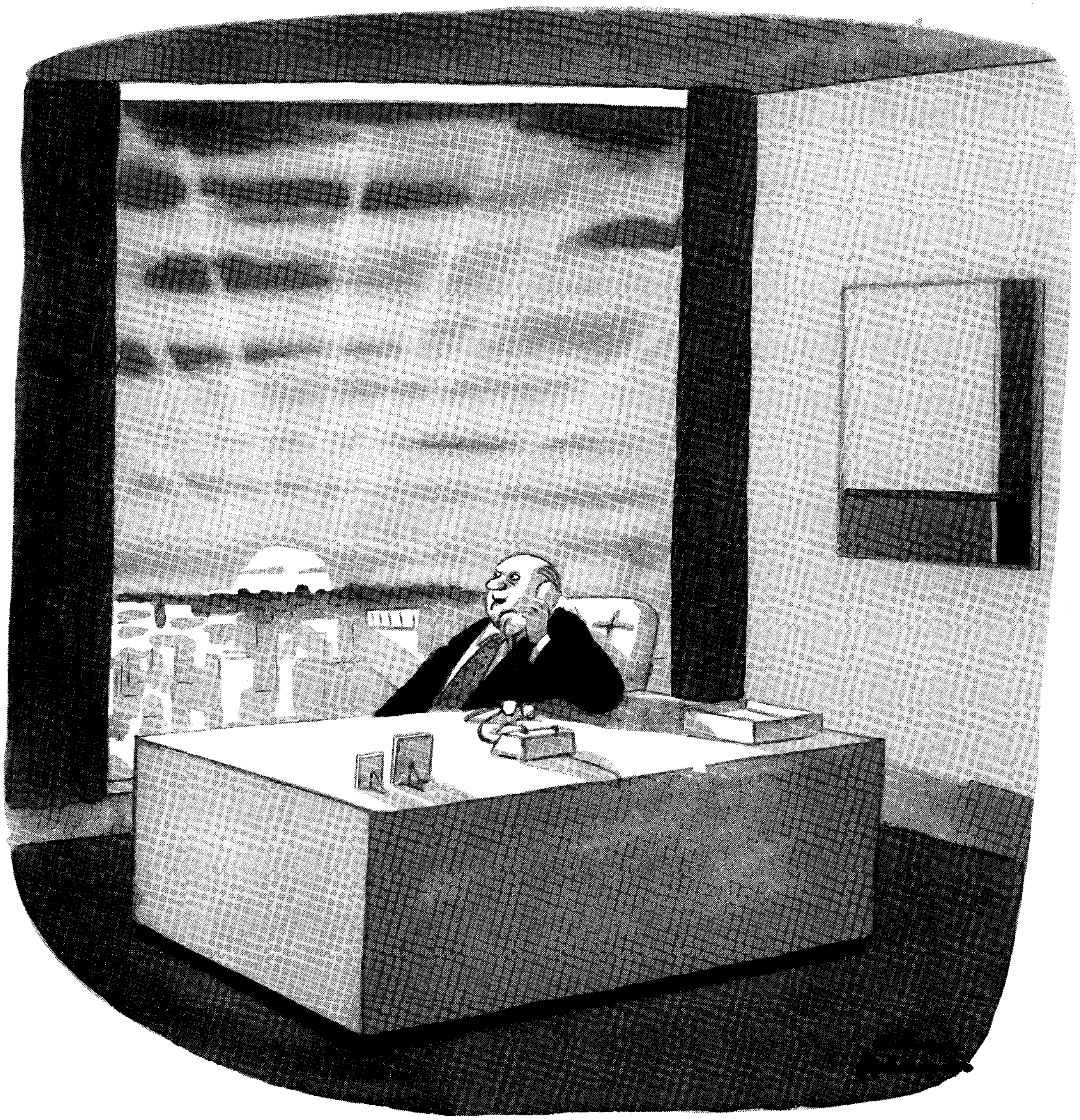
"I'm curious."

"Just curious for that one brief minute?"

Yes, he nods. "Notice that I'm always the one that opens the junk mail, too," he says.

According to Martin, he and Anita gradually drifted apart. Or, at times when he blames himself, he says it's because he was still a child when he married her. He married her the week of his twentieth birthday. He says that his childhood wounds still weren't healed; Anita was Mama, she was the person he always felt he had to prove himself to—the stuff any psychiatrist will run down for you, he says now, trailing his hand in the water. "It's like there was a time in your life when you believed in paste," he says. "Think how embarrassed you'd be to go buy paste today. Now it's rubber cement. Or at least Elmer's glue. When I was young I just didn't know things."

I never had any doubt when things ended with my first husband. We knew things were wrong; we were going to a counsellor and either biting our tongues or arguing because we'd loosened them with too much alcohol, trying to pretend that it didn't matter that I couldn't have a baby. One weekend Jason and I went to Saratoga, early in the spring, to visit friends. It was all a little too sun-dappled. Too *House Beautiful*, the way the sun, in the early morning, shone through the lace curtains and paled the walls to polka dots of light. The redwood picnic table on the stone-covered patio was as bright in the sunlight as if it had been waxed. We were



"Miss Meegan, have everyone in Accounting look at this sunset."

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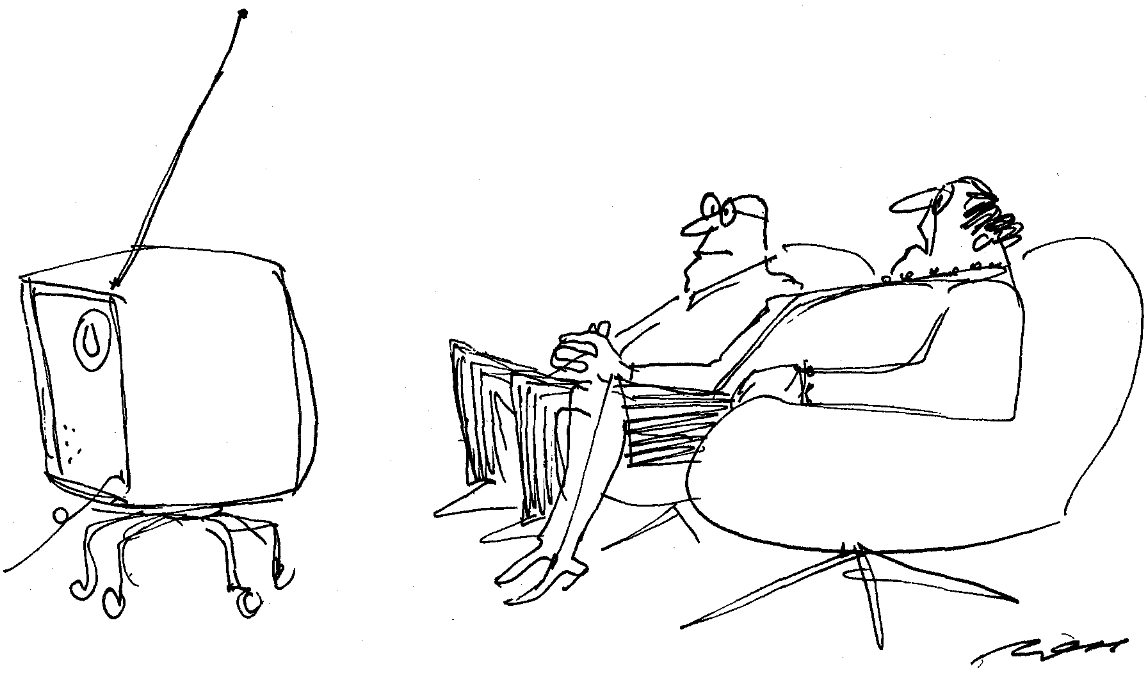
drinking iced tea, all four of us out in the yard early in the morning, amazed at what a perfect day it was, how fast the garden was growing, how huge the heads of the peonies were. Then some people stopped by, with their little girl—people new to Saratoga, who really had no friends there yet. The little girl was named Alison, and she took a liking to Jason—came up to him without hesitation, the way a puppy that's been chastised will instantly choose someone in the room to cower by, or a bee will zero in on one member of a group. She came innocently, the way a child would come, fascinated by . . . by his curly hair? The way the sunlight reflected off the rims of his glasses? The wedding ring on his hand as he rested his arm on the picnic table? And then, as the rest of us talked, there was a squealing game, with the child suddenly climbing from the ground to his lap, some whispering, some laughing, and then the child, held around her middle, raised above his head, parallel to the ground. The game went on and on, with cries of "Again!" and "Higher!" until the child was shrill and Jason complained of numb arms, and for a second I looked away from the conversation the rest of us were having and I saw her



"Well, there's another ninety minutes of our life down the drain."

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raised above him, smiling down, and Jason both frowning and amused—that little smile at the edge of his lips—and the child's mouth, wide with delight, her long blond hair flopped forward. He was keeping her raised off the ground, and she was hoping that it would never end, and in that second I knew that for Jason and me it was over.

We took a big bunch of pink peonies back to the city with us, stuck in a glass jar with water in the bottom that I held wedged between my feet. I had on a skirt, and the flowers flopped as we went over the bumpy road and the sensation I felt was amazing: it wasn't a tickle, but a pain. When he stopped for gas I went into the bathroom and cried and washed my face and dried it on one of those brown paper towels that smell more strongly than any perfume. I combed my hair. When I was sure I looked fine I came back to the car and sat down, putting one foot on each side of the jar. He started to drive out of the gas station, and then he just drifted to a stop. It was still sunny. Late afternoon. We sat there with the sun heating us and other cars pulling around our car, and he said, "You are impossible. You are so emotional. After a perfect day, what have you been crying about?" Then there were tears, and since I said nothing eventually he started to drive: out into the merging lane, then onto the highway, speeding all the way back to New York in silence. It was already over. The only other thing I remember about that day is that down by Thirty-fourth Street we saw the same man who had been there the week before, selling roses guaranteed to smell sweet and to be everlasting. There he was, in the same place, his roses on a stand behind him.

WE swim, and gradually work our way back to the gunwale of the Whaler: six hands, white-knuckled, holding the rim. I slide along, hand over hand, then move so that my body touches Martin's from behind. With my arms around his chest, I kiss his neck. He turns and smiles and kisses me. Then I kick away and go to where Annie is holding on to the boat, her cheek on her hands, staring at her father. I swim up to her, push her wet bangs to one side, and kiss her forehead. She looks aggravated, and turns her head away. Just as quickly, she turns it back. "Am I interrupting you two getting it on out here?" she says.

"I kissed both of you," I say, between them again, feeling the weightlessness of my legs dangling as I hold on.

She continues to stare at me. "Girls kissing girls is so dumb," she says. "It's like the world's full of stupid hostesses who graduated from Sweet Briar."

Martin looks at her silently for a long time.

"I guess your mother's not very demonstrative," he says.

"Were you ever?" she says. "Did you love Anita when you had me?"

"Of course I did," he says. "Didn't you know that?"

"It doesn't matter what I know," she says, as angry and petulant as a child. "How come you don't feed me birdseed?" she says. "How come you don't feed the carrier pigeon?"

He pauses until he understands what she is talking about. "The letters just go one way," he says.

"Do you have too much *dignity* to answer them, or is it too risky to reveal anything?"

"Honey," he says, lowering his voice, "I don't have anything to say."

"That you loved her and now you don't?" she says. "That's what isn't worth saying?"

He's brought his knees up to his chin. The scab by his elbow is pale when he clasps his arm around his knees.

"Well, I think that's bullshit," she says. She looks at me. "And I think you're bullshit, too. You don't care about the bond between women. You just care about hanging on to him. When you kissed me, it was patronizing."

There are tears now. Tears that are ironic, because there is so much water everywhere. Today she's angry and alone, and I float between them knowing exactly how each one feels and, like the little girl Alison suspended above Jason's head, knowing that desire that can be more overwhelming than love—the desire, for one brief minute, simply to get off the earth.

—ANN BEATTIE

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There is this to be said about Iowa. It is far hillier than anyone led us to believe. Much of western Iowa looks like much of western Iowa.—*Washington Post.*

No wonder the people are depressed.

WORK

Robert came out of the old stone house with a sickle. Swifts swooped out over the valley and back into their nests under the eaves. As he sickled the grass and nettles, he thought that there were layers below him of sand and water and rock, and layers above of air and thin cloud, and, above, the layers of the sky, and all the layers rose and fell. From time to time he stopped his work to look at the birds, and as he watched them one hit the stone wall and dropped. He went to it and picked it up; in one hand he held the sickle, in the other the bird, its eyes staring. Across the field below he saw a boy on a black horse trotting toward the house.

Giuseppe jumped off the horse and said in Italian, "What is it?"

"A swift," Robert said.

After the boy tied the horse to a post, he held out his callused hands. Robert laid the bird in his hands, and the boy twisted its neck and threw it down.

Giuseppe, barefoot, in a singlet and shorts, watched Robert sickle.

"He hasn't arrived?" Giuseppe asked.

"No, not yet."

"Maybe something happened."

"No, I don't think anything happened."

Giuseppe shrugged his shoulders. "Things happen."

Robert went on sickling. He said to Giuseppe, "Don't you have any news for me since yesterday?"

The boy stood still, watching Robert strike at the weeds with the dark wet blade, then he said, "The old man in the house by the church is dying."

"I didn't know."

"He goes from his bed to the fire, from the fire to his bed. They don't know what to do with him. He wants to shoot himself."

"What is he dying of?"

Giuseppe stuck out his lower lip. "What my father died of."

Robert stood. He said, "He was a good man, your father—everyone says so. He worked hard."

"I know." Giuseppe pulled his hair over one ear.

Robert imagined he rose tall as he looked down at Giuseppe. "I'm sure your father still loves you as he loved you."

"I know."

Robert bent to sickle.

"Don't you have a father?" Giuseppe asked.

"Yes."

"Is he in America?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you live with him?"

"Because I've grown up."

"How old is he?"

"He's eighty."

"He'll die soon."

"I hope not."

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"My father was twenty-five when he died."

Robert again stood to look at the boy, and, for a moment unbalanced, he felt that he wanted to pull the boy to him and hold him.

Giuseppe turned the dead bird over onto its back with his toe, and the thin black wings opened. He said, "I wish he'd come."

"Beppo, Beppo," sounded from the sky.

Giuseppe tilted his head a little, and, without turning toward his house up the valley, he shouted, "Aou." He listened to the response sung out into the sky in short phrases that rose, in lifts, and fell. Without moving, Giuseppe shouted his answer back.

Robert did not understand any of it. "That was your mother," he said.

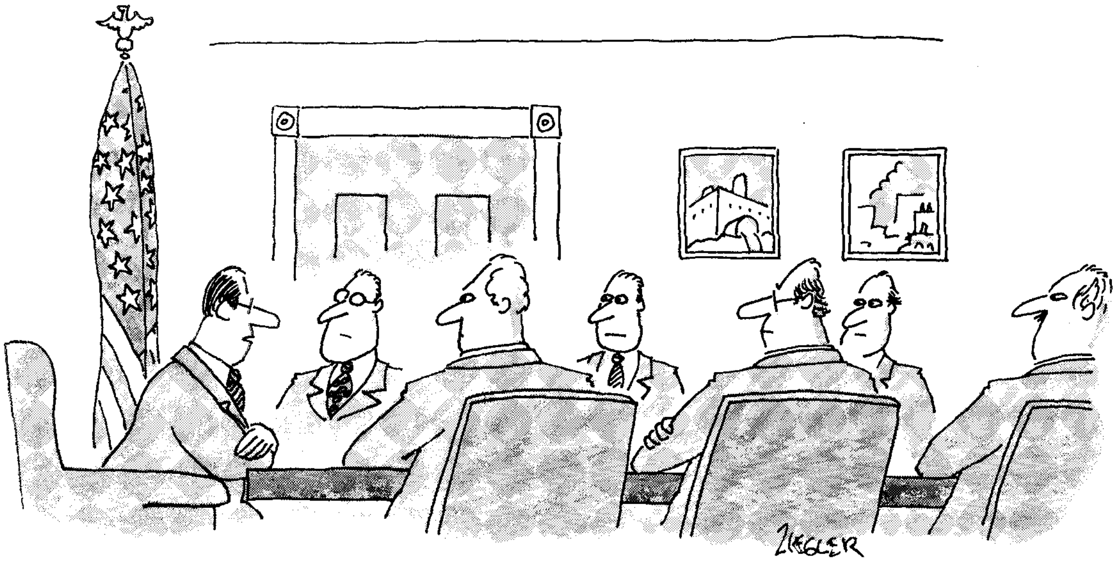
"She wants me to go get the bread."

"Then go."

The boy untied his horse and led it, surrounded by flies, to a big stone; he jumped onto the stone and from it onto the horse. "I'll come back," he said. The lilac bushes on either side of the path closed over the flanks of the horse.

From this place, halfway up the side of the mountain, Robert imagined, again, layers of earth and cloud rising and falling over the valley. He picked up the dead bird and went to the patch of earth he had cleared for planting flowers in front of the house; with the handle of the sickle he dug out a hole, dropped the bird in, covered it, and pressed it down with his palm, thinking, Protect us.

In the kitchen he took the broom from a corner, pulling webs away from the walls, to sweep the red tile floor. After he swept half, he leaned the broom against a table and, restless, went into the other downstairs rooms, where the floors were covered with straw, mouse droppings, insects' legs and wings; webs sagged from the ceiling beams. He went upstairs, where he had swept, had wire-brushed wasps' nests from the rafters, and had whitewashed the walls of a bedroom. He wandered from room to room. The beds were made, the cushions put out on the wicker chairs, the rag rugs



"All those who prefer to view the current situation with increasing alarm please signify by saying 'Aye.'"

placed on the clean floors. The fireplace was still heaped with ash. Downstairs again, he picked up the broom, but then crouched to look at a basket of kindling, under the table, spun over with webs. He drew it out, and under it found a scorpion. Bending near, he touched the scorpion with a stick; it raised its claws and tail and moved to the side, then stopped. Robert replaced the basket over the scorpion and, smiling, continued to sweep.

He heard, from outside, "Roberto, Roberto," and he went to the door. Giuseppe, his elbows pumping, was racing his horse along the edge of the fields toward the house, and Robert went out to meet him. Giuseppe shouted, "There's a telephone call for you. There's a telephone call at the *posto pubblico*." He pulled up the horse, sideways, in front of Robert. "Get on," he said. Robert tried to throw a leg over the barebacked horse, but he slipped. Giuseppe was shouting as if he were far away, "Stand on the stone," and he swerved the large horse, rearing, toward the stone. On it, Robert again tried to throw his leg over the horse, but the horse moved forward in jerks, and Giuseppe had to rein him in. "Come on, come on," Giuseppe shouted. "There's a telephone call." Just as Robert was mounted behind the boy, Giuseppe kicked his bare heels into the horse's ribs, and Robert, thrown against him, clung to him for a moment, then took his hands away to press them to his own sides; he slipped on the horsehair. "Hold me," Giuseppe said. "We're going to gallop." Robert put his arms around the boy, and as the horse galloped he pressed the boy's back and shoulders against his chest. Robert felt the small bones of the boy's body move. He leaned his face close to the boy's neck. The horse galloped along the edges of the tobacco fields, out to a dirt road, across the stream. One of Robert's espadrilles dropped off; he thought that he, too, could easily drop off, and he held tighter to Giuseppe, the boy's small, taut body held in his body, and both of them were carried by the big black horse racing now up a mountain path through elder bushes. The faster the horse raced, the more the flies raged about it. On the white road, Giuseppe kicked the horse and shouted, "Ai, ai," to make it go faster. Round a bend, on a ridge overlooking the valley, was the peasant's house with the public telephone: a yellow-and-blue disc, with the outline of a telephone on it, hung over the doorway, outside of which Robert, half falling, dismounted.

One foot bare, he ran up the stairs to the house above the stables and into the kitchen. The shutters were closed, and he couldn't at first make out who was sitting on a chair by the fireplace—a young man, who got up as soon as Robert entered. The young man said, "Alessandro telephoned; he said he'd telephone again in twenty minutes."

"Thanks," Robert said.

The young man, Gianfranco, rubbed his arms. "Sit down," he said.

Robert sat with him by the fireplace.

"He said he just arrived in Rome. The flight was late leaving America. Don't meet him at the train station; he'll come by taxi."

"What else did he say?"

"He said *Saluti*."

Gianfranco clapped his hands together softly between his knees. He asked, "In America, do you have a house together, as you have a house here?"

"Yes," Robert said.

The telephone, on the wall just inside the door, rang. Gianfranco got up quickly to answer, said, "Yes. Yes. Yes," and handed the receiver to Robert, smiling. "It's Alessandro. He just arrived in Rome. The flight was late leaving America. Don't meet him at the train station; he'll come by taxi."

Robert took the receiver. He said, in Italian, "You're in Rome. The flight was delayed in Boston. I shouldn't go to meet you at the station; you'll come by taxi."

Alex laughed. He said, in English, "And what else?"

"You send *saluti*," Robert continued in Italian.

Giuseppe, among chickens, held his espadrille up to him when he went out.

"Is he coming?"

"Yes."

On the horse, Robert embraced the body of the boy tightly. As they went down into the valley and up past the house, all its doors and windows wide open, toward Giuseppe's house, higher up the side of

"This is my new friend—Michael. We cook together."

the mountain, a sense came to Robert of space upon space opening to him. He pressed his chin to the side of the boy's head.

Outside Giuseppe's house Robert slid off the horse. He was covered with short, coarse hairs. Giuseppe got off, and Robert followed him as he led the horse up behind the house, where his mother, in a black dress and a black kerchief, was throwing down corn for the chickens.

"He's arriving," Giuseppe, excited, said to her.

"You must be happy," the widow said to Robert.

"I am," he said.

"Come into the house."

Giuseppe said, "The airplane might have fallen and all the passengers killed."

In the kitchen, the widow washed a glass at the low stone sink, gave it to Robert, and as he held it she poured into it red wine from a large green bottle.

Robert asked, "Where are your other sons?"

"Working in the fields. Beppo doesn't work. He's with you all day."

"I like having him with me."

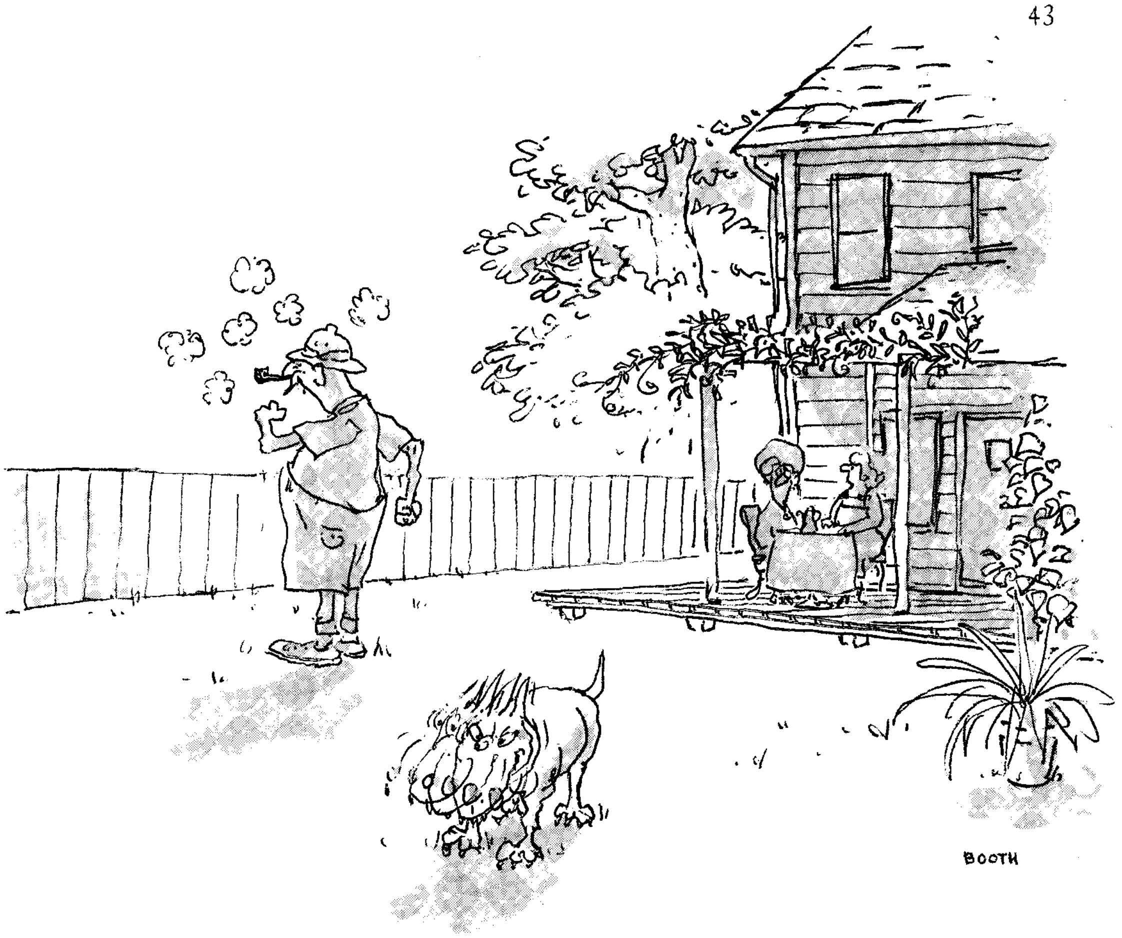
The widow hit Giuseppe on the head. "He talks a lot," she said. "All he does is talk, he doesn't work, his father would be angry with him."

"I'm sure his father would be pleased with him."

She looked for a long while at her thin son. "He's a good boy," she said.

Robert said to him, "Come on, let's go back to my house."

Giuseppe's mother said to Robert, "Don't you want a son?"



"Today has been difficult, Lucille. Wellington foozled his drive at the ninth tee, and the people next door adopted a new pale-fawn Siamese cat."

• •

WHILE Robert shovelled the ashes from the large fireplace in the house and put them into a bucket, Giuseppe hefted another bucket and, in a thin gray cloud, carried it in both hands out to dump it near the shed. When he brought the bucket back empty the third time, he clanked it on the hearth. "I think I'll go to my house," he said.

"Was your mother right?" Robert asked. "You don't like to work?"

Giuseppe said nothing.

"It doesn't matter. Stay with me and watch."

"I'll come back later."

"You don't want to stay with me?"

"I'll come back later."

THE different levels of earth and air appeared to separate as the daylight lengthened, and the dim upper and lower levels began to disappear. When Giuseppe returned, on foot, a fine livid layer, halfway between the earth and the sky, remained; it was the level at which the swifts flew out and back, out and back.

Giuseppe said, "He hasn't arrived yet?"

"Not yet."

"Let's hope nothing has happened."

"What could happen?"

"The train could have crashed, or the taxi in the mountains—"

Outside, Robert and Giuseppe watched the layer of light fade. The valley went dark. House lights were lit. A woman on the other side of the valley called, "Anna, Anna," and when Anna answered, "Aou," from the near side, they shouted to one another, with pauses between, in high and low voices.

"Let's go in and light a fire," Robert said.

While the fire burned, he and the boy stood at the window. Fireflies were flashing among the elder bushes about the house. Robert pressed his palms to the stone windowsill and leaned out; he felt a pulse in his palms, as if not he but the whole house were pulsing a little.

"There are the lights of a car," Giuseppe said.

"Where?"

The boy pointed. It took a while before Robert could see the moving lights high up on the side of the mountain. They vanished, but a while later they beamed out from behind a bend and from their distance seemed to shine on the house before they swerved away again and descended the road. Giuseppe ran downstairs and outside. Robert came after. He heard, now, the car engine. The lights, rocking as the taxi rocked in the ruts of the dirt road, beamed up to the house. In the light, Giuseppe held out his arms; the taxi stopped before him, and the boy ran to the taxi door across from the driver and opened it. Robert stood back. Alex, saying, "*Ecco, ecco*," got out. He grabbed Giuseppe, hugged him to him, and asked, "Have you been a good boy or a bad boy?" and released him. Giuseppe simply looked up at his face. Alex turned to Robert and said, "I'm home," and Robert, too, simply looked at him.

His hand on Giuseppe's head, Alex asked the boy, "How is your mother?"

Giuseppe's eyes were large. "She had a bad cold, very bad, but now she's all right."

The taxi-driver got out, opened the trunk, and put two large bags on the ground.

Robert said to him, "Come in for coffee."

"No, no," the driver said.

"Yes," Alex said, "come in for coffee."

Giuseppe dragged the biggest bag into the house, followed by Alex and the fat taxi-driver, and Robert with the second bag.

Alex said, "I'll make the coffee."

"I'll make it," Robert said.

He made it quickly in the kitchen, from where he looked at Alex, the taxi-driver, and Giuseppe at the dining-room table, talking loudly. He brought in the little cups, with a bottle of brandy, *on a tin tray.*

"Bring something for Giuseppe," Alex said.

Robert went back into the kitchen for a plate of sweet biscuits and a glass of vinsanto, which he placed before the boy. Giuseppe's hands, resting on the table, appeared large and rough for his thin wrists. He said, staring at the biscuits, "No, no."

"Take them," Alex said.

Giuseppe said, "No."

"Come on, take them," Alex repeated.

Giuseppe picked up a biscuit and stared at it before he took a bite from the edge.

"Whose son is he?" the taxi-driver asked.

"Mazzini, Enrico," Alex said.

"The one who died?"

"Yes."

"I used to see him often at the market." The fat taxi-driver leaned toward Giuseppe. "He was a good man, your father."

Giuseppe silently ate his biscuit.

The taxi-driver said to Alex, "Now what man does he have to take after?"

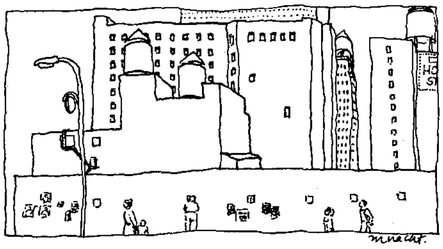
"Have another biscuit," Alex said to the boy.

"No," he said.

"Anyway," the driver said, "he is well-mannered."

Alex and Robert, Giuseppe *between* them, went out to see the taxi-driver off. Then Alex said to the boy, "Now it's time for you to go home." Without speaking, stumbling a little, Giuseppe walked out into the dark.

As Alex looked at the rooms, Robert looked at him. Alex touched a damp spot on the wall of a downstairs bedroom and said, "We've got to get to work on this." They went into the downstairs bathroom, where the toilet leaked. Alex said, "Didn't the workmen repair it? I left instructions. Didn't you ask them to repair it?"



"I forgot," Robert said.

"I'll have to get a lot done while I'm here," Alex said.

In the dining room, he said, "The *walls are damp here, too;* all the whitewash is flaking off," and Robert again looked at Alex, not at the walls. Off the dining room was the storeroom, filled with bags of cement, buckets, hoes, rakes, scythes, and piles of floor tiles. It did not have a light, and they stood in the dim light from the dining room. Alex's head, his black curly hair and his nose, cheeks, chin, was edged by the dim light. He was big, with big hands and powerful arms.

Alex turned to Robert and smiled. He said, "You've done a lot of work getting the house ready for me."

Robert said, "Work?"

The doors to the outside were open to fireflies in the elder bushes.

GRIEF REVISITED

Offstage in the wings
someone is always waiting
and the Ghost Ship in Wagner's "Dutchman"
is always sailing
and the old clothesline fills the air
with those familiar sheets.
The long hallways go deeper and deeper
into the heart of the house while up in the attic
the dust settles down on every season.
This is the stone for safekeeping,
a corsage of night flowers—
and there will never be a sky or clearing
without the sound of a violin
somewhere . . .
the sound of wind banging an old shutter
in the loft above the river.
And you who know this will always be walking
down the same street past a half-remembered place
where you stopped to rest in a winter rain
and then went home alone.
In the late afternoon, when you pass a schoolyard's empty swings,
children will always be playing,
and every day the trees will drop their leaves
like small brown dollars.
And when, in time, it is time to love again,
it will be in the fall of the year,
when autumn sparrows linger in the silent gardens
where the grass has turned to straw.
It will always be a season of dark crows
which, knowing the corn has passed,
have left the earth for winter in the trees.

—James Lewisohn

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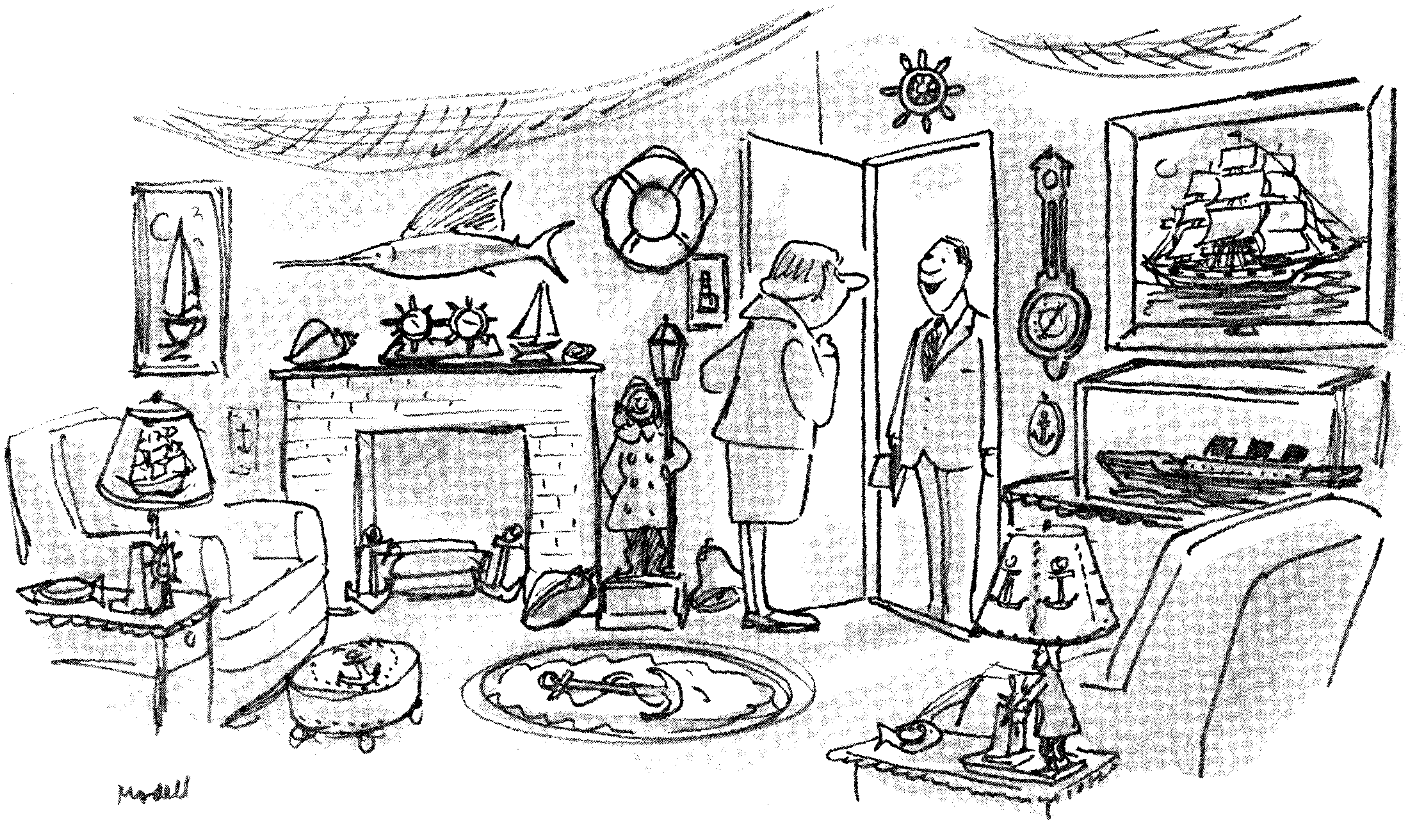


"Is the old salt in?"

• •

Giuseppe appeared at the doorway. He was carrying a weighted, knotted bandanna. He stopped at the threshold.

Alex said, "What is it?"

Giuseppe held up the bandanna. "My mother sends you some eggs."

"Come in," Alex said.

The boy came in, put the bandanna on the table, and untied it; he drew the corners back to reveal, on the blue-and-white cloth, ten white eggs. He stood away from the table and, his hands by his sides, stared, as at attention, at Alex.

Alex said, "Sit with us."

Giuseppe sat. He wouldn't take anything to eat or drink. He stared, listening to Alex talk. In the pale light of the shaded bulb hanging from a rafter over the table, Robert, too, listened.

HE heard, "Roberto, Roberto," from outside the bedroom window, and got out of the high iron bed, crossed the red brick floor to the shutters, and opened them to Giuseppe, below, standing in dawn mist.

"What is it?"

Giuseppe said, "My mother wants to speak to you."

"Is it grave?"

Giuseppe hunched his shoulders and raised his arms. "Grave it isn't—no."

Alex, from the bedroom doorway, asked, "What is it?"

"The widow wants to speak to me."

"About what?" He was frowning.

"I don't know."

"They think that because they get up at dawn we should, too."

Robert said to the boy, "I'm coming down."

As Robert dressed, Alex said, "You're letting her take advantage of you again. You always let them take advantage of you. I know what they're like. And they know what you're like."

"I want to find out what she has to say."

"Listen, don't get involved in doing something you don't want to do."

The valley was filled with mist, which drifted up, and the white sun appeared to drift with it. Robert followed Giuseppe through the terraced fields, along a path; on either side of the path, in the broom, webs drooped with heavy white dew. Robert's espadrilles got wet.

Giuseppe asked, "Do you have cows down there in America?"

"Yes."

"And pigs—do you have pigs down there?"

"Yes."

"And sheep?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be just like here."

The path narrowed through the high broom and heather; it gave way to a patch of bare earth around the stone house littered with bottles. The mist was thin, and the sunlight diffused thinly through it; there were no shadows. Chickens were scratching the bare earth before the stables on the ground floor of the house. Giuseppe stood by the outside flight of stairs to let Robert go up first to the floor above.

A fire of twigs was burning in the large kitchen fireplace, and beside the hearth, on a small chair, sat the widow's mother, a large, old woman in black, a black kerchief tied under her chin. She tried to stand as Robert came in, but sat back. A dirty handkerchief, with weeds stuffed under it, was knotted around the swollen calf of her left leg. She leaned over and held her leg and moaned.

As she could not speak Italian but only the Umbrian dialect, Robert hardly understood her, but he knew she was apologizing for not being able to stand to greet him.

He said, loud, “What's wrong with your leg?”

Giuseppe said, “It's infected.”

The widow came in from the back room. She was thin, gaunt, also in black; her black kerchief was tied under her hair at the nape of her neck. She hit Giuseppe on the head and said, “Why didn't you offer Robert a chair?” Giuseppe pulled a chair from the table and put it by the fire for Robert.

The widow prepared coffee in a little pot over the coals. The kitchen was very hot. Flies flew about and settled, flew about and settled on the tabletop, the yellow-brown walls, the black hams hanging from a rafter. Robert said to the widow, “La Nonna's leg looks bad.”

“Yes,” she said. “She can't work.”

“Shouldn't she see a doctor?”

“We never go to the doctor.”

She stood, barefoot and arms folded, before him as he drank the thick coffee from a small white cup. She asked, “Did you eat?”

“I just got up from bed.”

“I'll give you something to eat.”

“No, I can't eat at this hour.”

“I'll give you something little.”

She lifted the lid of a chest in the kitchen and took out a cloth, spread it over an end of the table; she put on it a glass, a knife, a loaf of bread, a round sheep's cheese, and a cured ham from which meat had been cut to the bone, and she cut slices from it. “Bring your chair to the table,” she said.

Robert did.

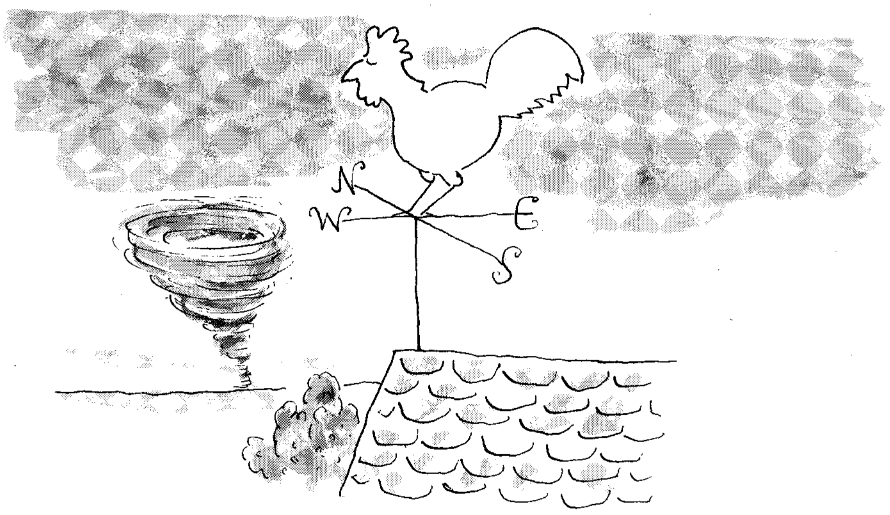
“Beppo, go get a bottle of wine.”

She sliced bread, and on the slice placed the ham and a wedge of cheese. Giuseppe came out from a warped door under the stairs with a large dripping bottle of wine, and he poured Robert a glassful. While he ate, the widow sat on a bench; her elbows were on the table and she held her jaw in her hands. She said, “We've got a lot of work to do today.”

“Yes?”

“I don't know how we're going to do it. We've got to pick the tobacco to take it to the coöperative tobacco-drying plant by tonight, and if we don't we'll lose the whole picking. I have my four sons, myself, my brother-in-law. My mother can't work. I don't know how we'll do it.”

Robert chewed a dry piece of bread and cheese and swallowed it with wine. “I'll help,” he said.



“No, no,” she said. “I didn't ask you here to help.”

“I'll help,” he said. “And I'll go and ask Alessandro to help, too.”

“No, no.”

“Yes, of course.”

“I'll pay you,” she said.

“No, I don't want any money.”

“How can you work and get nothing for it?”

He smiled. “I'll get something.”

She laughed. “Grace?” she asked.

Robert found Alex at a stone table outside the house, drinking coffee. The valley was dun-green in the morning light. Robert said, “I promised her we'd help her pick tobacco.”

Alex said, “I've come all the way from America here for a rest.”

“What could I do?”

THEY joined the widow, her young sons, and the old brother-in-law, who had one tooth and wore a black fedora, by a field at the river. In a row, they went down the lines between the tall tobacco plants and, crouching low, snapped off the bottom leaves until each one of them had a thick sheaf, and the sheaves were taken to the widow's youngest son, Candido, a pale six-year-old, who placed them in a metal form supported by a wooden stand by the riverbank. The sunlight flashed through the lines of tobacco plants; picking, they shouted at one another from line to line.

The widow shouted at Alex, “If they don't have room at the coöperative for your tobacco, they throw it out. Do you think that's fair?”

“Why don't you do something about it?” he asked.

She stood, and with the back of her hand wiped her sweating forehead. “What can I do?” she shouted from deep in her throat.

“If it were a Communist coöperative—” he began to shout.

“It is a Communist coöperative,” she yelled.

Her eldest son, Ulderico, who wore old trousers torn off at the thighs, shouted, “I'm going to become a Fascist.” His large brown body shone in the bursts of sunlight as he worked his way down a line between the tall pink-blossoming plants.

The old brother-in-law laughed.

The widow said, “If you work for anybody but yourself it's always the same. But no one can work for himself today.”

Robert's shirt and trousers were sticking to him not only with sweat but with the sticky resin of the tobacco leaves; when he made a fist, his fingers adhered to one another.

“Do you work for yourself?” the widow shouted at him.

Robert didn't answer.

The widow shouted, “Is your father rich?”

“No. My father worked hard.”

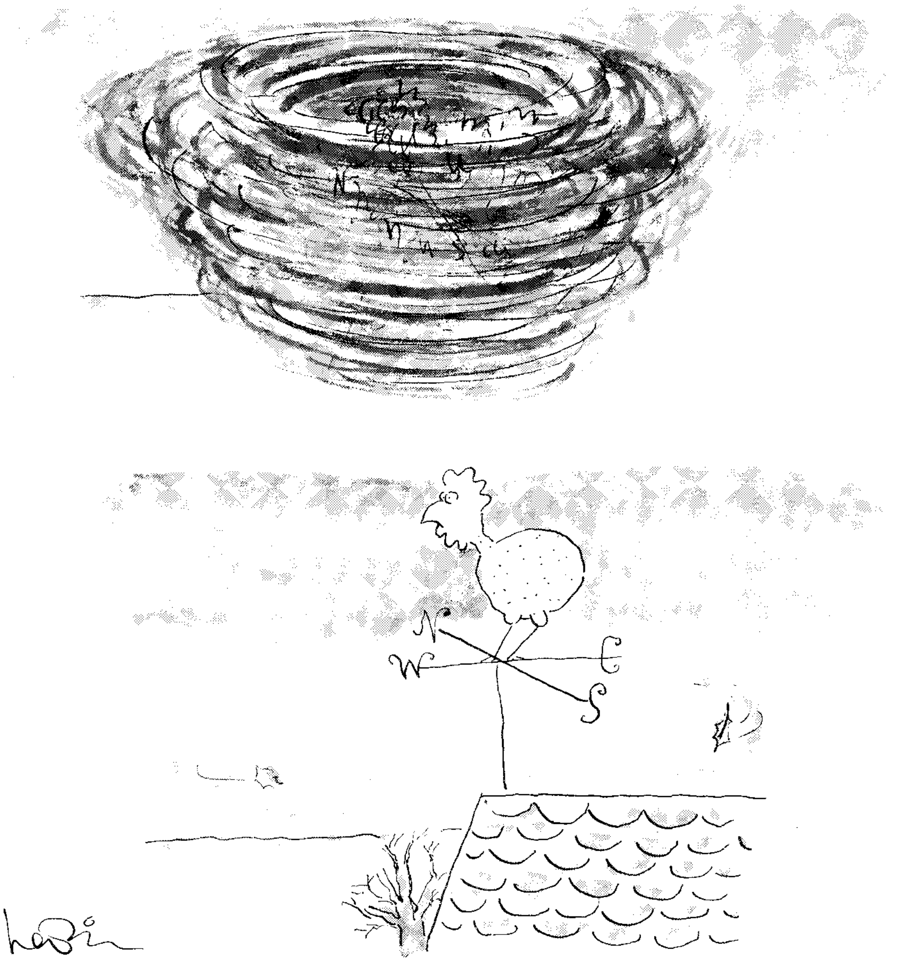
“Doesn't he work any longer?”

“He doesn't.”

“Who works for him? Don't you work for him if he can't any longer?”

Again Robert didn't answer. He looked for Alex, who, lifting a full form of tobacco leaves from the wooden stand, looked toward him and smiled.

Another son, Matteo, came through the lines of plants with a clean glass, a bottle of red wine, and a bottle of well water. He handed each in turn the glass, then poured in a little water, which was used to rinse the glass, and



then filled it halfway with water and the rest with wine. The glass was sticky with resin by the time it came to Robert.

His back, arms, and legs ached when the widow yelled, "*È ora de magnà.*"

They went to the river. The bar of soap was not passed around but placed on a stone after each one had used it. They tried to wash the black gum from their hands and arms. There were horseflies, and as they washed they swatted the flies.

Ulderico jumped into the water with the soap, sank in up to his neck, rose, lathered himself, sank in again splashing; he emerged dripping, and crouched on the bank, where the three brothers rubbed his body with thin towels, and he laughed. He had a front tooth missing. He began, still laughing, to hit his brothers' heads, and they hit his legs, chest, back.

The widow shouted, "*Basta.*"

From plastic bags, she placed food out on a cloth under poplar trees by the river. They ate with forks the salad from a large white bowl.

The widow said, "Isn't it true that a person who works hard should be paid for his work? We work, we work, and what are we paid? What do we work for? To die? No. We work to live, and the more we work the better we should live." She tapped her narrow chest. "I believe that."

"So would any good Communist," Alex said.

"Are you a Communist?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said.

"So am I," she said. "My husband was a Communist, too." She clasped her hands and shook them. "But does being a Communist mean your work has any more value? They say yes, yes. As a Communist, what is the value of my work?"

Alex lowered his head to eat a piece of cheese.

Ulderico said to him, "When did you become a Communist?"

"When I was a young man in Milan."

"You're not old," the brother-in-law said, "but you're not young. Those must have been the hard days."

"At my school, I used to lock myself in an office late at night and on a machine make copies of propaganda, and I took the sheets to cinemas under my shirt and threw them from the top balconies, then ran."

"Why did you do it?" The brother-in-law's face was covered with small, dirty wrinkles; his eyes were round and sharp black.

"I did it because I believed in the Communist Party."

"Why?"

"It gives our work, however small, meaning in the world."

The old man pointed at Alex. "What are the answers it has for practical issues? I tell you, Communism is just another idea. What does it do for me? Last year I got two hundred thousand lire for my pigs. Two hundred thousand lire for a year's work. Can a man live on that?"

"Yes, I know," Alex said.

"Do you?" The old man rolled his shirtsleeves up from the sleeves of his thick, long underwear.

"No," Alex said, "I don't know. You're right. I don't know, because I am well paid for my work in a foreign country. I have money to buy a *casa di villeggiatura* in my own country and come back for my holidays."

The old man lowered his head. He said nothing.

A cicada thrilled in the still heat.

Alex said, "But I believe the fundamental of Communism, as I see it, is right—is right for everyone: it makes us think not just of ourselves but of others, because we're together in the world."

"The world is big," the old man said.

The widow rolled a pear to Alex. She said to him, "I knew you were good. I knew it." She said to her sons, "He's like your father." She laughed and slapped her hands together before her nose. "He had ideas, he had ideas."

Alex threw his pear to Giuseppe, who caught it in dirty hands.

Barefoot, they went back into the blazing field, in which the tobacco plants shimmered in rising waves. They picked silently, line after line. Robert dripped sweat. Ulderico left, came back with a tractor, and he, Alex, and Robert had to lift the metal frames of leaves onto the trailer. They were heavy. When they had stacked them, Robert turned to the widow, who was collecting leaves that had dropped from the forms, and said, "We've finished in lots of time to get the tobacco to the coöperative."

She said, pointing with a big leaf, "There's the field above."

They worked, snapping the big sticky pale-green leaves from the stalks as the sun moved across the valley. No one spoke, not even when, as the sun set, they piled the frames onto the trailer; and when Ulderico put on a shirt and drove the tractor off to the coöperative, at the bottom of the valley, no one said anything to him. They stood at the edge of the field. Motionless, Robert thought he would not be able to move his stiff body ever again, and when he raised his hand to scratch his cheek his back hurt, down to his buttocks.

The brother-in-law went into the field again to disconnect and heft onto his shoulder a long irrigation pipe. He carried it to another part of the field, dropped it, and came for another. The widow joined him, and as she raised a pipe onto her shoulder Robert went to her to take it from her, but she walked off with it. He reached down for one; it was heavy, and he dropped it. The boys, standing before Alex, were watching Robert. Their faces were streaked with resin. He reached down again, hefted the pipe up to his waist, and almost lost his balance as he hefted it, twisting his body, to his shoulder; he had not got it in the middle, and its weight again threw him off balance, so he staggered backward. The boys laughed. He found the fulcrum and walked across the field, passing the old man and the widow going back for more pipes; and when he slowly walked back for another, he met Alex carrying a long pipe. They had, too, to change the pipes in the field below.

The widow said, "You'll come to our house for supper."

"No, no," Robert said.

Alex said to him in English, his voice strained, "We can't not go. She has to feed us for the work we've done."

Giuseppe took Alex's hand as they plodded up the long path, through moonlit bushes, toward the house.

La Nonna was sitting in the dark by the fireplace, where the fire was out, and she was moaning. The widow put on the small electric light hanging from the rafter among the hams. She said to her mother, "How is your leg?"

"Bad," La Nonna said.

"You let the fire go out," the widow said. She washed her hands at the low shallow stone sink in the kitchen. Then, while the men and the boys washed, she started the fire with a heap of broom, and while the men and the boys sat on chairs and benches and watched her, she got the water to boil in the pot hanging over the fire. When it was boiling, she shoved the spaghetti into it.

She prepared spaghetti with oil and garlic, and as the men and boys ate this she fried, over the fire, pigs' livers, which she took with a fork from a big oil-filled jar. She did not sit with the others to eat but put bits of liver on bread and ate standing.

Before Alex and Robert left, she asked if they wanted to see her cows. The two men followed her slowly, step by step, down the stairs outside the house to the stables below. She opened a large door into darkness and a hot sweet smell, and went in. A dim electric light went on, and three great white cows appeared, tethered by chains to a stone wall; they turned their heads round and stared with wet, black eyes. The widow picked up a broom made of twigs to begin cleaning the dung from the stable floor.

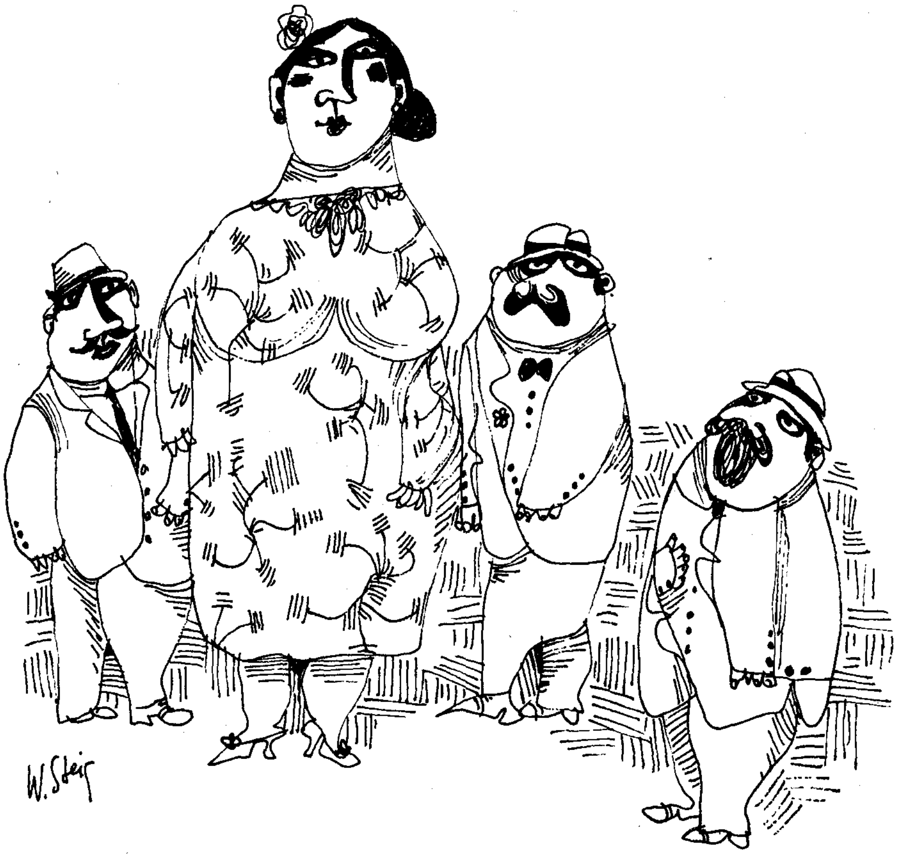
Alex and Robert walked along the riverbank. The tall poplars were still. Robert was drunk. He said, "I keep thinking about my father, who worked and worked, and I think I would like to work for him to repay him for the work he did for me. I've got to get work when I return to Boston, good, hard work—"

"Watch out," Alex said, "we're coming to the ditch with the plank over it."

Robert took his arm.

They went down the path round to the front of the house, which shone among the elder bushes.

—David Plante



Queen Bee

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

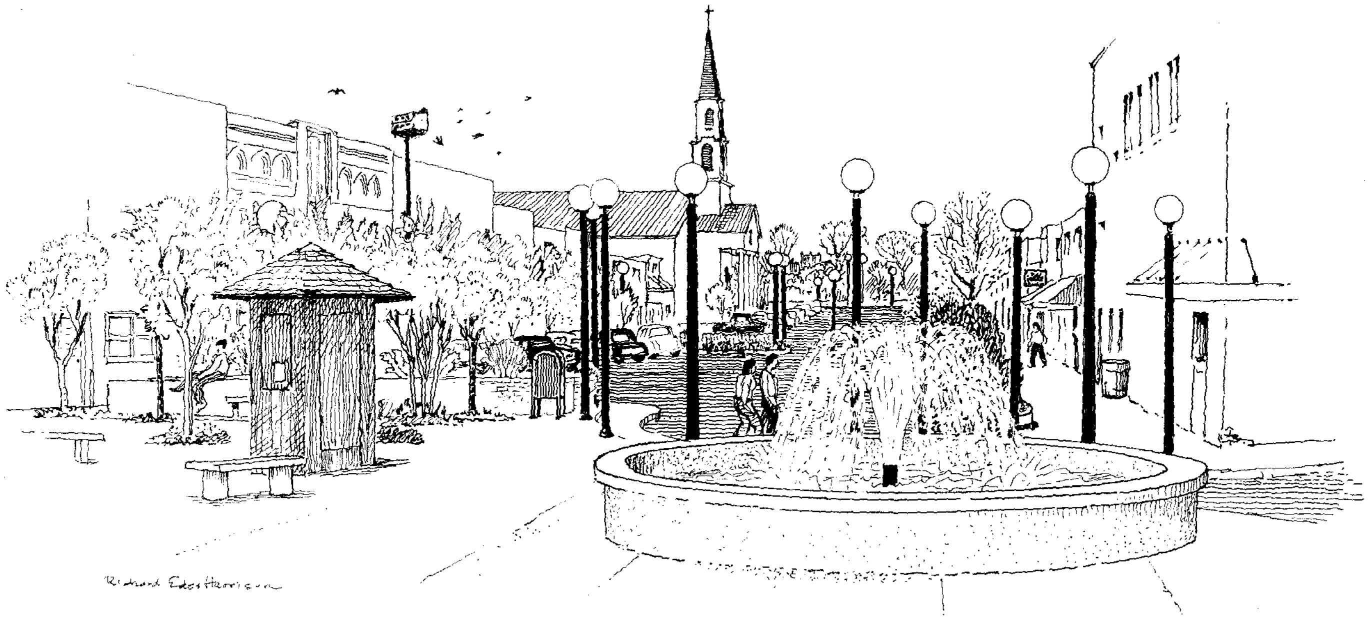
[*From the Long Island Advance*]

Karl Grossman, Long Island Advance columnist, received an award for "best continuing feature column" recently from the Press Club of Long Island for his "Suffolk Closeup" columns.

It was the first awards competition of the press club, of which Mr. Grossman was a founder and the club's first president.

PROFILES

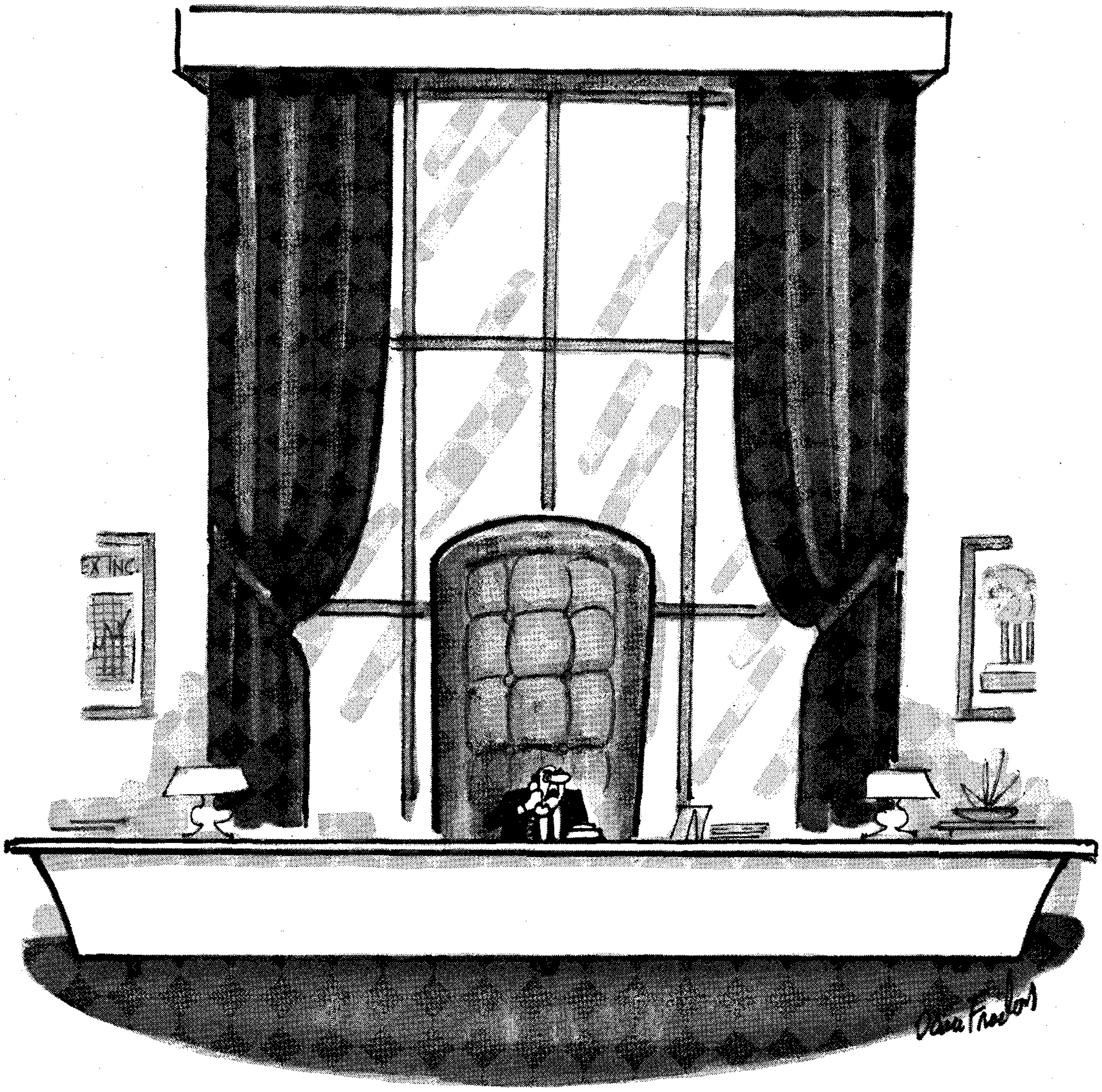
WE LIKE IT THAT WAY



I SPENT the better part of a month in deep southwestern Arkansas—in Hope (pop. 10,290), the seat of Hempstead County—and the sun shone every day of my stay but one, and the nights were mild, and many of them were moonlit, and almost every night I fell asleep to the long, slow, faraway whistle of a freight train. I arrived in mid-March, in the first full rush of spring, and the day I left, in the second week of April, the pell-mell Southern spring was over and the endless Southern summer had begun. I saw the jonquils bloom and fade, and the azaleas and the yellow bells and the tulip trees, the wisteria and the redbuds, the peach trees and the apples, and I watched the big willow oaks that line the streets burst almost visibly into shading leaf. Only the glory of the magnolias—and there are magnolias in every yard and park and cemetery in Hope—was yet to come.

HEMPSTEAD COUNTY is a gently rolling countryside of fields and woods and brushy creeks. I have never seen a countryside more pleasing. There is a creek in every hollow, and there are tall stands of hickory and loblolly pine on every slope and hilltop. The fields were once all cotton fields (Hempstead County long-staple cotton for many years was quoted as a premium cotton on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange), but that was a generation or more ago, before synthetic fibre. There are no more cotton fields in Hempstead County. Its agriculture now is watermelons and peaches, pecans and rice, soybeans and beef cattle, table eggs and broiler chickens. Especially chickens. Arkansas is the leading producer of broilers in the United States, and Hempstead County (with an annual production of around forty million birds) ranks among its most productive counties. "Oh, my, yes," C. M. (Pod) Rogers, Jr., circulation director of the Hope *Star*, told me. "And we eat it, too. We love chicken here in Hope. We've got Colonel Sanders and Chicken Country both, and there isn't a restaurant in town, except maybe El Matador, that doesn't specialize in deep-fried chicken. I sometimes eat chicken for breakfast, dinner, *and* supper. One night, I said to my wife, 'Let's just take the mattress off the bed and roost on the bedpost.' " Hempstead County also has a flourishing sub-agriculture: like many other Arkansas counties, it is legally dry, and deep in its briary woods and remote creek bottoms are an untold number of moonshine-whiskey stills.

Hope is situated on a stretch of tabletop prairie at about the center of the county. It has little of the beauty of the surrounding countryside. It is a comfortable town, generally clean and mostly well kept, but plain—not unattractive, just plain and unassertive. It is moderately prosperous and steadily growing. Its population increased by almost fifteen hundred between the 1970 and the 1980 censuses. It has forty-two churches (all but one of them Protestant, and almost all of those Baptist), twenty-seven grocery stores, twenty-two places to eat (most of them fast-food drive-ins), seventeen beauty parlors, twelve lawyers, ten doctors (including an osteopath and a chiropractor), nine pharmacies, seven furniture stores, three gun shops (for whose customers Jack's News Stand & Recreation Room carries a selection of sympathetic periodicals: *Gun News*, *Gun Times*, *Gun Journal*, *Guns*, *Gun World*, *Guns & Rifles*, *Guns & Combat*, *Guns & Ammo*, *Combat Handgun*, *Shooting*, and *.44 Mag Power*), four banks, and Lee's Christian Book Store. Hope is in many ways an enterprising town and, in a very real sense, a democratic town. There is hardly a residential block without at least one substantial house, and there are very few blocks without a run-down, weed-grown nineteen-twenties bungalow. There are many curious contrasts, some of them only too visible. Hope has an eighty-acre city park, with a swimming pool (fully and painlessly integrated) and tennis courts and baseball fields and hiking trails and a convention hall and a livestock-auction barn and a fairgrounds, and adjoining it are several blocks of new, well-built, fully integrated low-cost housing. But its only hospital is antiquated beyond the point of renovation, and across the street from City Hall and its parklike grounds is a tumble-



"Do you know who you're talking to, Buster? You're talking to the guy with the biggest desk, biggest chair, longest drapes, and highest ceiling in the business!"

• •

down mansion that is a veritable hobo jungle. The hub of the business district (the intersection of South Main Street and Second Street) is prettily graced by a little islanded plaza, with benches and shiny live oaks and planters of flowering shrubs and a geysering ornamental fountain—a Housing and Urban Development project, built in 1976. Around the corner, on the wide sidewall of a three-story building, is a painted advertisement, its letters faded but legible from up to two blocks away: "Delicious and Refreshing—Drink Coca-Cola—Relieves Fatigue—Sold Everywhere—5¢." The two most imposing buildings in Hope are the National Building and the First Baptist Church, and they stand a block apart on Main Street. The First Baptist Church—red brick with white trim and a soaring golden steeple—embraces (with its wings and annexes and lawns and parking lot) most of a city block. The National Building, a four-story office building faced with white marble and equipped with one of the two elevators in town, stands empty, boarded up, a derelict. Idlers on the benches in the plaza in the morning sit in its spectral shadow.

Hope is and has always been a railroad town. It is served by the main line of the Missouri Pacific, by a branch line of the Louisiana & Arkansas, and by a branch line of the Frisco. It was, in fact, a railroad stop before it became a town. Its progenitor was the Cairo (Illinois) & Fulton (Arkansas) Railroad Company. Fulton, on the Red River, a tributary of the Mississippi, in southernmost Hempstead County, is now a hamlet of about three hundred people but was then a busy port. The tracks of the Cairo & Fulton, moving south and west from Cairo, reached the naturally graded prairie now occupied by Hope in July of 1873. A depot was erected there to mark the line's momentary terminus, and the company's land commissioner—one James M. Loughborough—was inspired to distinguish the terminus with a name. The name he chose was the name that he and his wife had chosen for their daughter. About a month later, on August 28th, the Cairo & Fulton—by then abruptly metamorphosed into the more ambitious St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad—decided that Hope had a future as a town, and offered lots for sale. (Ten years later, local records show, it *was* a town, of two thousand.) The railroad company also laid out the town streets. With much the same economy of imagination that Loughborough had used in naming the town, the railroad named its streets, designating the street paralleling the tracks Division Street and its principal intersecting street Main Street. The streets paralleling Division on the north were named for the letters of the alphabet, those on the south were numbered (beginning with Second Street), and those flanking Main Street were named for the trees that came most readily to the nineteenth-century mind: Spruce, Laurel, Hazel, Walnut, Elm, Vine, and Pine. In 1908, Vine Street was renamed Louisiana Street, to celebrate the coincidental arrival of the Louisiana & Arkansas and the Frisco.

Hope is not only a railroad town but an active railroad town. It sees—and hears—the daily passage of some forty freight trains and (at the time of my

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photo: Pesin

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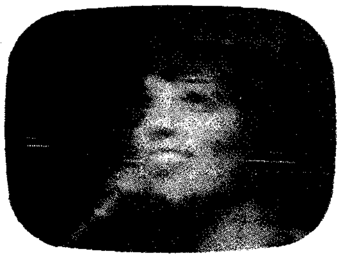
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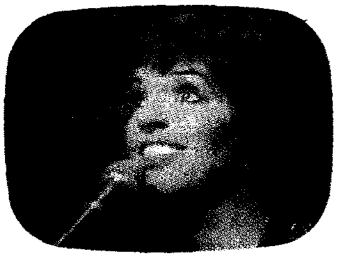
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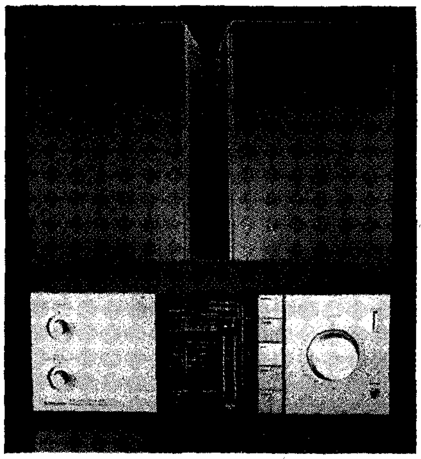
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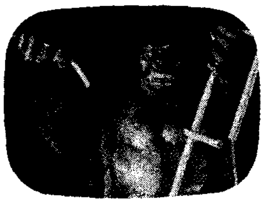
The Muppet Movie[2]


King Kong[1]

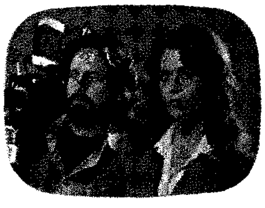
Urban Cowboy[1]

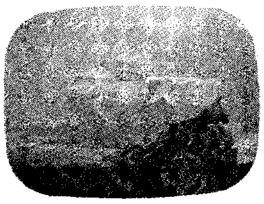
The Elephant Man[1]

The Rose[2]

Popeye[1]

The French Connection[2]


The China Syndrome[3]


Alien[2]

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid[2]

Tess[3]

1—Paramount Home Video 2—Magnetic Video 3—Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment
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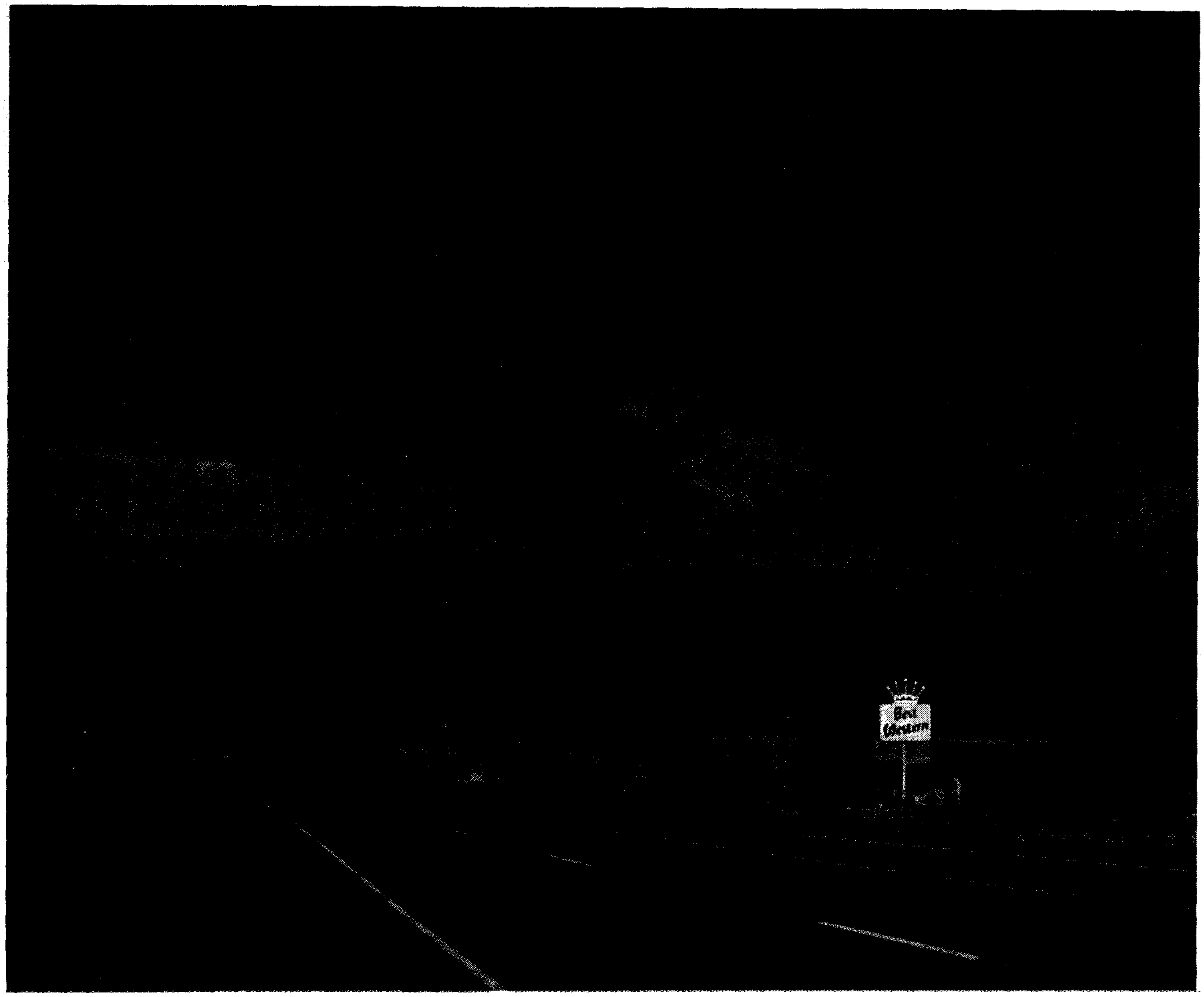

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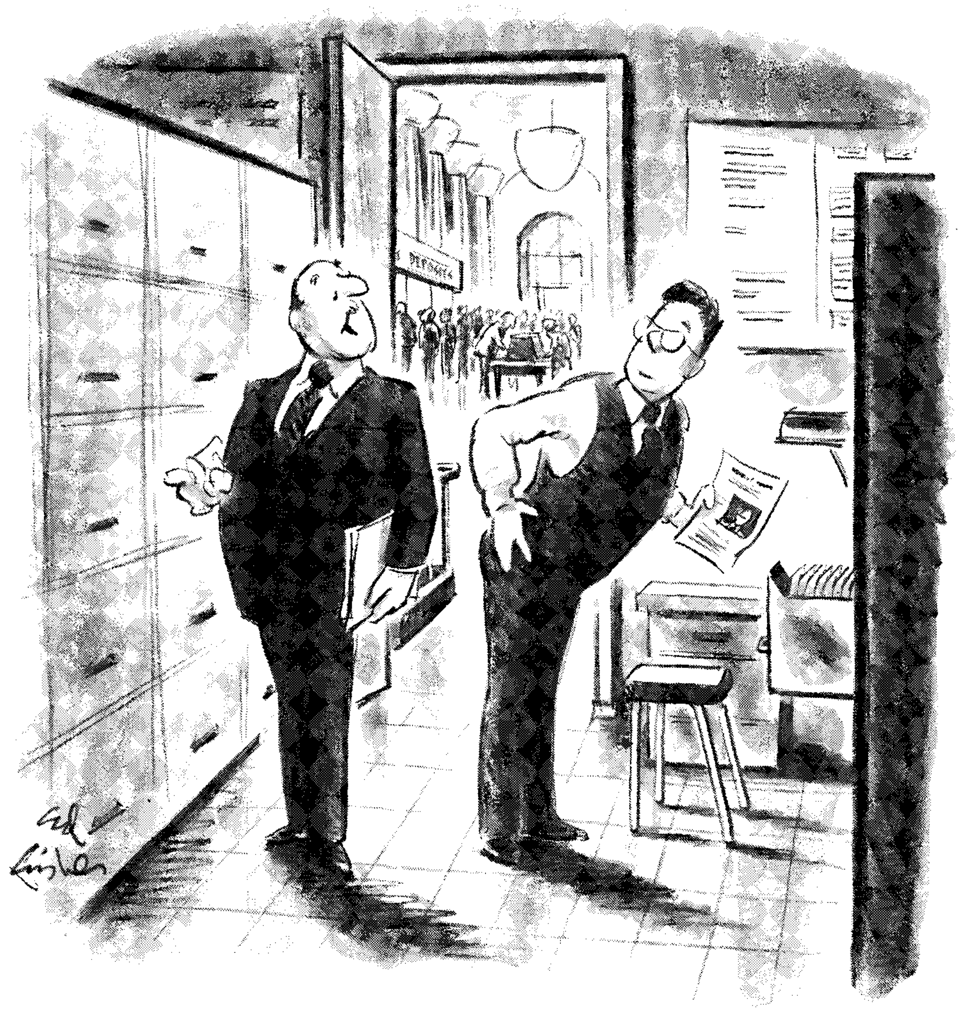
visit) two Amtrak passenger trains. ("Business?" Clarence Adams, the Missouri Pacific agent in Hope, said to me. "Oh, hell, it's *good.* Last year, we were at the top in the country in terms of return on investment. And business should be good. What makes me laugh is the trucking lobby. A freight train can pull a lot of freight. I mean, one freight car can carry the load of at least four eighteen-wheelers. If all the stuff the railroads carry was put on trucks, I'll tell you this: You wouldn't be able to even get on the ramp to the highway.") Hope is also—since the Missouri Pacific tracks run roughly east and west through the center of town, and those of the Louisiana & Arkansas and the Frisco run roughly north and south—a town of numerous railroad crossings. At some point, almost every street intersects a railroad track, and at some time every day almost every resident of Hope is halted at a crossing by a passing train. The Amtrak trains are short (six or eight cars) and fast, but the freights move slowly and at length. Harry Shiver, the chief local historian, who lives on the north side of town, has noted in a recent memoir, "I . . . probably have spent a month of my life waiting to get across the tracks." When I arrived in Hope, I spent the first ten minutes of my visit waiting in line at the Hazel Street crossing for four Missouri Pacific locomotives, a hundred and twenty-five freight cars, and a caboose to creep, clanking and clamoring, past. I waited that first time with some impatience (although it gave me my first look at the "5¢ Coca-Cola" sign), but I later learned to almost enjoy such interludes. I became familiar over the days and weeks with a diverting roll call of strange or forgotten railroads: Maryland & Pennsylvania; Alabama State Docks, Port of Mobile; Cotton Belt; Marinette, Tomahawk & Western; Soo Line; Boston & Maine; Ashley, Drew & Northern; Seaboard Coast Line; Katy; Louisville & Nashville; Moscow, Camden & San Augustine. "I practically live on the Missouri Pacific tracks," Billy Burton, managing editor of the Hope *Star,* told me. "Our house is at the corner of Spruce and Division. When Melissa and I first moved there, the trains used to rattle us out of bed at night, but now they're a lullaby. They rock us to sleep. The quiet sounds louder than the trains. Melissa is home most of the time, and she's got so she can identify all kinds of different train whistles. And our fourteen-month-old baby's first words were 'choo-choo.' "

I STAYED in Hope at the Hope Quality Inn, two miles northwest of town (and of the Missouri Pacific tracks), in a big new room on the second floor, with a big window that gave on a wild-flower meadow and a distant wall of greening woods. I ate my breakfast in the restaurant there, and most of my dinners. I lunched in town, sometimes at El Matador and sometimes at Dub's Country Bar-B-Q, and often at the Crescent Drug, just off the plaza. The Crescent Drug—cool and dim and faintly scented with some reminiscent scent—is an anachronism, a survivor, a (to me) beguiling relic of the long-gone days when the corner drugstore was a social center and its heart and soul was its gleaming marble soda fountain. I had my first lunch there and my last, and my lunch was a local favorite, a sausage patty between two halves of a hot biscuit, and my drink was the table wine of the region, iced tea.

Early in my stay in Hope, I asked an acquaintance where the best place to eat was. She thought a moment, and said, "At home." And, indeed, the best meal I had in Hope *was* at home—at the home of Billy and Melissa Burton. But I had many good meals at the Quality Inn. Breakfast there was both good (as it almost always is in the South) and cheap. There were many club breakfasts on the menu—two eggs with biscuits and gravy, one egg with sausage and biscuits, two buttermilk pancakes with bacon—priced at $1.49. Grits or hashed-brown potatoes, extra. Meat is preëminent in Hope. (At breakfast one morning, when I ordered only orange juice, a sweet roll, and coffee, the waitress said, "No *meat?*") Not all meats, however, are available. "No, sir," the butcher at the Safeway Store told me. "We don't carry veal or any kind of lamb. Folks here just won't eat it." He waved a hand along the meat counter. "That there's what they eat." I walked the length of the display: beef, pork, chicken, catfish, and some oddi-



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ties—pork ears, pork neck bones, pork tails, hog maws, turkey necks, turkey tails. Beef (the heavy beef of the Southwest), in the form of pot roast or rib-eye steak or chicken-fried steak, was always on the menu at the Quality Inn, and so were roast pork and pork chops and ham. Ham was served with corn bread and mashed sweet potatoes topped with toasted marshmallows. Twice a week, on Friday and Saturday nights, there was a special seafood buffet, an all-you-can-eat groaning board of deep-fried catfish, deep-fried frog legs, deep-fried shrimp, shrimp creole, shrimp jambalaya, and boiled shrimp, along with French-fried eggplant and zucchini casserole, rice and hush puppies, head-lettuce salad, and jello. Those evenings were also enlivened by a pianist named Charles Bostain with a constant and pleasing repertoire of pre-1940 blues and, at least once every hour, a joyous, strutting, stomping "Dixie." Fried chicken—crusty pieces the size of a fist—was available at every meal but breakfast. Hearty eaters at breakfast ordered chicken-fried steak, usually with two fried eggs on top.

I CAME down to breakfast one morning, and a pretty, round-faced, blue-eyed, blond-haired girl at the front desk—a new face to me—gave me a wide good-morning smile. I said it looked like another beautiful day.

"I don't know," she said, and shook her head. "They're hollerin' rain."

THE first person I met in Hope was a tall, poised, immaculately dressed man of middle age named Hulan White. White is the principal owner of Herbert Burns, Inc., the principal men's-clothing store in Hope, and it was he, stepping out on the sidewalk in front of his store and heading me toward the plaza, who directed me to the serenity of the Crescent Drug. "I think people are beginning to change their minds about Arkansas," he told me in one of our several talks. "They're beginning to see us as we are—a beautiful state just waiting to be discovered. We're not all barefooted hillbillies settin' on the front porch and spittin' tobacco juice. We're the Sun Belt now. We've got more new people coming into town than you would believe possible. A couple came through here and saw our big Watermelon Festival, and went back home to Virginia and sold out and moved to Hope. And I don't reck-

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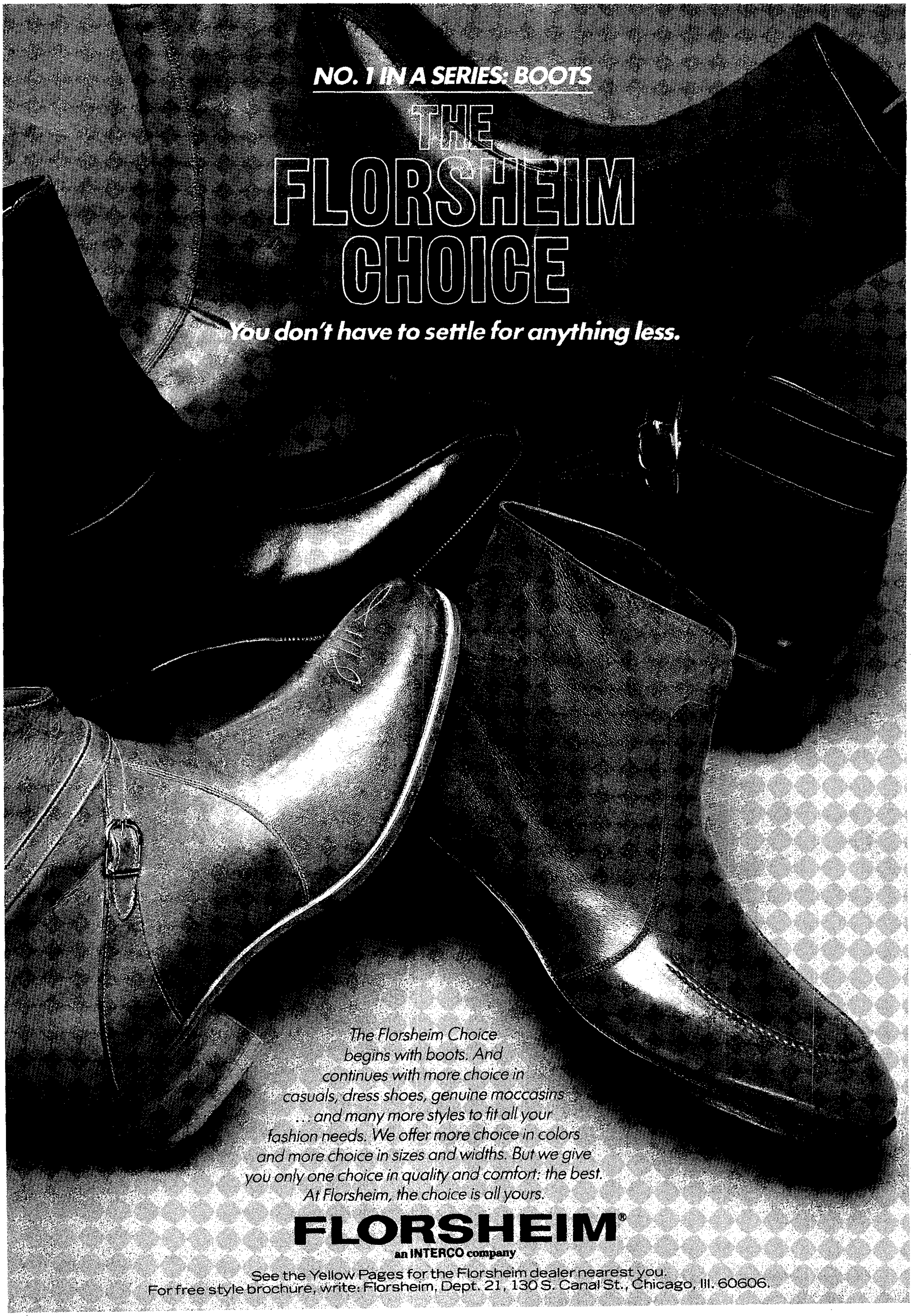

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on it was just because they liked watermelon. That's how we got Klipsch & Associates, the big loudspeaker-systems people. Paul Klipsch saw Hope when he was an Army officer during the Second World War, and he liked it and decided that it was the place for his plant when the war was over. Our big chicken industry was started in the same way—by a woman from Illinois who was passing through. And I'm not talking only about white people. A lot of our new people are black. They like Hope. We have a big black population here—thirty-five or forty per cent. It's been a long time since we've had any kind of race trouble. Our schools were integrated as smooth as silk. We've got black people working in our stores, and even in the banks. I sell them their Sunday suits. I'm not trying to pretend that the whites don't still have the advantage here. I don't know of any place where they don't. But things have improved for the blacks. A lot of people tell me the problem is worse up North."

"You *know* I'm a newcomer here," Mrs. Gayle Emis told me. "All I have to do is open my mouth." Mrs. Emis is one of the front-office staff at the Quality Inn—a trim young woman full of bounce and banter—and she and her husband, Donald, a trucker, moved to Hope in 1978 from Southern California. "Originally, though, we're from the Chicago area. We tried the Coast, and then we lost our four-day-old baby and that changed everything. We wanted out of there, and we started looking at maps, and when we came to the Arkansas map we saw the name Hope. It sounded so right, so hopeful. We wrote to the Chamber of Commerce, and they were great. They told us everything we wanted to know, and that settled it. We came here, and it was the best move we ever made. The people are all so darned friendly, and we were lucky enough to find a nice house on an acre of land, and we have a garden and everything. We just love Hope: the size of it—Little Rock seems so big to me now it scares me—and the peace and quiet. Last year at the Watermelon Festival, I even had my picture taken with the Arkansas Poultry Princess. I only wish one thing. I wish they had a cocktail lounge here."

"Well, yes," Mrs. Mickey Becherer (pronounced "Beacher") told me. "I guess you could say that we're newcomers to Hope." Mrs. Becherer, a plump, animated woman with a pom-

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padour of thick gray hair, and her husband, Terry, own and operate Becherer's Jewelry Store, on South Main Street, across from the Crescent Drug. "At least, my husband is. I grew up here and went to high school here, and even worked in this store when it was called Stewart's. But I left in 1948 to get married, and we lived in Maryland until Terry retired and the Stewarts invited us to come back and take over. I was tickled to death. Hope is a *nice* town. People care about you here. Sometimes even to the point of being nosy. When somebody gets sick or dies, the neighbors all pitch in and help. They bring in food you wouldn't believe—casseroles, cakes, green beans, a ham. There's a pace here that I like. It's so different from the East. Hope is just a nice old country town. And if you had come in to talk to me a week ago instead of today, I would probably have said it was the kind of place where nothing ever happens.

"But that was before last Monday. I was alone in the store that morning and this well-dressed little colored girl came in. She was cute as a button. She bought a pair of gold earrings—good earrings—for forty-five dollars. Then she started talking. She was from St. Louis. We sure had a nice store here. Did I always keep these cases locked? How much was this? How much was that? What about those men's diamond rings? Did we repair watches? Good, because she had a watch that needed fixing. And she left it with me. That was that. Until I came back from lunch, just after one o'clock, and Terry went out, and I was alone in the store again. The door opened, and that cute little girl walked in with two nice-looking, well-dressed colored men. She said there wouldn't be time to have her watch fixed here. So I got it and gave it back. Then she said to one of the men, 'Here's those rings I was telling you about.' And they asked if they could see some. I took out four rings—the most we ever show at one time. That's when the game began. It was a real cat-and-mouse game. Everybody moving around and talking at once. Could I see that? How about that one there? Can I take this up to the light? Did I have any good cigarette lighters? I knew what was happening, but there wasn't a thing I could do. I couldn't get to a phone. Oh, they were clever. It was as good as a show. Then all of a sudden the store began to fill up with other customers, and the next thing I knew the girl and her friends were gone. And

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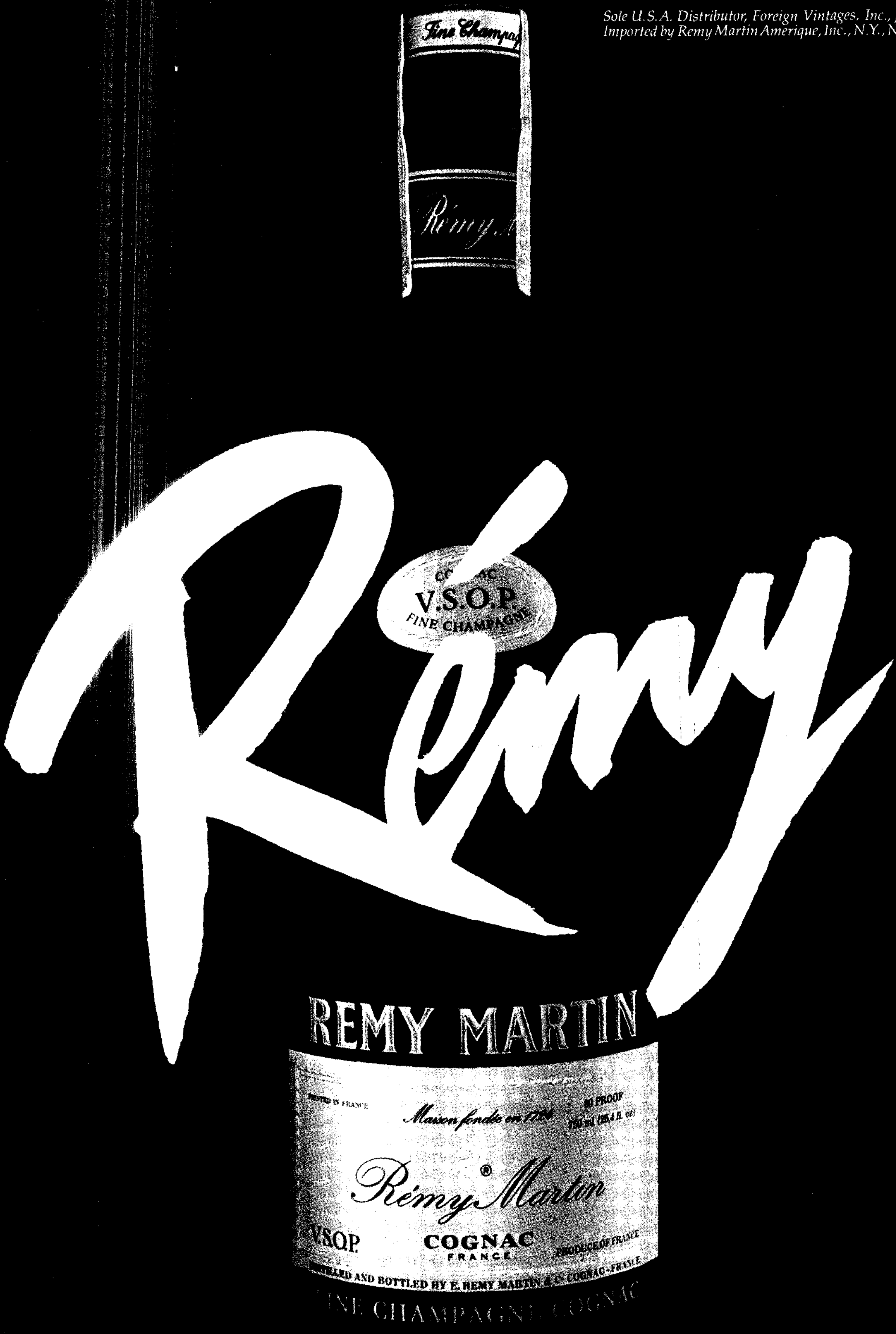
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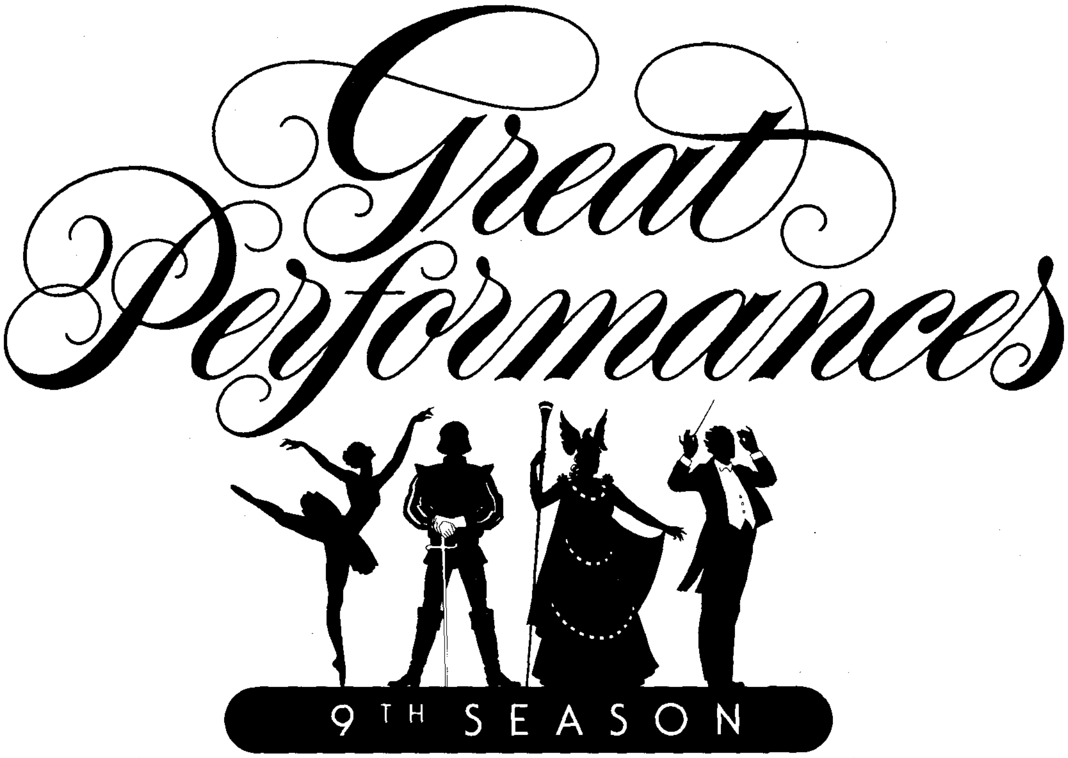

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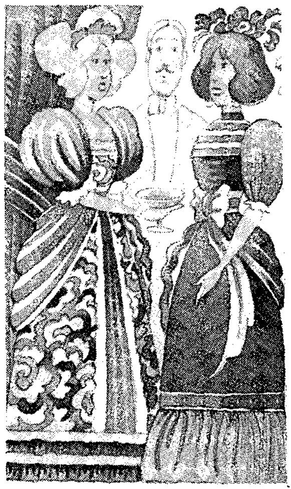

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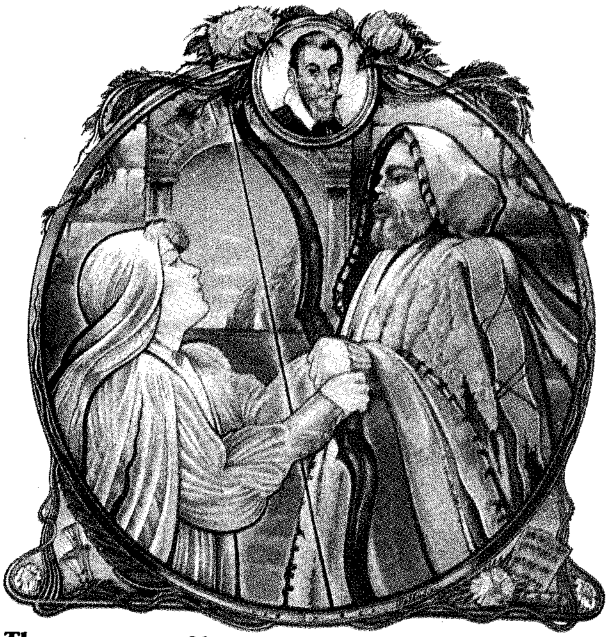

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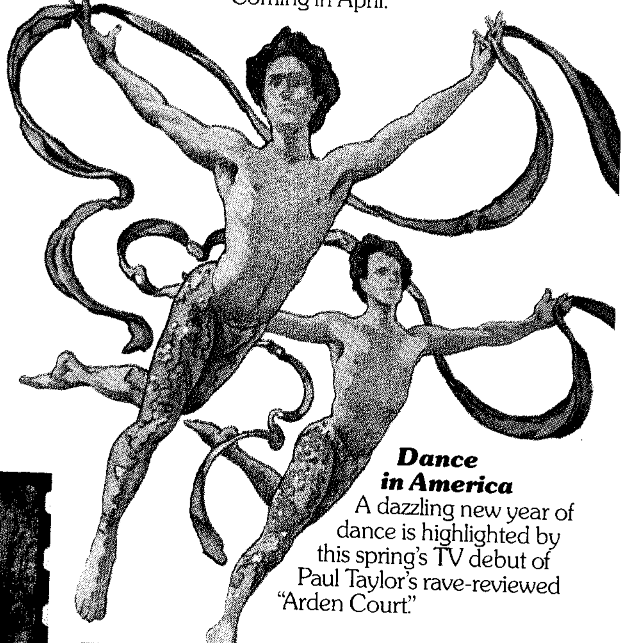

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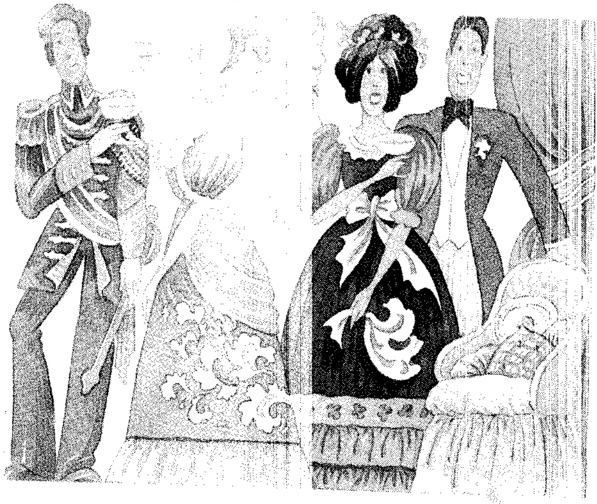
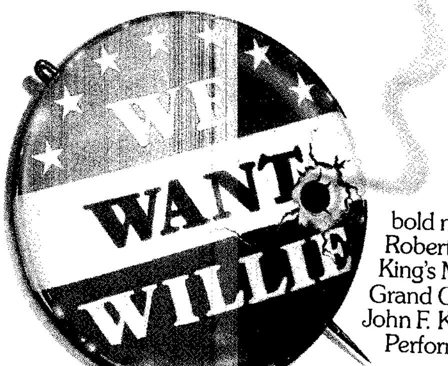
A dazzling new year of dance is highlighted by this spring's TV debut of Paul Taylor's rave-reviewed "Arden Court."



The Edith Wharton Series
The times were Victorian. Her women were not. Starring Geraldine Chaplin in "House of Mirth" and Diane Lane in "Summer." The series starts in November.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I was missing two men's diamond rings worth two thousand dollars. And they were such nice-looking people."

IT was an endless Sunday afternoon, and I was leaning on the high wooden counter at Police Headquarters, in City Hall, talking with the dispatcher. "Sure, we have some crime here," he told me. "We're getting a lot of amateur burglaries, and I wouldn't leave my car unlocked with anything of value on the seat. Once in a while we raid a still. And every now and then we get a murder, but it's almost always what I call a crime of passion. A couple of guys. Or a guy and his girl. And they're usually both of them drunk."

His telephone rang. I watched him listen, ask a question, give some instructions, but it was all a mumble to me. He hung up, and dialled a number. More talk. He turned back to me. "Fellow got fired at the Texaco station yesterday," he said. "Mean ole guy, they say. Now we've got a report that his car is parked at the station. Which is closed on Sunday. And the door of the office is open. The owners say he's got no business there. We've got a patrol car moving in. So we'll wait and see."

I waited, and got tired of waiting, and left. A few hours later, at the Pizza Hut, I saw the dispatcher at one of the tables.

"Oh," he said. "How you doing? Well, you didn't miss anything. We found the guy in the station. He still had his key. He'd been drinking beer, and he was in the rest room."

THE mayor of Hope is a calm, casual, rosy-cheeked forty-year-old man named William E. Butler. He is also, and more gainfully, employed as president of the First Federal Savings & Loan Association of Hope. "There's a trend these days toward thinking that what's good for business is good for Arkansas," Butler told me, tilting back in a big upholstered chair in his big glass office at the bank. "Well, I don't agree. Very few of us around here do. This is still an unspoiled state, and Hope is an unspoiled town. We like it that way. We have a sound agricultural base. And we have a good industrial base—a healthy, diversified industry. It's clean and pleasant. It accepts the environment. It doesn't pollute the air or the soil or the water, or even the eye. We live within our municipal budget come hell or high water. We've saved our down-

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town business district. We've made it more workable, with parking lots and the way the traffic flows around the plaza, and more attractive, with those vapor lights and sidewalk plantings. We're handling the race problem as well as anybody. Floyd Young, our vice-mayor and one of our seven city councilmen, is black, and he's no token. Neither is Vander Lloyd, the assistant executive director of the Hope Housing Authority. I wish we could get rid of that dang Prohibition. It's an economic loss. And all it means is that they have to drive thirty miles down to Texarkana. And a lot of them never make it back in one piece."

"I'M a Presbyterian," Vincent W. Foster, founder and president of the Foster Realty Company, told me. "I believe in taking a drink. And, of course, I agree with Bill Butler about Prohibition. But I don't have to go all the way down to Texarkana unless I happen to feel like taking a drive. All I got to do is pick up that phone over there and dial a certain number. And I'm not talking about moonshine."

VICE-MAYOR YOUNG, like Mayor Butler, has a second, and more remunerative, job. He is assistant director and guidance counsellor at the Red River Vocational Technical School, on the southern outskirts of town. He is also a director of the Hope-Hempstead County Chamber of Commerce, vice-president of the Kiwanis Club, vice-chairman of the Arkansas Teacher Retirement System, and a member of the board of the Southwest Arkansas Planning and Development District. And a few days after I arrived in Hope he became the 1981 Citizen of the Year of the Hope-Hempstead County Chamber of Commerce—the first black man so honored. "I was at the banquet," Mrs. Bonnie Routon, the wife of a Hempstead County farmer, and the publisher of an elegantly printed local quarterly called *Hope Tracks*, told me. "And I never saw anything like it in my life. The Citizen of the Year is always a well-kept secret, and when Paul Henley called out Floyd Young's name the whole crowd just stood up and roared. There must have been eight hundred people there. And they all stood up and cheered—except, of course, a little handful of diehards."

"It sure was a well-kept secret from me," Young told me. "I was really surprised. I didn't know if I was going to be able to handle it. But I had my

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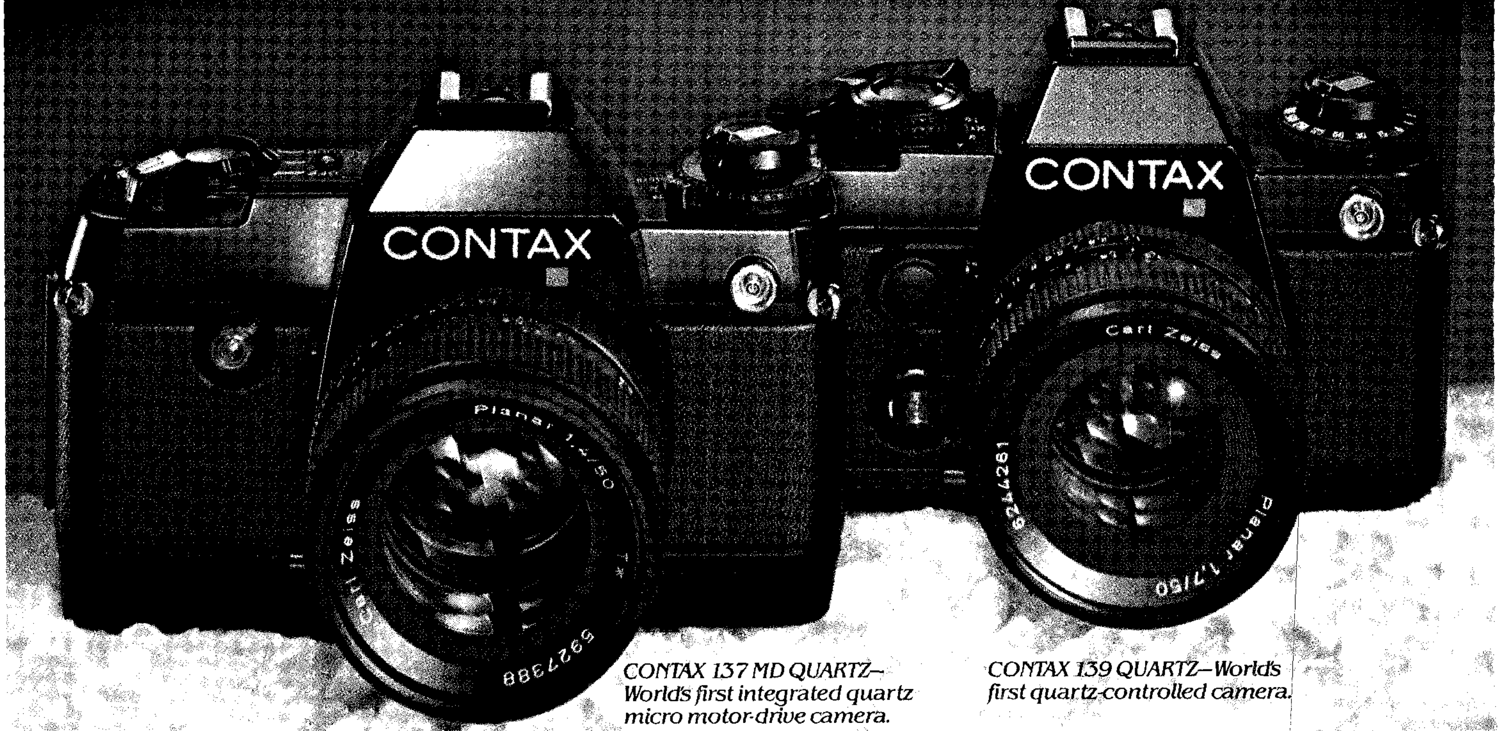

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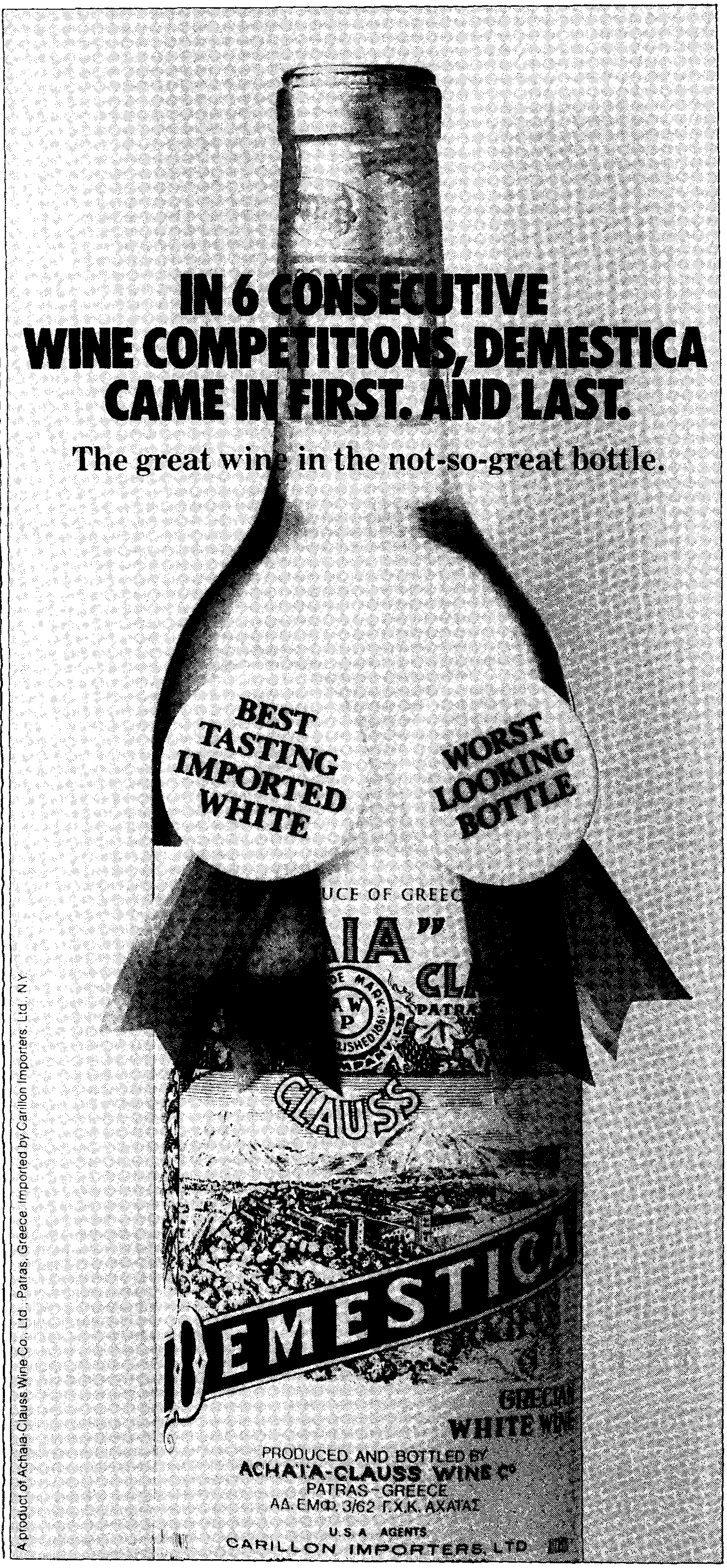
wife and family with me, and it was a long walk down there to the stage, and that gave me time to take hold of myself." We were sitting in his office at the Red River School. He looked at me across his desk—a solid, bespectacled man of forty-one with a neat mustache and a carefully groomed conservative Afro haircut—and gave a little laugh. "I was able to express my thanks. I appreciate that honor. I think it means something. I was born and raised in Hempstead County, and I got my education at the University of Arkansas, at Pine Bluff. I came into Hope to live in 1961, and started teaching here in 1965. I like Hope. It's a cautiously progressive town for the South. I've learned this: As far as achievement is concerned, if a black man really tries to achieve he won't find a lot of resistance—white or black. Oh, you find some. I did. But they finally realize you're trying to better the community. The older whites are usually more supportive than the younger ones. I think that's because they've had time to get rid of a lot of preconceived notions. Another thing, of course, is that the blacks and the whites have always had a more human relationship in the South—in the small-town South. It's easier to hate a man if you don't know him, and here in a little town like Hope, everybody knows everybody else. You can't forget your common humanity if you're standing face to face. There's also something else. Blacks learn better in a small town. Everybody goes to the same school. I don't mean it's easy. I've got three boys, and we talk, and they're always saying the teachers make them prove themselves over and over again. But that's all right. Education is the key. For everybody, but especially—and vitally, right now—for the blacks. Our children have got to learn. I go along with Jesse Jackson: Turn that TV *off*."

A DAY or two later, I talked with a younger black achiever. He was a senior at the Hope High School, just turned eighteen, named Dwayne Stanley, and he had just been awarded a scholarship to Ouachita Baptist University (coeducational, founded 1885), at Arkadelphia, Arkansas. Stanley, like Young, has a trim, conservative Afro, and he also has much of the same poise and presence. We sat at a table in the school library, and as we talked he tugged gently at a little goatee. "I was really lucky," he told me. "It's a *full* scholarship—it pays for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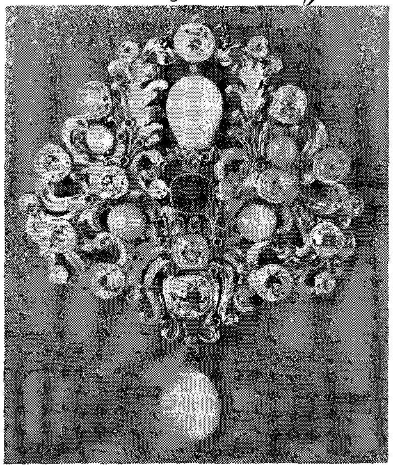

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everything but books. I play football and I play baseball and I'm pretty fast in track, but I'm only six feet tall and I only weigh one-seventy-five, so I quit thinking about a career in sports. I'll go into physical education if I have to. But what I really want to do is get into data processing and computer programming. That would mean leaving Hope. The nearest place for that kind of job is down in Texarkana. There's a lot I like about Hope. My daddy is in the Air Force—he's a senior master sergeant in radar—and we've lived in a lot of places: North Carolina, Sacramento, Colorado Springs. I prefer Hope. It's nice and quiet. If I get uptight at night, I can go out for a walk and don't have to worry about anybody bothering me. It's not a city. There's a little bit of racism here, not too much, but things are calming down. I get along with everybody at school. I've been the only black at a white party, and it was O.K. Nobody made me feel funny. And we treat the white guys the same way at our parties. The thing is, we all *know* each other. Blacks don't date whites, and whites don't date blacks. This isn't a city in that way. But when it happens, nobody makes a big scene about it. The white guys will take the white girl aside and have a little talk. And we'll do the same."

TROY BUCK watched me unwrap a Maalox tablet. "I used to take those things," he said. Buck, a big, hefty man with a smiling country-boy look, teaches vocational agriculture at the high school, and I had dropped in at his office after my talk with Dwayne Stanley. "I could work all day out at the farm and my heartburn never bothered me. But when I had a conference or a speech to make—oh, Lord! I ate those Maaloxes by the handful. Then somebody suggested that I try chewing tobacco. I know that sounds funny, but it worked. Maybe it's all psychological, but it works. I take a chew every morning and after every meal. I *don't* think it's the brand I chew. They're probably all alike. But what I chew is Levi Garrett."

Buck is not, by far, the only man in Hope who chews tobacco. He is merely (as far as I know) the only man who chews for reasons of health. Sales of chewing tobacco are up throughout the United States, and Hope is an enthusiastic participant in this curious (sports-generated?) revival. The Safeway Store has four shelves devoted to chewing tobaccos (Cannon Ball, Work Horse, Red Horse, Red Man, Beech-Nut, Conwood, Big Duke, Union Standard, Taylor's Pride, and Days Work as well as Levi Garrett) and three more devoted to snuffs (Good Luck, Copenhagen, Gold River, Silver Creek, Kodiak, Dental Scotch, W. E. Garrett, Tube Rose, and Devon's Eagle).

SUNDAY in Hope is a day very largely shaped by Christian faith and social convention. Hope is not a Sabbatarian town. It is, however, a churchgoing town, and for all but its two hundred-odd Roman Catholics services usually begin with Sunday School (classes for both adults and children), at nine-thirty; followed by Morning Worship, at ten-forty-five; followed by an afternoon Church Training Program; followed, at seven o'clock, by Evening Worship. Almost everybody in Hope—old or young, white or black—attends at least one of these services, and there are some who attend them all. I chose, on the second Sunday of my stay, to attend Morning Worship at the First Baptist Church.

The nave of the First Baptist Church seats six hundred and fifty people in comfortably cushioned pews, and there is room for over two hundred more in a balcony. When I arrived and was shown to a place, the nave looked almost full, and there were also people in the balcony. Most of the worshippers were families with one or more (well-behaved) children. It was a congregation of Sunday suits and Sunday bests. There were no turtlenecks, no pants suits, not even, as far as I could tell, any sports jackets: all the men wore business suits, and all the women wore dresses. An organ and a piano flanked the pulpit, and there was a large choir. Dr. Richard Stiltner, the pastor, a youthful-looking man with an expressive face, wore a dark suit. After the opening prayer, we sang "O Worship the King," and after the Invocation and another prayer we sang "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Dr. Stiltner's sermon was one of a series on the Ten Commandments. It was entitled "The Sanctity of Life," and dealt with the Sixth Commandment. "This commandment is commonly taken to read, 'Thou shalt not kill,' " he said. "A more careful rendering of the Hebrew is 'Thou shalt not murder.' " He said that the Old Testament accepts the right of a soldier to take a human life in war, and it accepts the right of society to inflict the death penalty. We

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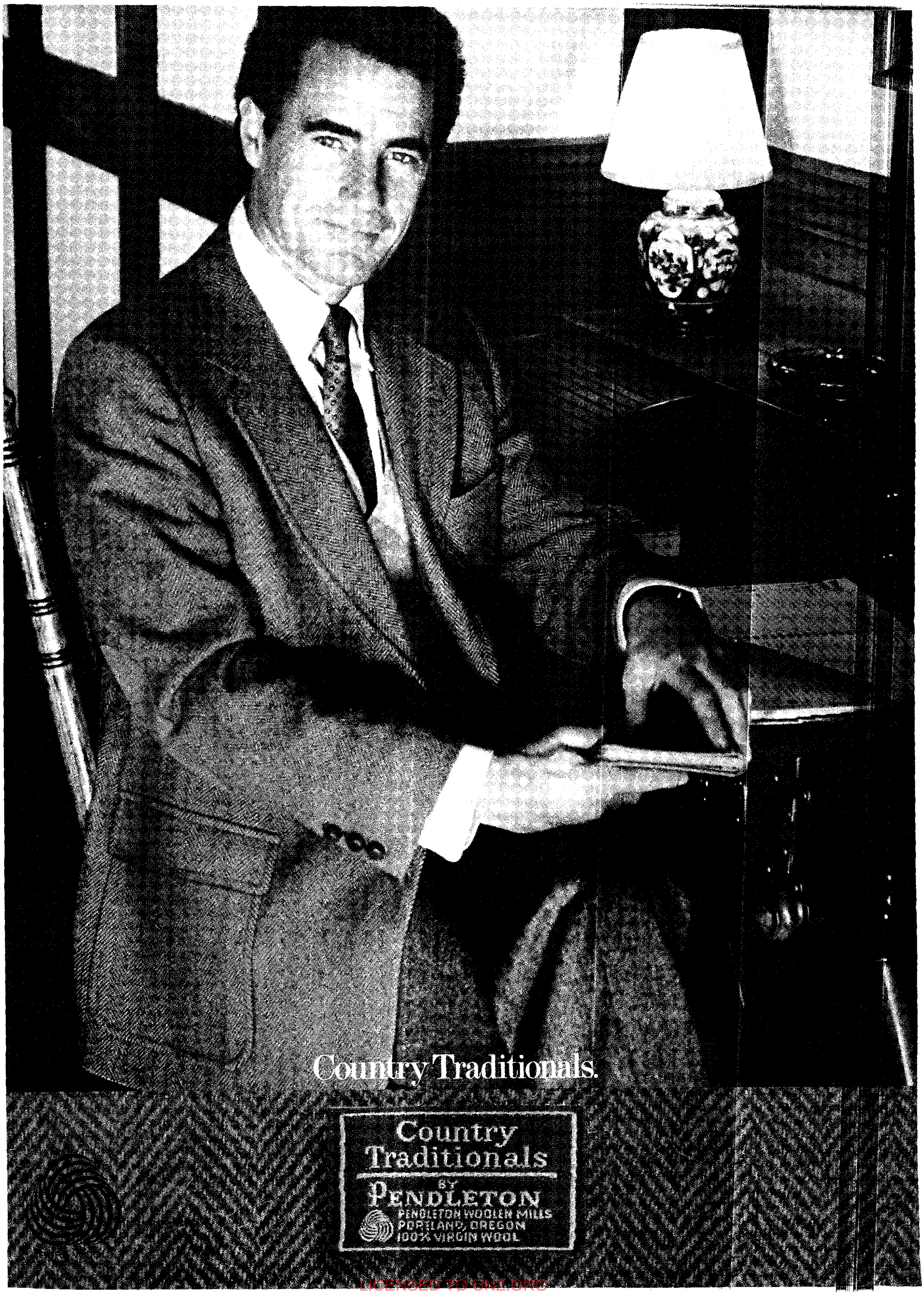
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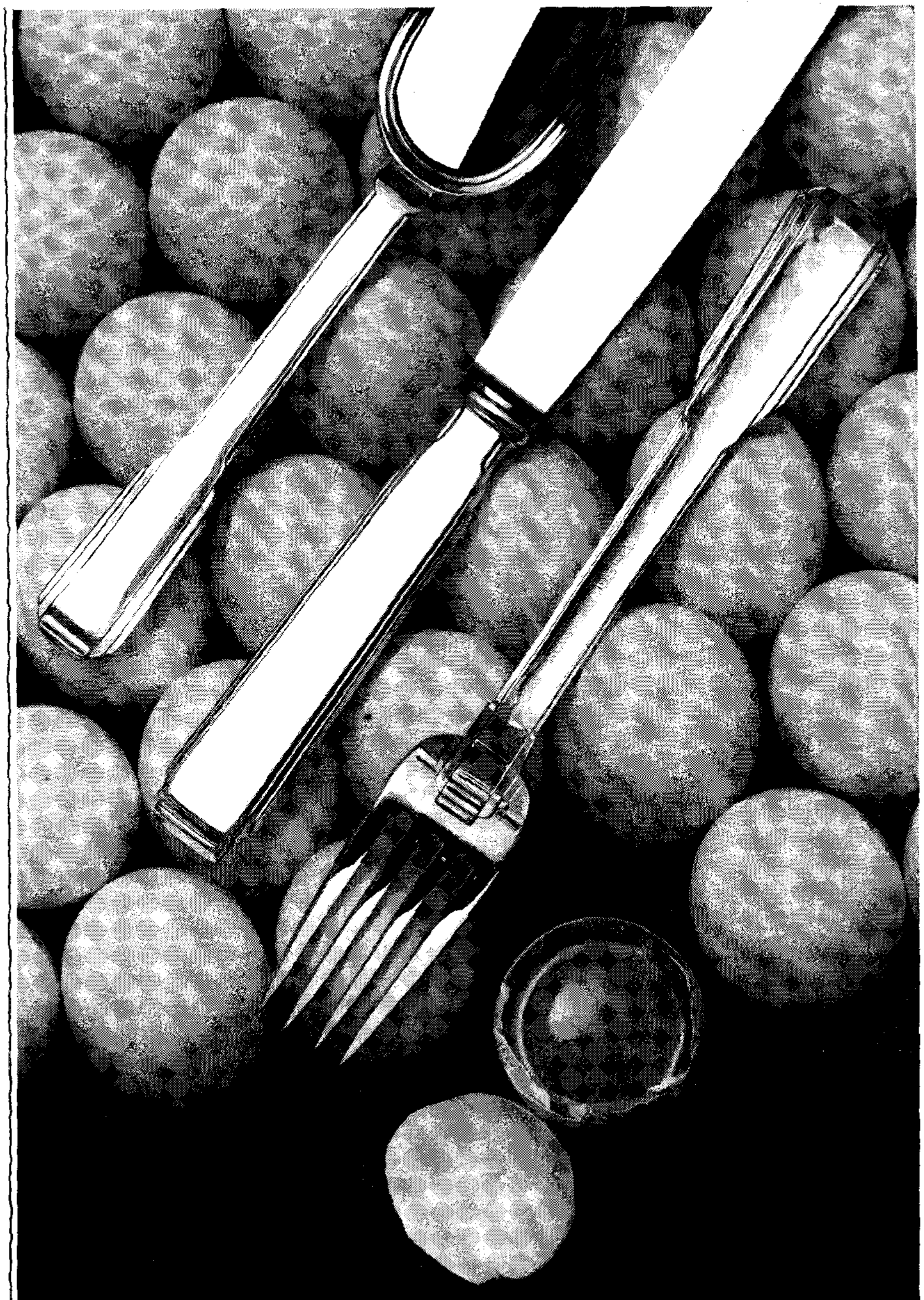
sang a final hymn, "Something for Thee," and received the Benediction. Dr. Stiltner waited in the vestibule to greet the departing congregation. I saw Hulan White, immaculate in a tan summer suit, and a dozen other familiar faces. And half an hour later, at the ritual Sunday dinner in the restaurant at the Quality Inn, I recognized several of my fellow-worshippers. Most of my fellow-diners began their meal with the usual apéritif of the region—a cup of coffee.

I SPENT an hour that Sunday afternoon strolling in Rose Hill Cemetery, on North Hazel Street. Rose Hill is the oldest cemetery in Hope, and like most old cemeteries it has a soothing worn and weathered beauty. Many of its gravestones are tilted or sunken, and its paths and drives are shaded by big, whispering cedars and magnolias, and that afternoon the air was sweet with the scent of wild-plum blossoms. Wandering among the graves, glancing at the names and dates on the stones, I began to notice a melancholy pattern in many of the epitaphs: a stark brevity of life. Annie V. Shelton (1892-1912), dead at twenty. Alfred Forbes (1894-1900), dead at six. Samuel Edwards (1886-1887), aged one year. James Betts (1895-1898), Maude Wainwright (1885-1902), Allen Edward Ruffin (1889-1892), Ruth Agnes Ruffin (1895-1900), Gaines Trotter Ruffin (1900-1905).

The following day, talking to one of Hope's senior physicians, a general practitioner named George Wright, I mentioned those baleful testimonials of a not too distant time. "People forget how it used to be," he told me. "Those were the days before antibiotics, before much immunization. We hardly think about the infectious diseases these days, but they were the killers then. Measles. Whooping cough. Scarlet fever. Diphtheria. Pneumonia—especially pneumonia. It killed everybody, all ages. Now it's an old man's disease. It's what finally puts him out of his misery. We call it the old man's friend. But nothing ever really changes. We still have our big killers. No, I don't mean cancer and heart disease. I mean the truly modern killers. There are two of them. One is appetite. The other is lethargy. They're the great American curse."

"YOU mean that set of harness?" LaGrone Williams said. We were standing in the cramped and



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cluttered center aisle of his hardware store, on Elm Street, looking up at a huge, spidery apparition of shiny black leather and shiny steel buckles dangling from the ceiling like a monstrous, overimaginative mobile. "Sure, it's real. And it's new. I'm not in the antiques business. I *sell* harness. I sell two or three sets a year. I also sell horse collars and backbands and hames and cotton plowlines. The workhorse is coming back. It's the energy problem, I reckon. People are getting tired of feeding a horse just to ride. They're making their saddle horse start earning his keep. I call them one-horse farmers. They're not real farmers. They're just folks that have a few acres that they want to put to some use, and they don't want the cost and the bother of machinery. Some of them that don't have a horse are going out and buying themselves an old Missouri mule. A lot of people are looking back to the past. They think there's a lot of progress back there. I'm selling them Georgia plows and new-ground plows—what used to be called sodbusters. And just the other day I sold a man a broadaxe. That's the tool they built the old log cabins with."

I DROVE out one morning to the Split Hickory Company, a few miles north of town, and spent an hour with the executive vice-president, a big, gentle, balding man named James M. Lockhart, in his aromatic office there. "That's right," he told me. "We're just about the only folks in our line of business. We make canes—stockmen's canes. They're our biggest product. We make around thirty-five hundred per week, and we can sell as many as we make. We sell a lot of them to banks and insurance companies, and they give them away to their good customers. We also make show sticks and sorting poles and shepherds' crooks. There are still shepherds in this country. Show sticks are what the shower uses to make his bull perform for the judges. Look at this stack of orders—Pennsylvania, Kansas, Idaho, Michigan. Heck, we've got customers everywhere. We've got a customer up on Fifth Avenue in New York that sells our canes and shepherds' crooks to men and women that like to walk in Central Park. I reckon a big, stout cane makes them feel easier in their mind about muggers. We sell a lot of sorting poles to circuses. Ringling Brothers is a big account. They use our poles to train their big cats. We're

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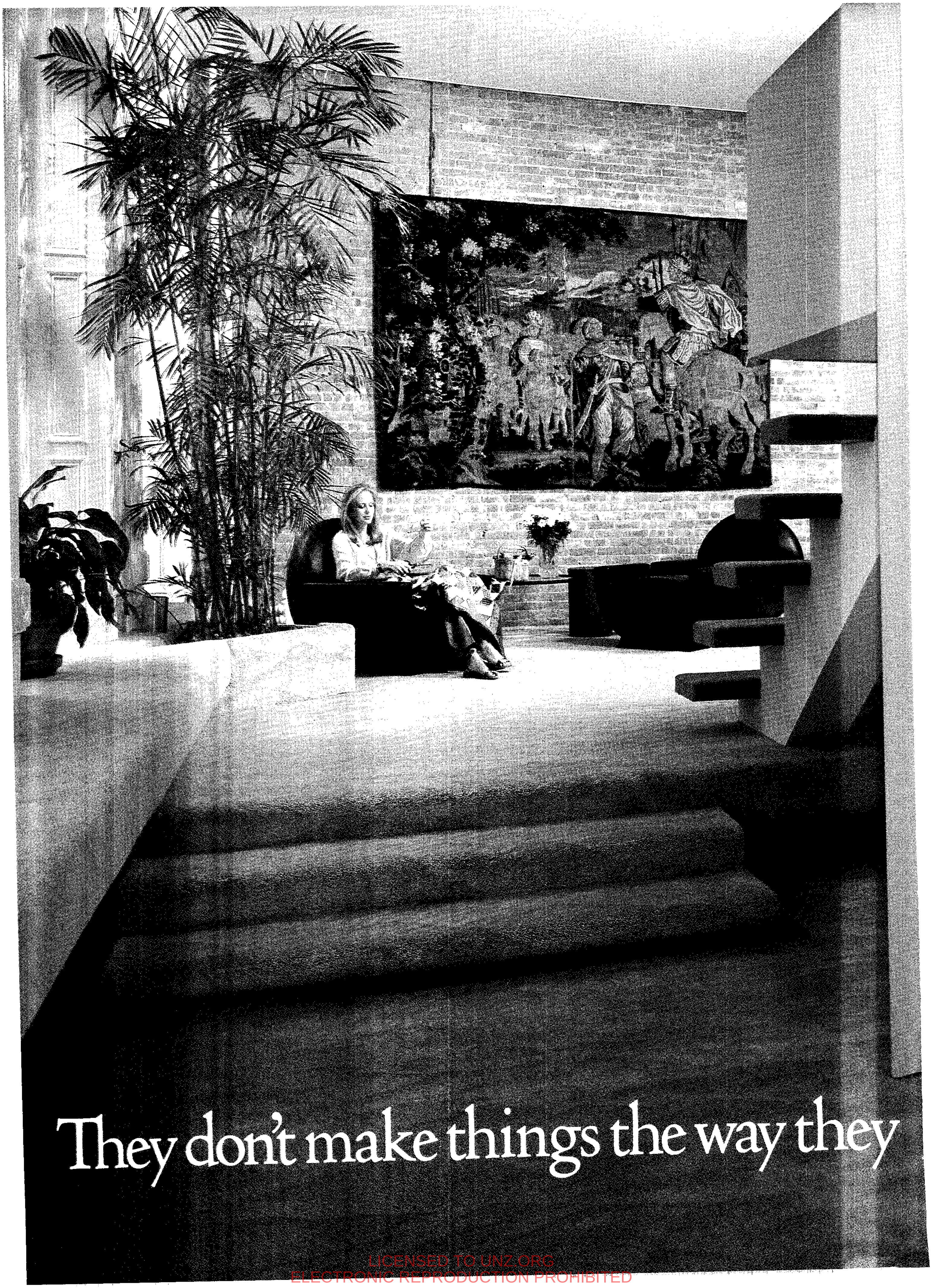
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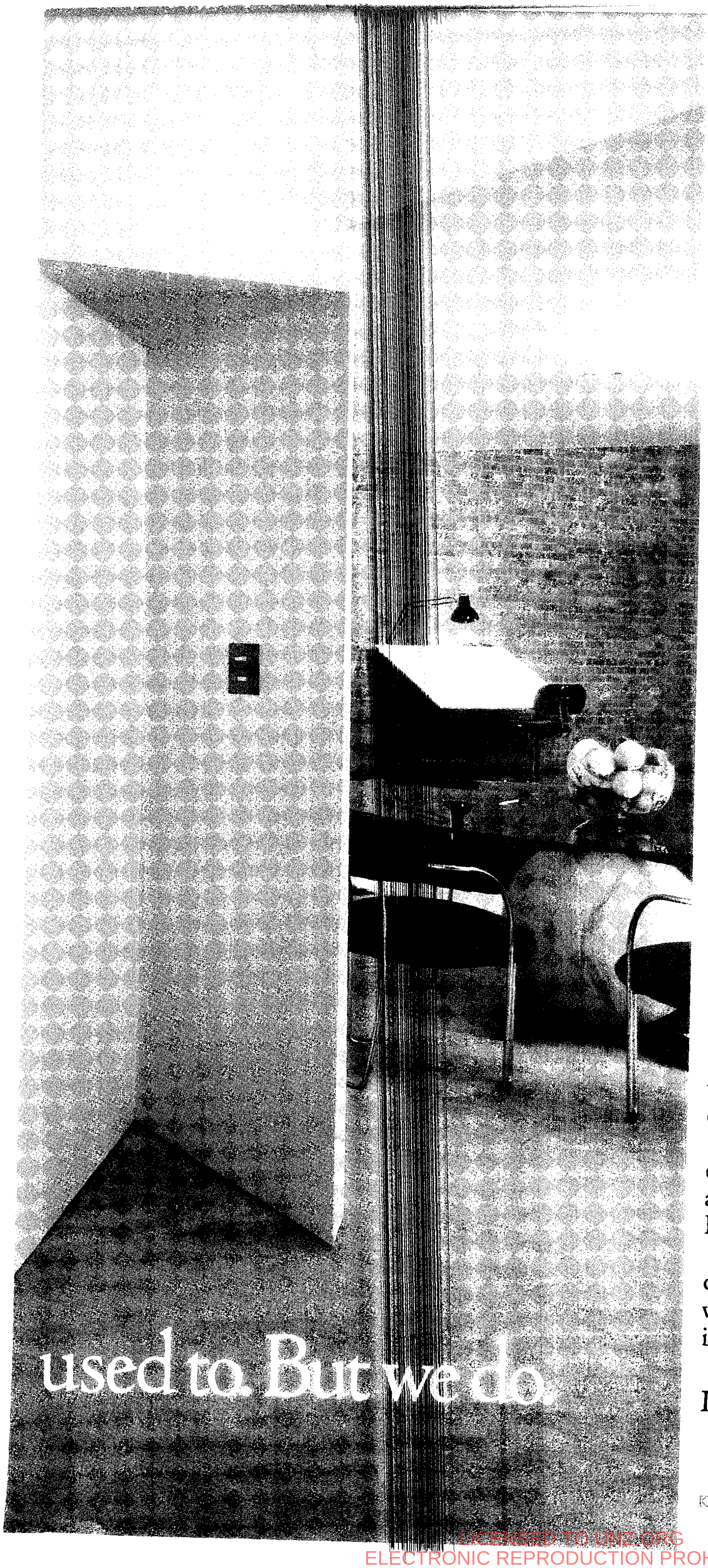

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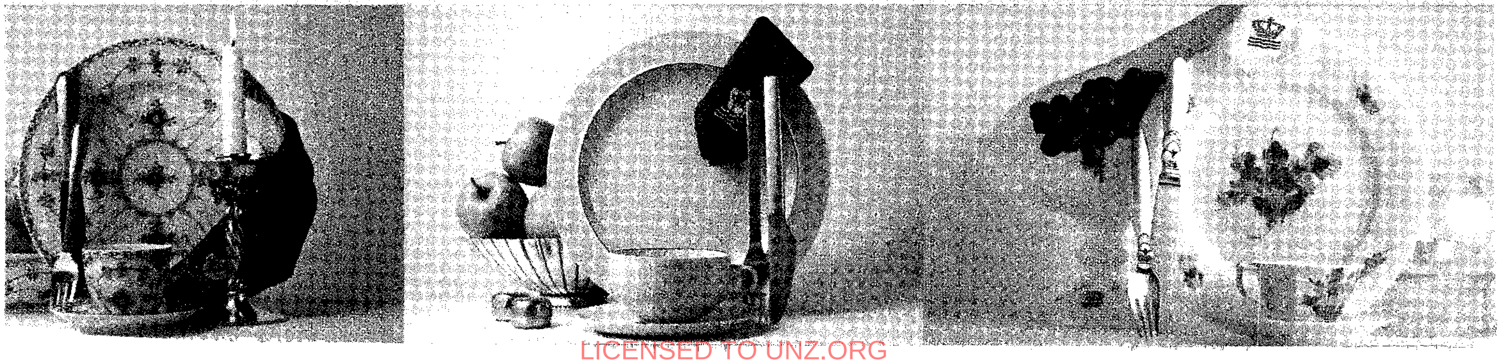

the only folks that make an elephant cane. It's like a stockman's stick, only thicker. We make dowels that a company in Pennsylvania shapes into drumsticks. We don't set out to make dowels—they're a by-product of our canes. Pieces too short for anything else. Ladder rungs are another by-product, and so are hickory chips for barbecues. We sell our sawdust to garages and body shops to soak up their oil. My sons and I—they're working out in the shop—we carry home the discarded chunks of hickory logs for firewood. The only thing we haven't been able to salvage is the knot. My oldest boy is working on that."

Rogers—Pod Rogers, the circulation director of the *Star*—handed me a copy of the "Guinness Book of World Records." It was opened to page 118, and a paragraph halfway down the page was marked. It read, "Largest melons: A watermelon weighing 200 lbs. was reported in Apr. 1980. The growers were Ivan and Lloyd Bright, of Hope, Ark." Rogers is a beaming, twinkling, foot-tapping man in his middle fifties, and he watched me read, beaming and twinkling and tapping his foot. "Didn't know that, did you?" he said. "Well, we've been growing champion watermelons here for years. This is the watermelon capital of the world. A man named Gibson had a drugstore back in the twenties, and he started offering a cash prize for the biggest melon grown here every year. That was the beginning of our annual Watermelon Festival. It faded for a number of years, but I revived it in 1977. The champion melon up to the Brights' two-hundred-pounder was grown back in 1939 and weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Everybody was shooting at that mark for forty years. O.K. Now, then. I've been talking to Ivan Bright, and he's going to be home this morning, and I'm going to carry you out to his place to meet him. What do you drink? Coke? Dr Pepper? Or what? Help yourself from that machine, and let's get going."

There was a bumper sticker on Rogers' car. It showed a red-and-green slice of watermelon and read, "Hope, Arkansas, a Slice of the Good Life." The car was comfortably air-conditioned, and there was a pleasant murmur of music, and the dashboard was equipped at either end with ringed holders for Rogers' Coke and my Dr Pepper. "My interest in the festival is

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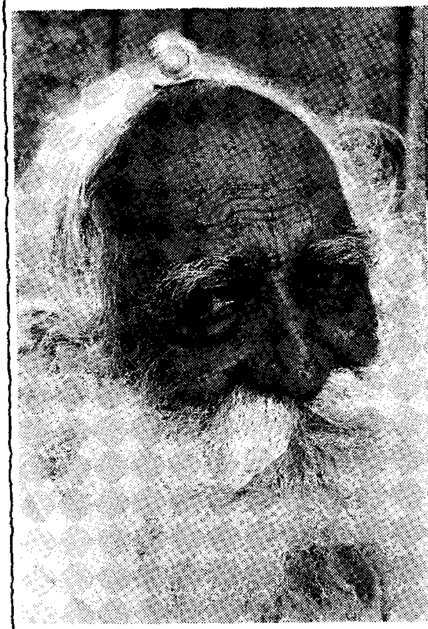

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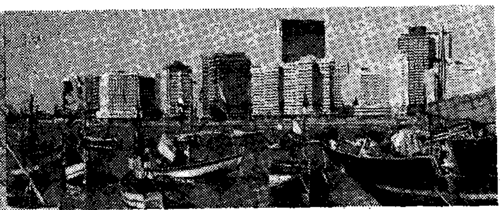

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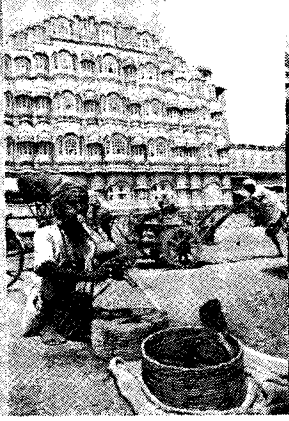

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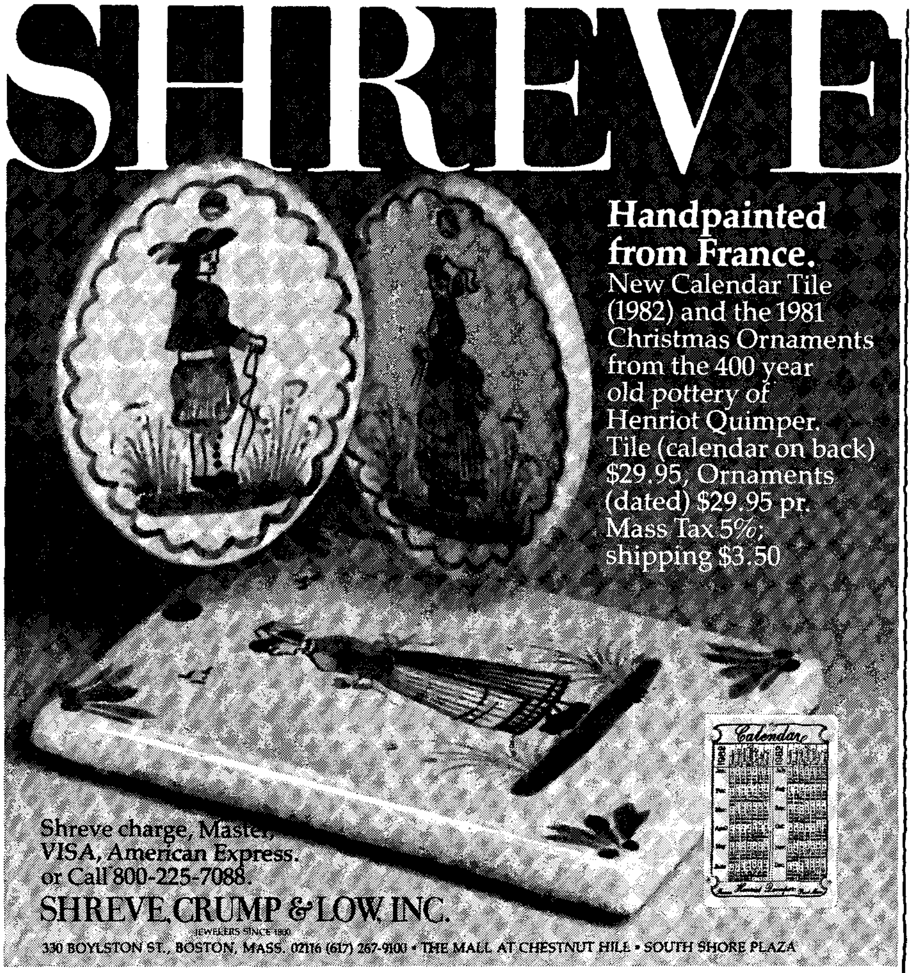
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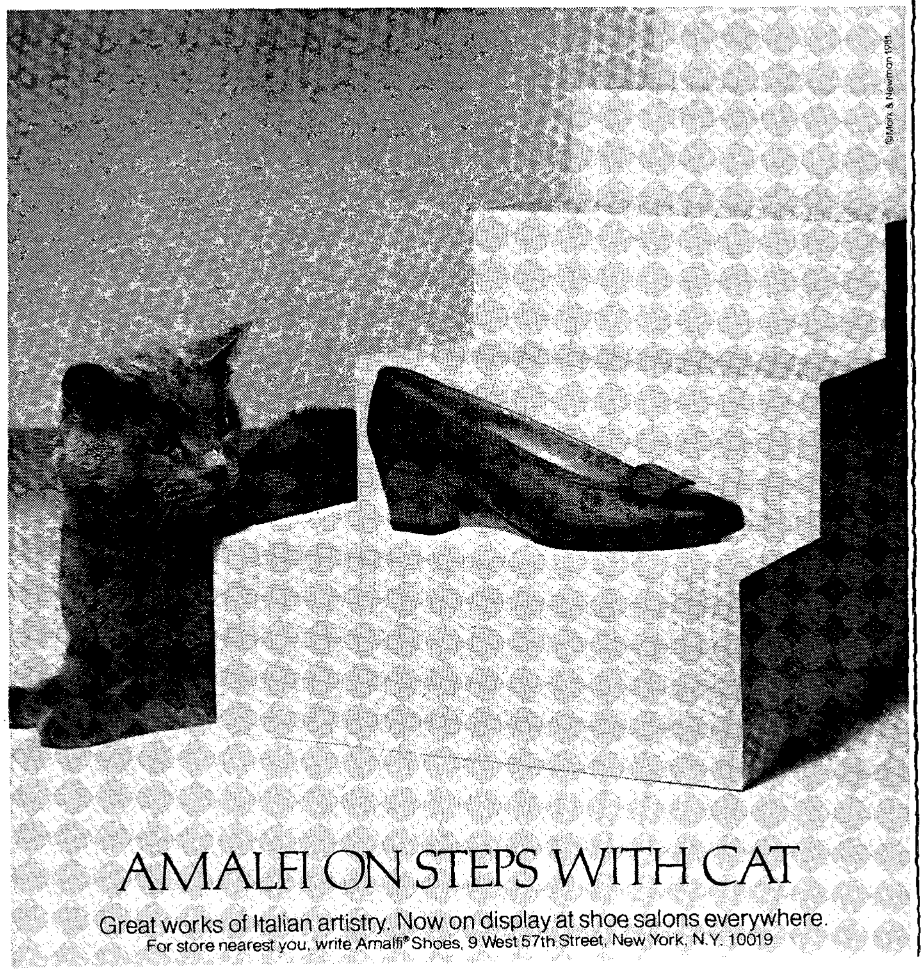
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simply this," Rogers told me. "I figure that what's good for Hope is good for the *Star*. The festival is three days in the last week in August. That's harvest time for melons. The climax is the watermelon-weighing on our certified scales in the Coliseum, out at Fair Park, but there's more to it than that. There's dancing in the streets to four different styles of music, and we have a watermelon-eating contest. Our big melons are as good to eat as they're big. And a watermelon-seed-spitting contest and a cow-chip-throwing contest and a sack race and arm-wrestling—something for everybody. People ask me what it takes to grow a big melon. I say it takes the right seed, the right soil, the right climate, the know-how, and they've got to live in Hope, Arkansas. Maybe you didn't know this—the watermelon is a desert fruit. It was brought here from Africa back in the old slavery times. But all I really care about is putting Hope, Arkansas, on the map. That white house up yonder—that's the Bright place. Ivan is Lloyd's daddy. Lloyd teaches up at Arkadelphia, but he was right here on the scene when they grew that world-famous melon." We pulled into the driveway. Rogers rolled down his window and yelled, "*Ivan*—you've got company!"

The front door opened, and Bright came out. He is a thin, weathered man with a bony face and a long, nutcracker jaw. He was wearing a little green hat. Rogers introduced us, and he gave me a limp country handshake, and the three of us leaned against the side of the car. Bright pointed across a cow pasture to the slope of a distant hill. That was the site of his 1979 watermelon patch. "We move the patch every year," he told me. "Watermelon diseases easy. You want to keep a jump ahead. You need a well-drained sandy loam for melons, which I've got here, and you need the right kind of seed. What Lloyd and I used was a cross between a Cobb Gem and a Carolina Cross. Planting time is the last of April. We plant two seeds to a hill—two hundred hills, and fifteen feet between the hills. Then you watch the vines develop, and you thin out all but the best. Then you watch the melons come along. You look for the best-looking—the most likely to take the right shape. You water each vine only every three days. You don't want standing water. And you don't water in the morning or it'll steam under the sun and kill it. I'm talking about late

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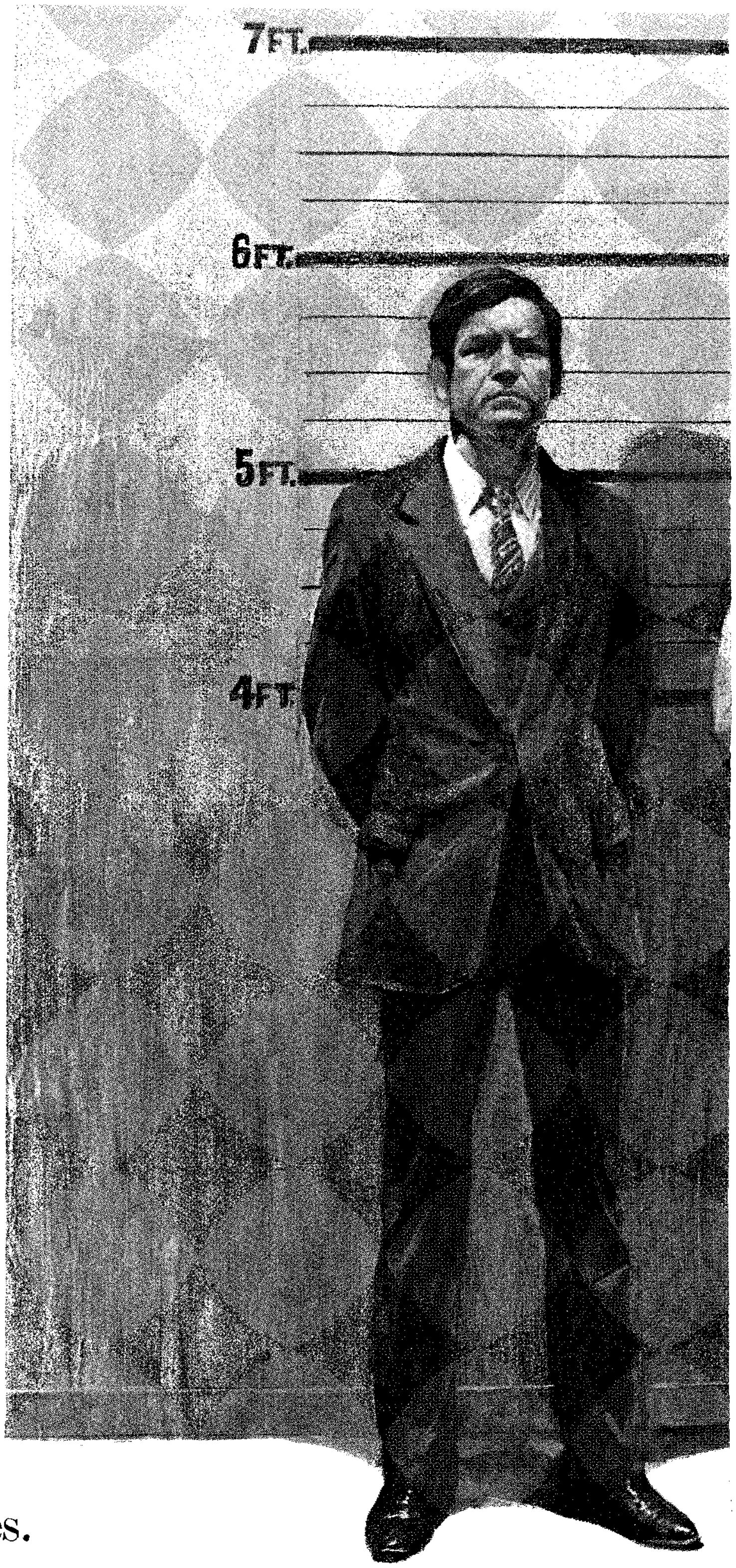

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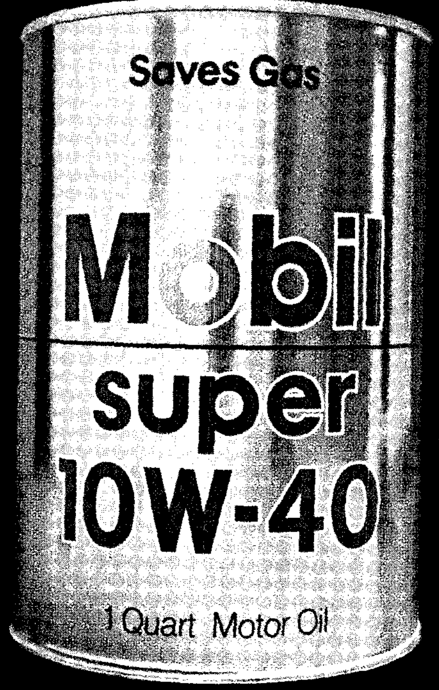
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August, when the temperature is over a hundred all the time. Well, that August in 1979, Lloyd and I we had a feeling we might get a good melon. We had our eye on one. When it hit a hundred pounds, we knew it was going to be big. We also had another that looked pretty good, but darned if it didn't stop growing at one eighty-three. But this one just kept growing. The festival began, and the deadline for melons was on Sunday, August 26th. The day before, on Saturday, August 25th, we rigged the melon up on an old set of balance-type cotton scales. We used a gunnysack, and we handled it very careful. It weighed one ninety-eight and a half. Lloyd decided to lay out in the patch beside it all night. He wanted to guarantee that nothing went wrong at the last minute. At midnight, he went over with his flashlight, and it was still one ninety-eight and a half. I got up just after sunrise and went out to the patch. It was still the same. But melons don't grow a heck of a lot at night. So Lloyd and I we waited there. The sun came up, and the scale began to stir a little. That melon was still growing. We watched it go up and up, and when it hit an even two hundred, we pulled it. I think it would surely have gone higher, but we were late with our entry, so we pulled it. I think it might have gone up five more pounds. But we pulled it and got it down to the Coliseum and on the official scales. And they said we had the winner—the all-time winner. We had the biggest watermelon anybody ever grew. Lloyd and I we felt right good about it. Especially when a fellow from Magnolia offered us a hundred dollars for a dozen seeds from the champion."

THE entrance to the Hope *Star* offices is a vestibule, and on one of my visits to Pod Rogers I reached it a step ahead of a young woman. I opened the outer door and held it for her to pass. She thanked me and went through and then held open the inner door for me. I went through, and thanked her in turn.

"That's O.K.," she said. "An eye for an eye."

THE masthead of the *Star* includes an outline map of Hempstead County superimposed on a drawing of a knife. An accompanying legend reads, "Home of the Bowie Knife." The specific birthplace of the Bowie knife (to those who accept its Hemp-

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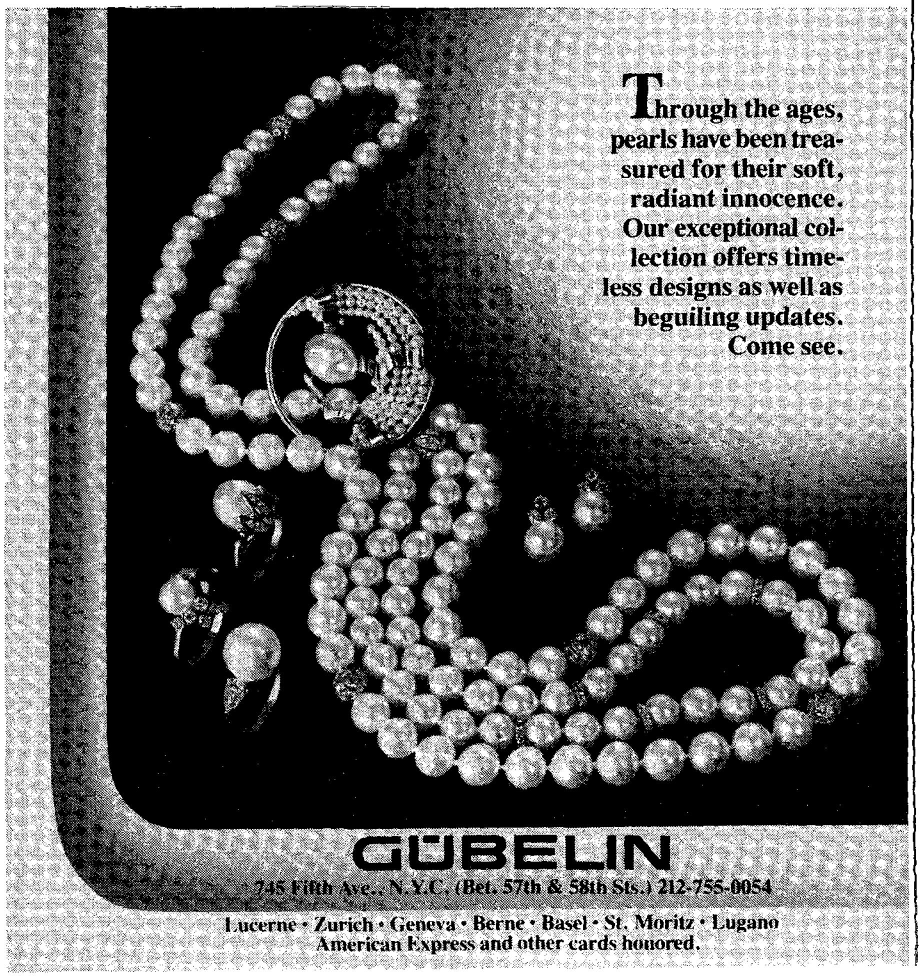

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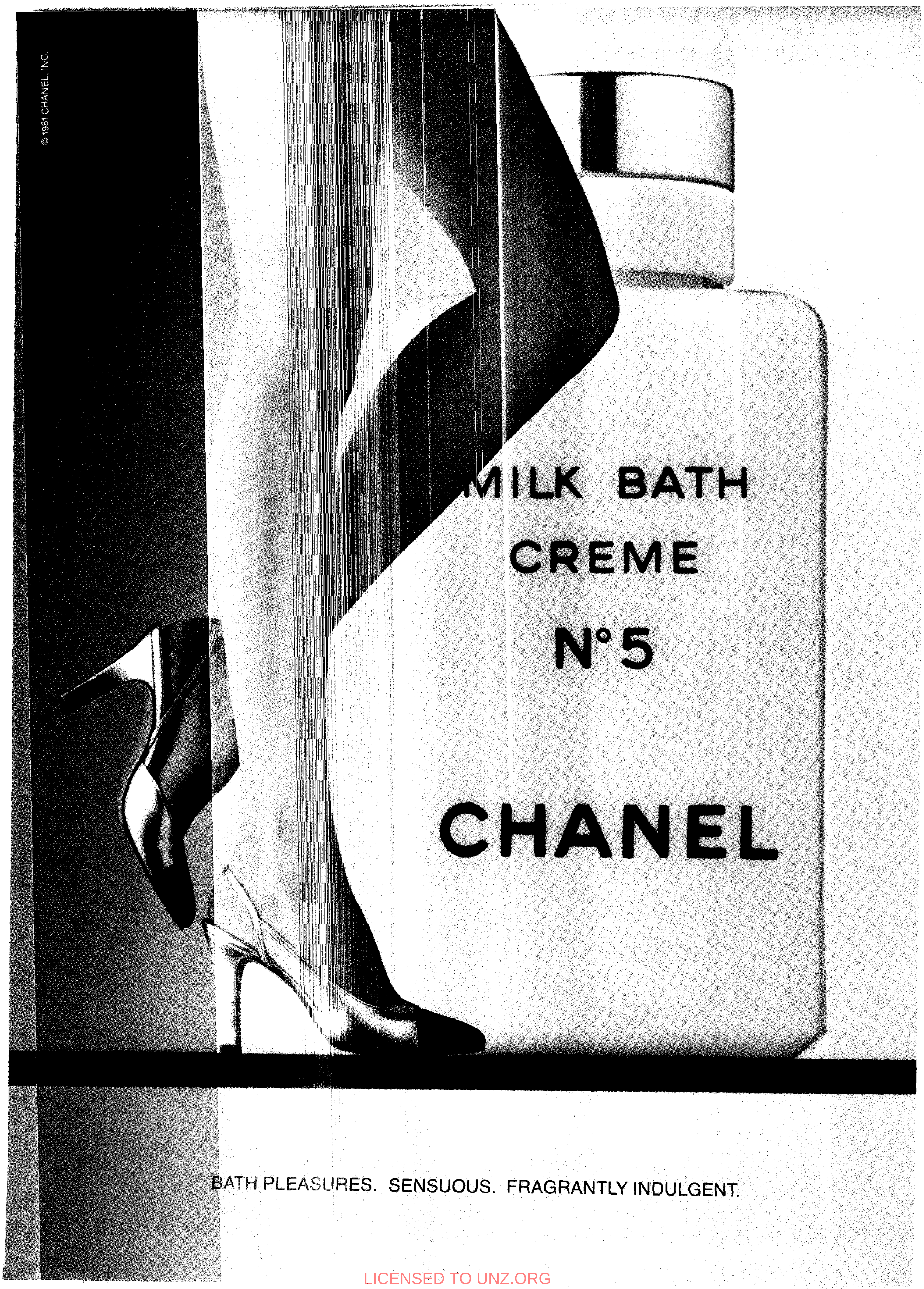
stead County origin) is a hamlet called Washington, some ten miles northwest of Hope. Washington was the original seat of Hempstead County, and during the Civil War, when the Union forces occupied Little Rock, it became the seat of the refugee Confederate government of Arkansas. It is now very largely the Old Washington Historic State Park, and one of its places of historic interest (along with the Old Courthouse, the Old Methodist Church, and the Old Tavern Inn) is the Gun Museum, which houses an important collection of antique firearms and Bowie knives. “One thing is certain,” Gene Redmond, the curator, told me. “Jim Bowie spent time here. Washington was the gateway to the old Chihuahua Trail. And he had a knife made here in 1831 by a blacksmith named Jim Black. Those knives in that case there are modern Bowie knives. They’re interpretations by modern craftsmen. You can see how they vary in length—from eight or ten inches to up to a foot and a half. We’ve got several very good knifemakers in this area. Genuine Bowie knives are rare—or, anyway, hard to authenticate. Bowie lost his, of course, when he died that day in 1836 at the Alamo. It’s uncertain just how the Bowie knife came about. Black was an expert knifemaker, and he had already made a famous knife—a long, pointed dagger—that they called the Arkansas Toothpick. The distinctive things about the Bowie knife as Bowie and Black worked it out were its guard and the curved blade that turned back on top to form a clip, or scimitar, end. The Bowie knife was not a hunting knife. It was a fighting knife—guns were too unreliable to fight with in those days. It was a man-killer. The guard was bent forward to face the blade and catch your opponent’s thrust. And the sharpened upper blade was so when you stabbed your man you could give your knife an upward pull and rip his stomach out. Davy Crockett is supposed to have said that Bowie’s knife was so ferocious-looking it made you puke just to look at it. There’s another thing about Jim Bowie. He may have been a good knife fighter, and he probably was. He survived a lot of knife fights. But he was also a liar and a braggart and a crook. He was an all-around bastard.”

“I GUESS you could call it a Bowie knife,” Edward Hill told me. “A lot of people do. But what *I* call it is a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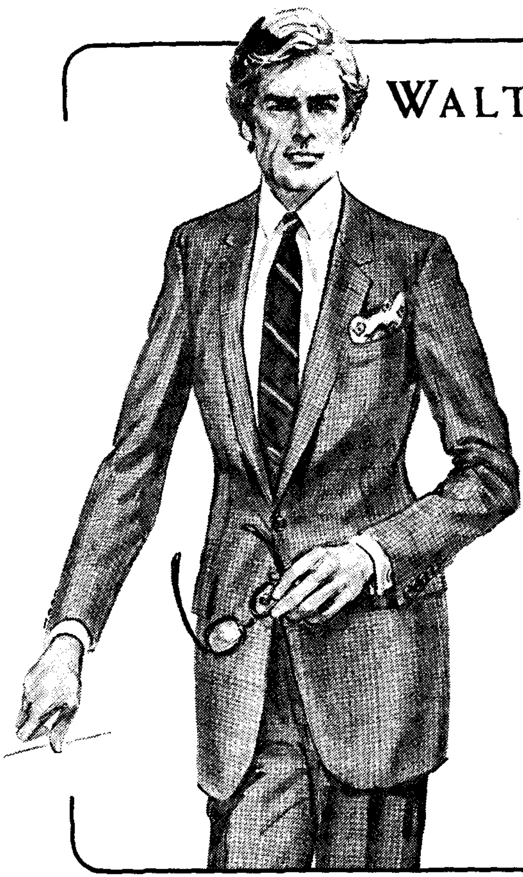
Hill knife." Hill, a retired blacksmith, is one of the several local expert knifemakers mentioned by Gene Redmond. I had driven out to see him at his home, in the crossroads village of Saratoga, just to the west of Hempstead County, and he was showing me some of his knives. "I mean I styled it and I made it," he said. "I start with a piece of gang-saw steel. Those old saw blades come about five feet long and five inches wide and about an eighth of an inch thick. I cut them down to the general size I want. For a knife like you've got there in your hand, where I want a five-inch blade, I'll cut out a length of nine and a half inches. Four and a half is for the handle. Then I cut it to shape and finish off the blade with emery paper. But all that grinding and papering will have taken out the temper. So I got to put it back. I've got a little gas forge out in my shop. Tempering is heating the steel, then cooling it off—quenching it—quick. Steel when you heat it goes through different color stages. They call them early blue, light blue, straw, and cherry red. Some fellows like to take it all the way to cherry red. I don't. I only take it to light blue. I think cherry red makes your steel brittle, and your edge is likely to chip. I only temper the blade, of course. If the handle was tempered, I'd have a handle too hard to drill through for fixing on the grip. I've got a lot of different kinds of grip. I've got a hunter friend who keeps me supplied with deer horn and elk horn, and when I want a wooden grip I'll go out and cut it for myself. I use oak sometimes, and bois d'arc, which is the hardest wood of all and just won't rot, and black walnut. That knife you have there has a walnut grip. That wavy stuff in walnut, what they call the grain, makes it real pretty when you dress it down. The trouble is, black walnut is getting scarce. I don't know why, but the tree is dying out. There are guys going around looking for old walnut stumps to buy and dig up, roots and all, and sell to the cabinetmakers for a good price. But we were talking about the Bowie knife. That day is over. They don't fight with knives anymore, they fight with guns. So my knife isn't a fighting knife. I sell my knives to hunters who want a good knife for skinning. I go to those arts-and-crafts fairs and show my knives, and I've got customers all over—Georgia, Texas, Missouri, Louisiana. Some of them try to tell me how they want it made. I'll listen and be reason-



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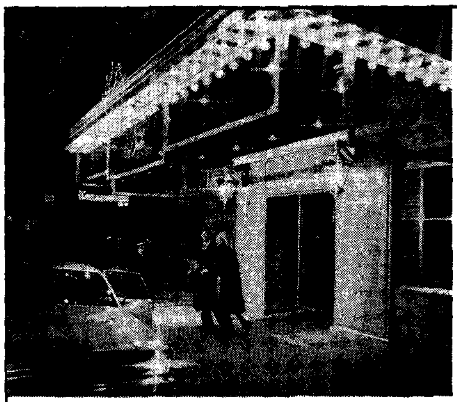

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able, but I generally manage to get my mark on it, my style."

WALKING along West Second Street one afternoon, I glanced in the window at Herbert Burns, Inc., and saw Hulan White standing up near the front of his store with two neckties draped over his arm and tying another around the neck of an elderly man. The man was standing stiffly at attention and staring straight ahead. I watched White finish tying the necktie, then loosen the noose and slip it off over the old man's head. Then he tied one of the other ties and slipped it off and went to work tying the third. I went in the store and waited while White wrapped up the three ready-tied ties and the old man paid and left. White came over to me, smiling a little smile. "That's one of our special services," he said. "A lot of stores in towns like this do the same. We have quite a few customers who don't know how to tie a necktie. They're young men, old men, and middle-aged. Black and white. What they are is men who don't wear a necktie every day—maybe only to church on Sunday, or to a wedding or a funeral—and they just never got around to learning how to tie a four-in-hand knot."

IT was during my stay in Hope that Arkansas became the first state to enact into law the so-called "creation-science" proposition, which requires a public school that teaches the theory of biological evolution to teach a companion course presenting the origin of man as recounted in the Book of Genesis. Among the many state legislators who voted for the measure was the representative of the Twentieth District, which includes Hempstead County—a handsome, bright-eyed, twenty-nine-year-old law student named Keith Wood. Wood was born and raised and lives in Hope, and I talked with him one afternoon in his little book-lined office on the fourth floor of the Hempstead County Courthouse. He offered me a Coke from a machine, took one for himself, pushed aside a copy of *The American Rifleman*, and smiled at me across his desk. "You bet I voted for SB 482," he told me. "And I'm proud I did. I've only been married a year, and I don't have any children yet myself, but when I do I want them to have an opportunity to learn another side to the question of how man appeared on earth. Some people say that SB 482 will mean teaching religion in the schools. No,

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sir. If you're giving the kids an option, you're not teaching religion. What you're teaching them is to use their own minds and think for themselves. They talk about the Missing Link in evolution. I say, what's the problem? If you take the Bible approach, you won't find any so-called Missing Link—because there isn't any. Man was created man. God created certain levels of animals and plants and all, and everything evolved from that, rather than out of some molecule or cell or something. I believe that. I face all the issues. Take Prohibition, for example. I stand for that. Hempstead County is dry, and I like it that way. I intend to do all I can to keep it dry. I'm not a drinking man, and I want my children to be the same. I want them to grow up straight."

"FIFTH AVENUE was really neat," Sandra Yocom told me. "I never saw anything like it before." Miss Yocom, a pretty girl of seventeen with wide-set green eyes and a luxuriance of soft, curling brown hair, was one of a group of Hope High School juniors and seniors who spent three days in New York in mid-March on a visit arranged by the school. "I did get kind of scared sometimes," she said. "Everybody was always saying hang on to your purse. But the whole trip was neat. We drove up to Little Rock and flew from there to St. Louis and then on to New York. I'd never been in a 727 before, and that made me kind of edgy for a while. We stayed at the Piccadilly Hotel, on West Forty-fifth Street, so we were close to Fifth Avenue. My three best girl friends and I did a lot of shopping and looking around. We were walking on Fifth one day in broad daylight, and this dirty-looking man pointed his finger at us and said, 'I'm going to eat your brains.' We just burst out laughing. Another time, we saw a crazy man standing there on the street talking to a trash can. New York is certainly different. I bought a pair of pants at Saks. That's a neat store. So is Macy's. Dillard's in Texarkana was the biggest store I'd seen before—but, my Lord! Saks had *five* rows of cosmetics and perfumes. We saw 'A Chorus Line.' It was my first play, and it was really great. It was beautiful—all those dances and costumes. I just loved it. Another thing I liked about New York was the water. I thought it tasted *so* good. I really thought it was as good as our water here in Hope. We went down to the World Trade

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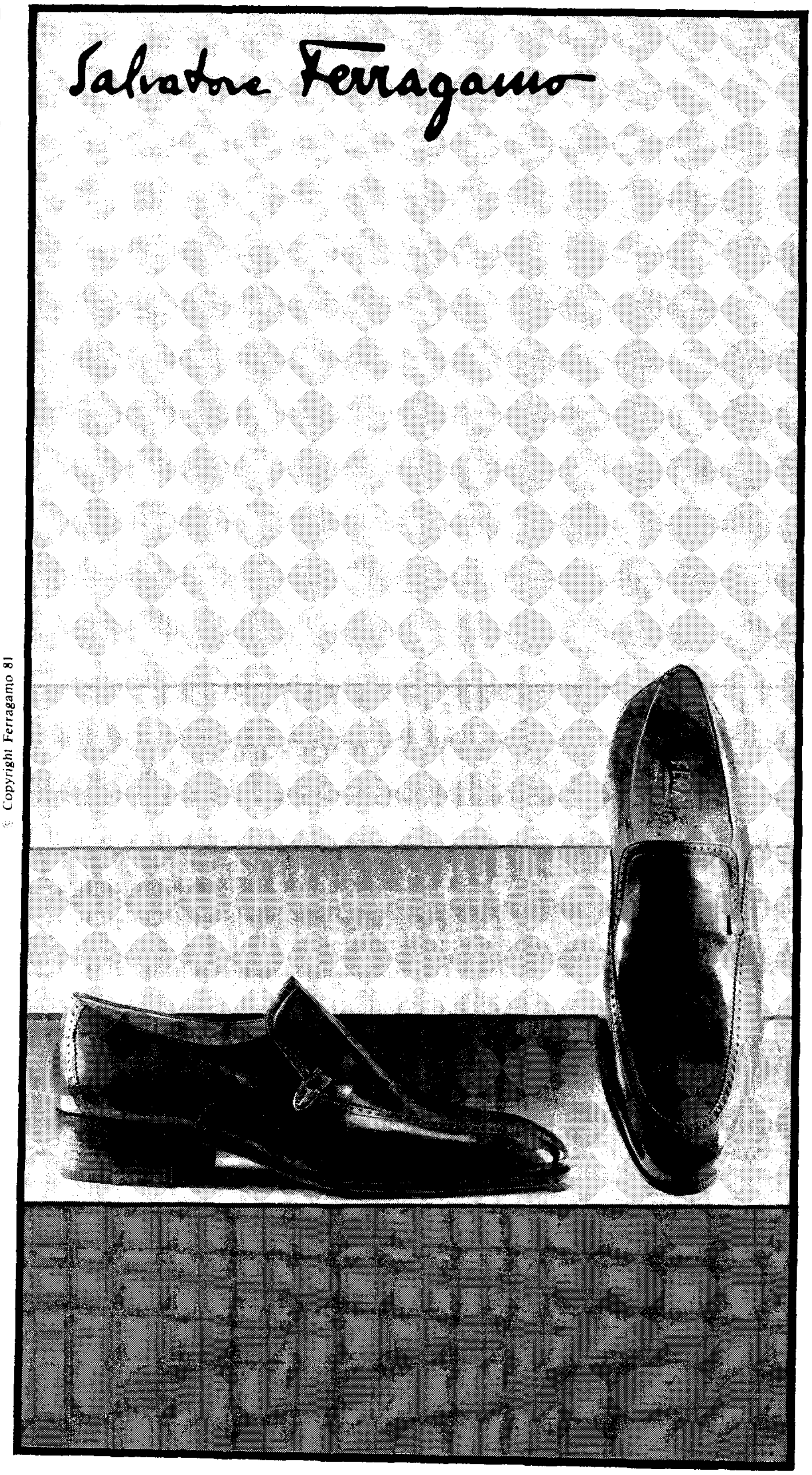

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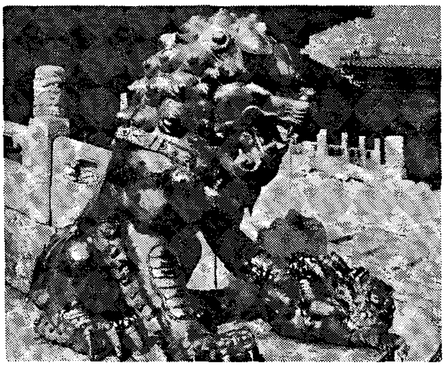

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Center one day to see the view from the top—from the one-hundred-and-seventh floor. On the way up in the elevator, when we came to the seventy-eighth floor there was a sound like a tornado. I asked a man what *that* was. He said it was the wind. He said that right about where we were the building swayed as much as three feet. I said in my country-hick voice, 'Are you kidding me?' I mean, I just could *not* believe it. When we got to the top and looked out, all you could see as far as you could see was New York City. It was just New York City spread out as far as you could see. That really impressed me. I just had trouble comprehending it. We ate dinner at the Windows on the World restaurant. The others all ordered shrimp cocktails to start with and then either steak or chicken. But I wanted to branch out. Why should I eat the same kind of food I can eat at home? So I started out with a salmon paté. Then I had sea trout. It came with a little, bitty black fish on top with its little, bitty eyes looking up at me. It had a saffron-and-tomato sauce. I didn't much like that sauce. I guess I'm a finicky eater. I like my catfish down here better. But, good Lord, you have to be willing to try new things. So I'm glad I did what I did. One night, we went to the Radio City Music Hall, my three friends and me, and when we came out we walked up the street and came around a corner—and there was St. Patrick's Cathedral! I mean, there was this beautiful church in the middle of all that tall concrete. Our mouths just dropped open. It was really neat. I made one mistake. I should never have worn my cowboy boots. My legs began to hurt with all that walking. We went to the Stage Door Deli, and a man there, a waiter, showed us where Jimmy Carter had sat. The only thing I missed in New York was Dr Pepper. They just didn't seem to know about Dr Pepper anywhere. So on the way home, when we stopped for gas at Arkadelphia I jumped out and had a great big Dr Pepper." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*S. K. Hutson in Peninsula*]

Fries is a proponent of the "use it or lose it" theory, and gears his research strategy accordingly. He contends that the nearly 50 percent increase in life expectancy since the turn of the century (the average American can now expect to live 73 years) is due primarily to the fact that few people are dying young.

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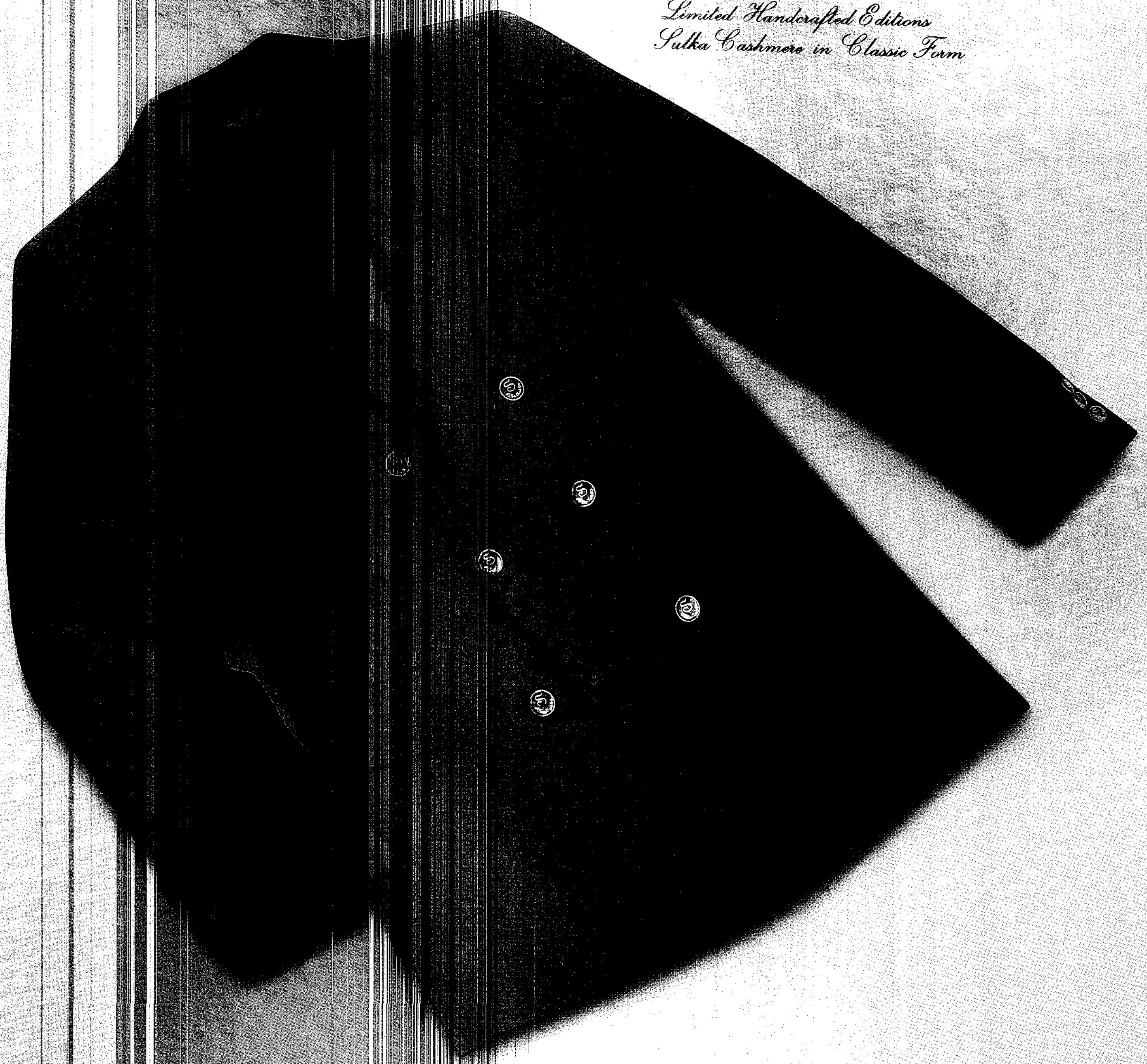

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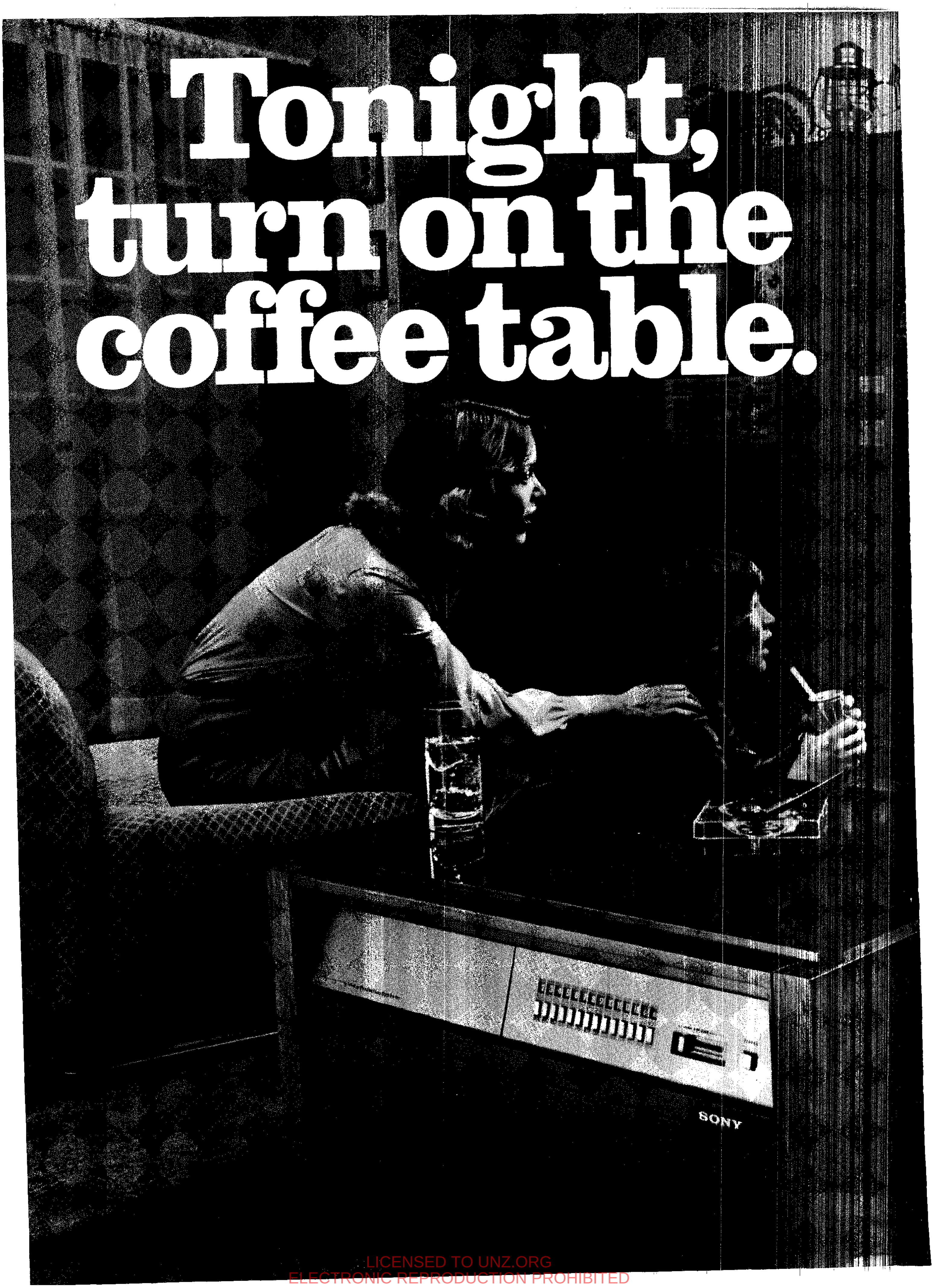
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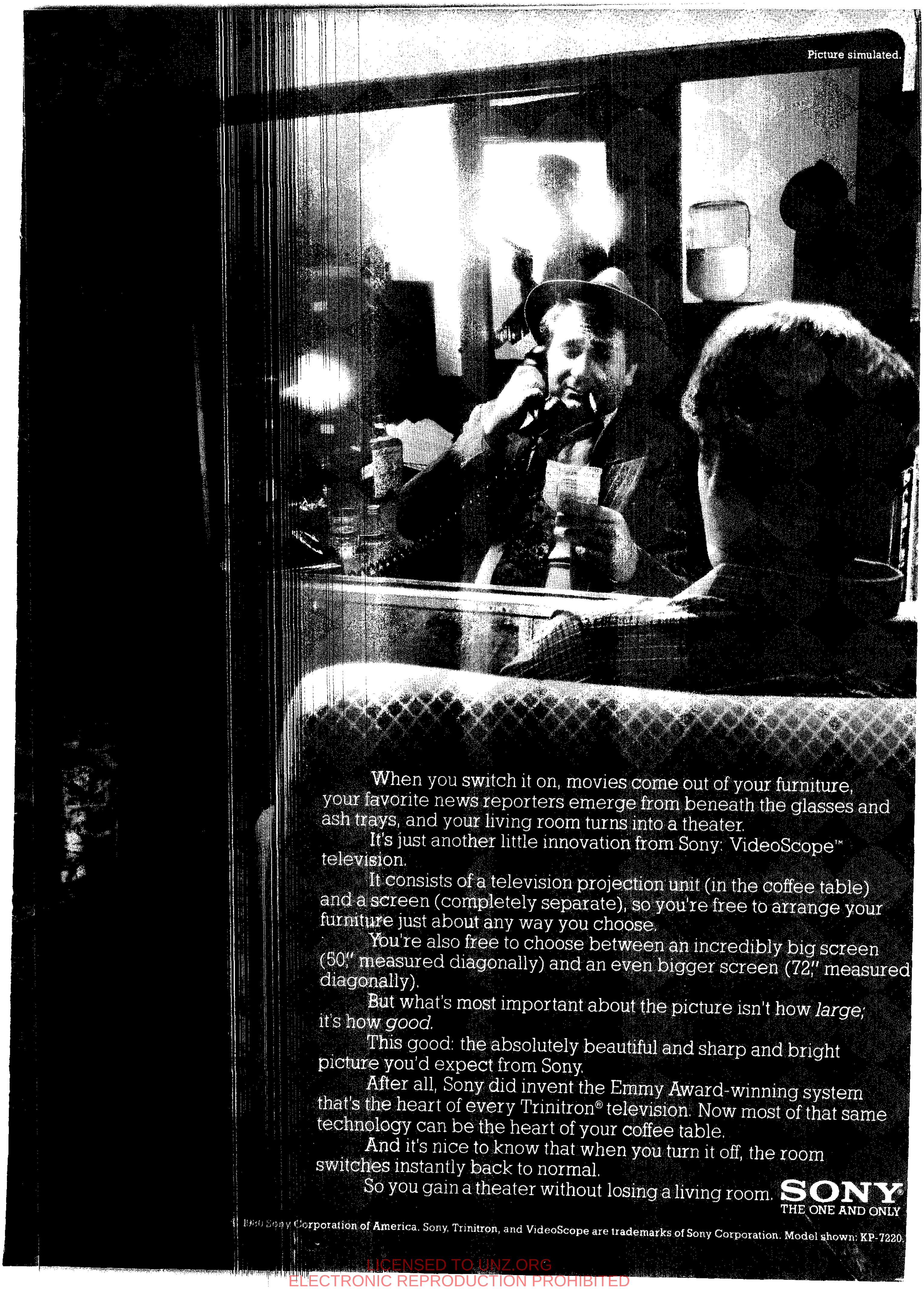

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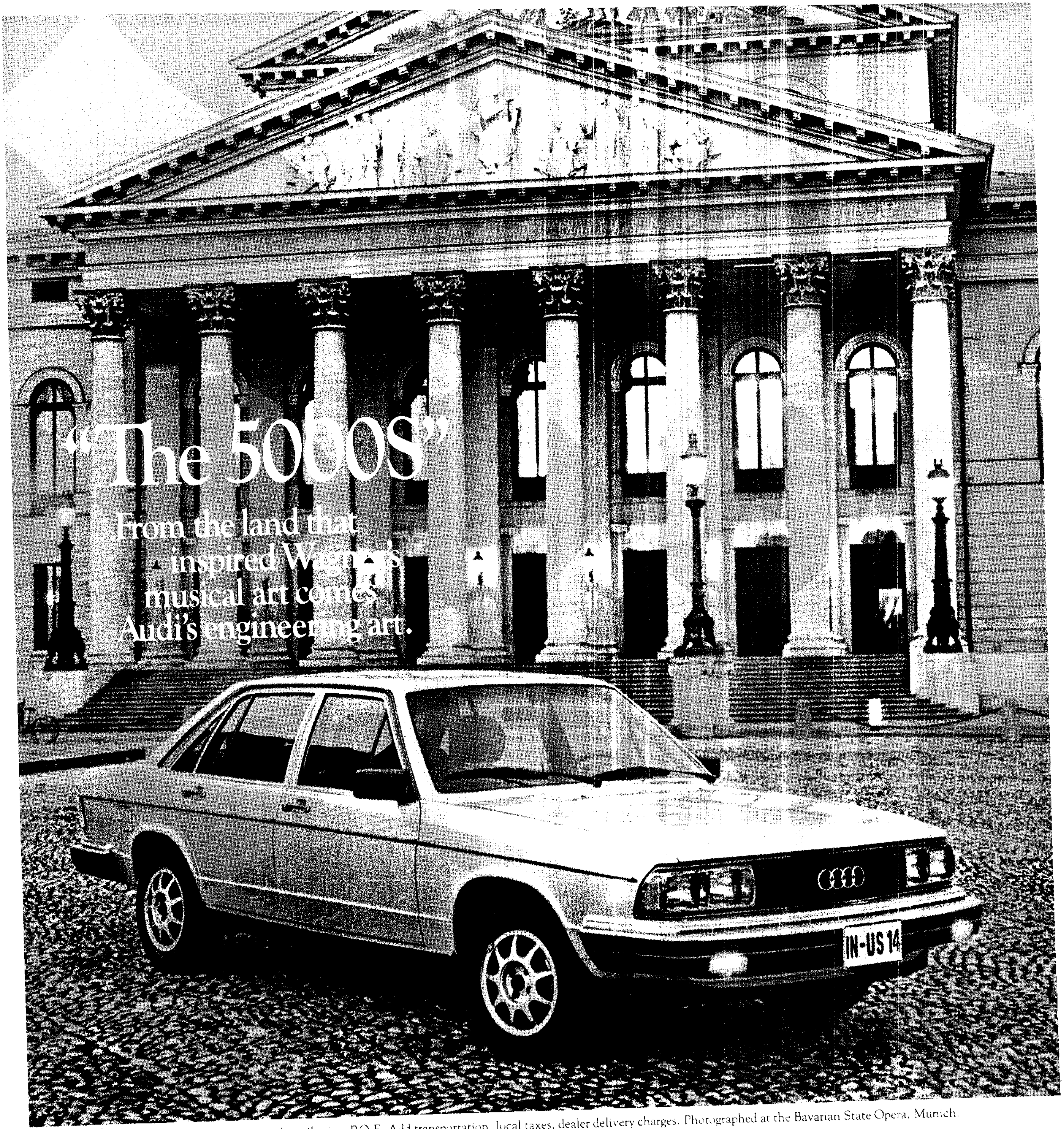
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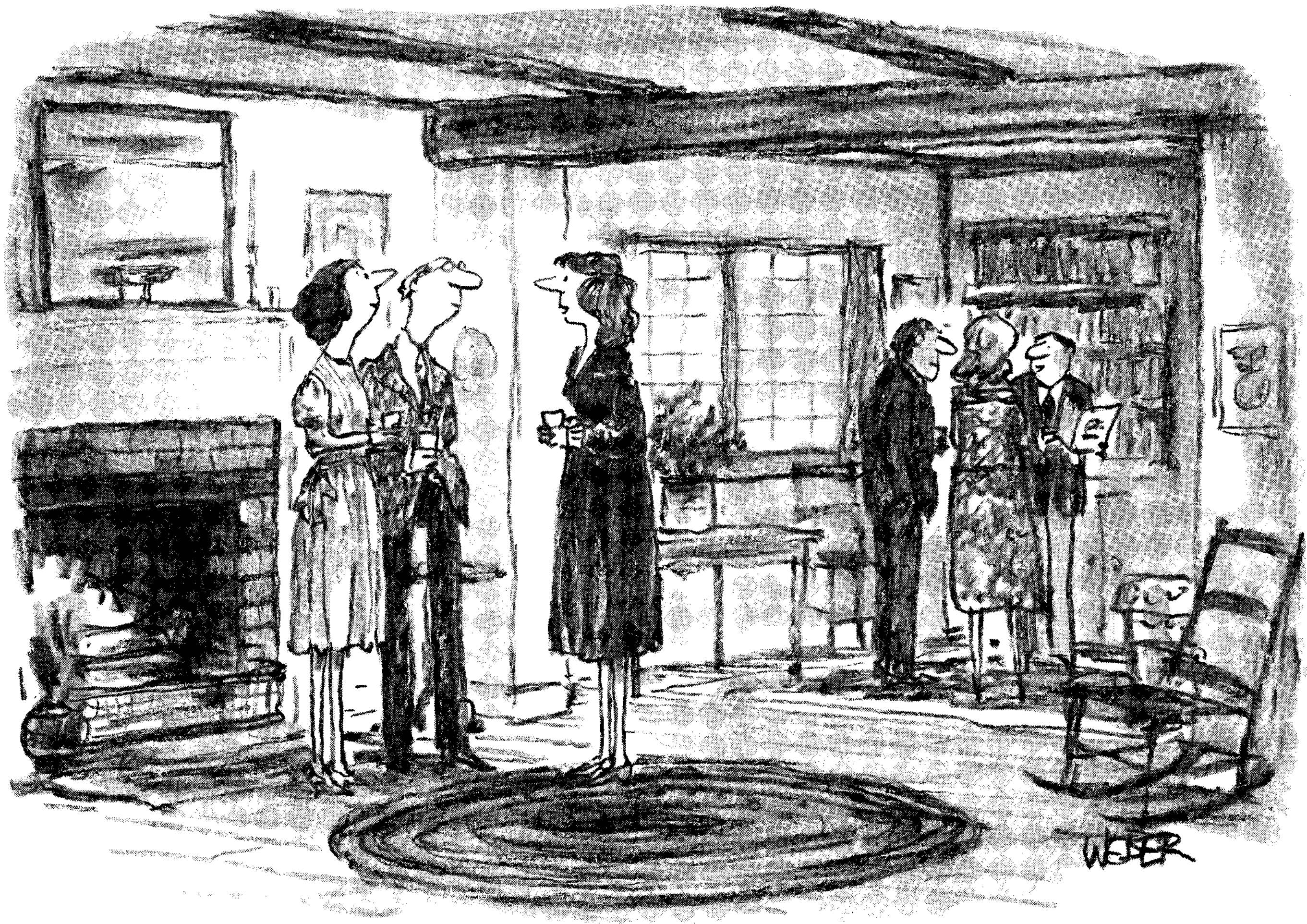
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

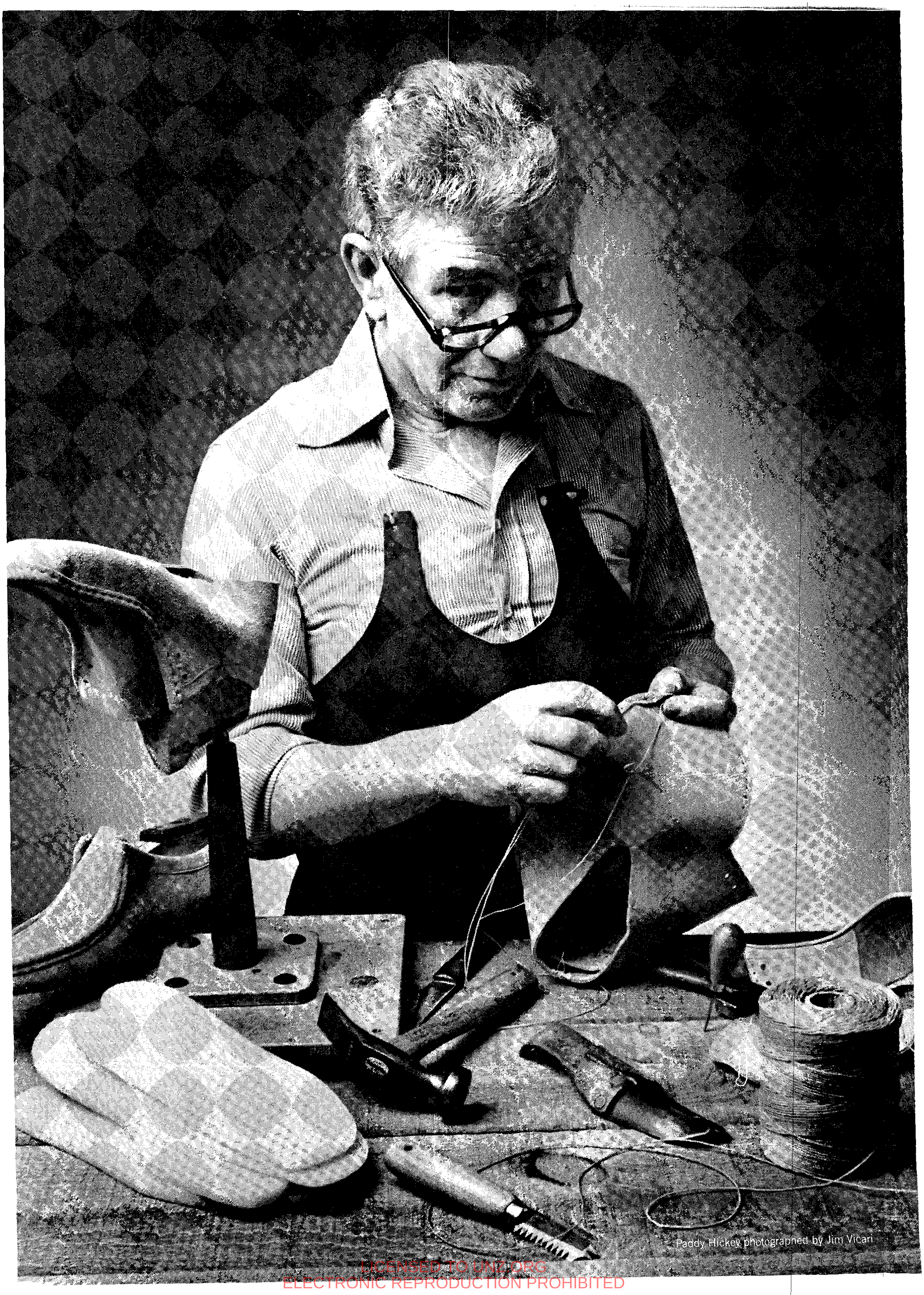
THE Roundabout is extending its creditable production of "Misalliance" for an unlimited run at its Stage One. This merry play of Shaw's can probably most quickly be described as a conversation piece, or multiple talk show, about a rich, self-made underwear manufacturer named John Tarleton—who continues to make himself, intellectually speaking, before our eyes—and about his family and weekend guests at his country house. "Ideas," he tells us time after time, are what interest him, and his lines abound in literary references. That a middle-aged businessman should know and care more about books and ideas than the scattering of aristocrats around him no doubt seemed a more audacious notion, a better joke, in the Edwardian England of 1910, when the play was written, than it does in present-day Manhattan—or London, for that matter. The discussions, most of them two by two, are always entertaining and touch on any number of topics. In his introduction to the play, Shaw writes at great, amusing length on the subject of parents and children and the shyness and discomfort between them, and "Misalliance" is as much about bold, sensible young people offending their thin-skinned, romantic elders as it is about anything else, but it is also about everything and anything that happens to pop into Shaw's head. There is, of course, a story, with a number of startling touches; the weekend is a crucial one for all concerned.

The production, under Stephen Porter's rather literal direction, is, as I say, creditable, though no better than that. An irresistible, cheerful lark, "Misalliance" all but plays itself, but not quite. The performances, despite the merit of some of them—and there is merit—are rarely up to the sparkling mischief of the script. As Tarleton, who represents G.B.S.—at least in his relish, resilience, and high spirits—Philip Bosco does well, and so does Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife. Jeanne Ruskin is their frank and independent daughter, Hypatia, whose brief engagement to a tantrummy aristocrat gives the play its title. Miss Ruskin is not quite my Hypatia (the young Hepburn is more like it), but her reading of "Papa, buy the brute for me" does justice to the liveliest line in the script. The tantrummy aristocrat is Keith McDermott, and the brute—an amateur aviator who lands on the lawn, smashing a greenhouse in the doing—is Peter Coffield. The best performance—in what may well be the best role—is that of the fine young actor Anthony Heald (who was so good in the Roundabout's "Inadmissible Evidence," earlier this season) as Gunner, a miserable, smoldering clerk and bastard son of Tarleton's, who hides in a portable Turkish bath and leaps out at him, gun in hand, grievances at the ready, and photographs of wronged mother in breast pocket. Mr. Heald is a wonder, but it is Bernard Shaw (and not for the first time) who is the star of his show, keeping the audience laughing from start to finish. The impressive scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Roger Mooney, Jane Greenwood, and Ronald Wallace, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER



"The house was built in 1745, but we've only been here three years."



Paddy Hickey photographed by Jim Vicari

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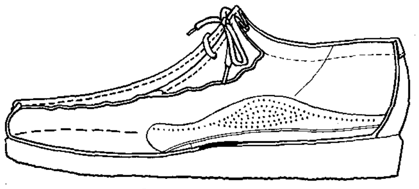

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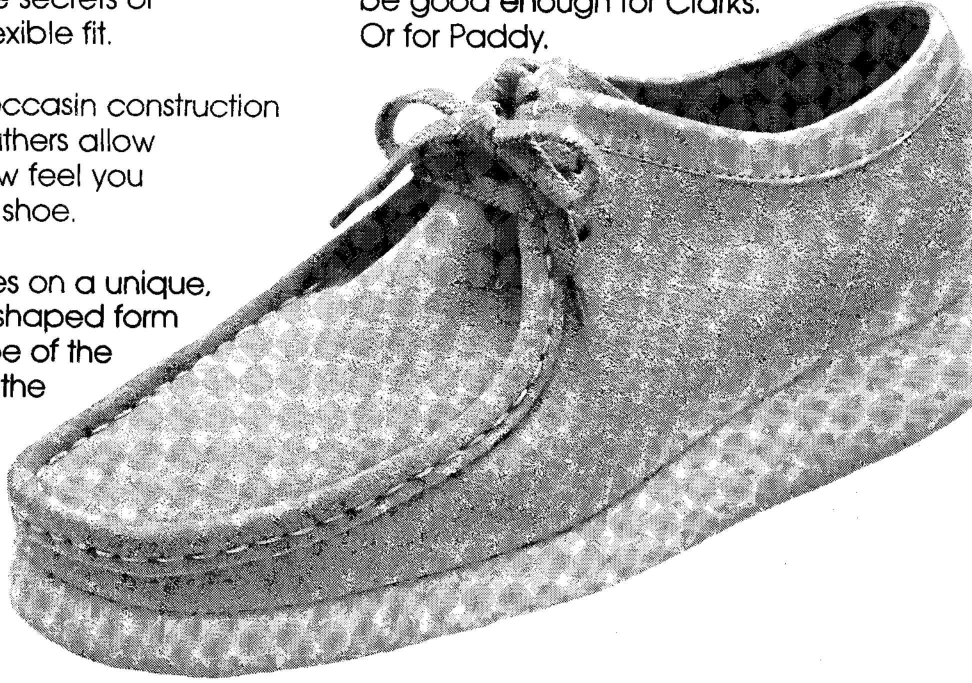

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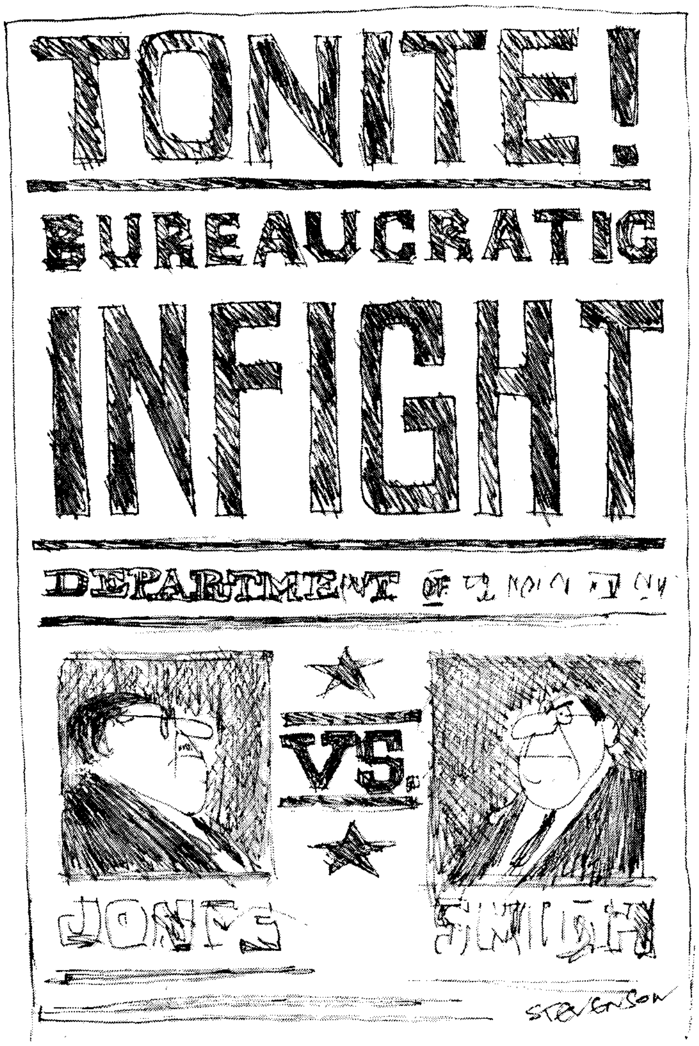
THE SPORTING SCENE

FLYING FOR THE CUP

SHONEY'S BIG BOY, on Ringgold Road in East Ridge, a suburb of Chattanooga, Tennessee, is a homey sort of restaurant, with wood-panelled walls, an attractive Southern menu, a well-stocked soup-and-salad bar, and friendly personnel. At about eight o'clock on a Wednesday evening in October, 1980, six hang-glider pilots sat down in two adjacent booths in Shoney's to have hamburgers, fried chicken, and pork chops. They had come to this part of the country to participate in the third annual American Cup International Hang Gliding Team Championship, a nine-day event that involved six-man teams from the United States, Britain, Canada, Australia, France, and Brazil, and after four days of competition—to the surprise of many observers—the United States team was holding a strong lead. The reason for the observers' surprise was that in the previous two years of the Cup's existence the United States team had finished second to the British, and a lot of people had thought it would do so again. American hang-glider pilots are known to be very good. (Within the sport, the people who fly are called "pilots" or "fliers" but rarely "hang gliders," a term that refers, rather, to their lightweight aircraft.) In the past, however, American pilots had seemed a bit too individualistic and relaxed—a bit too laid back—and so had not been able to coördinate their efforts very well as members of a team. And although team competition is the exception in this sport—most hang gliding, like most skiing or swimming, is done for the fun of it—several of the better American pilots had been unhappy over their humdrum showing thus far.



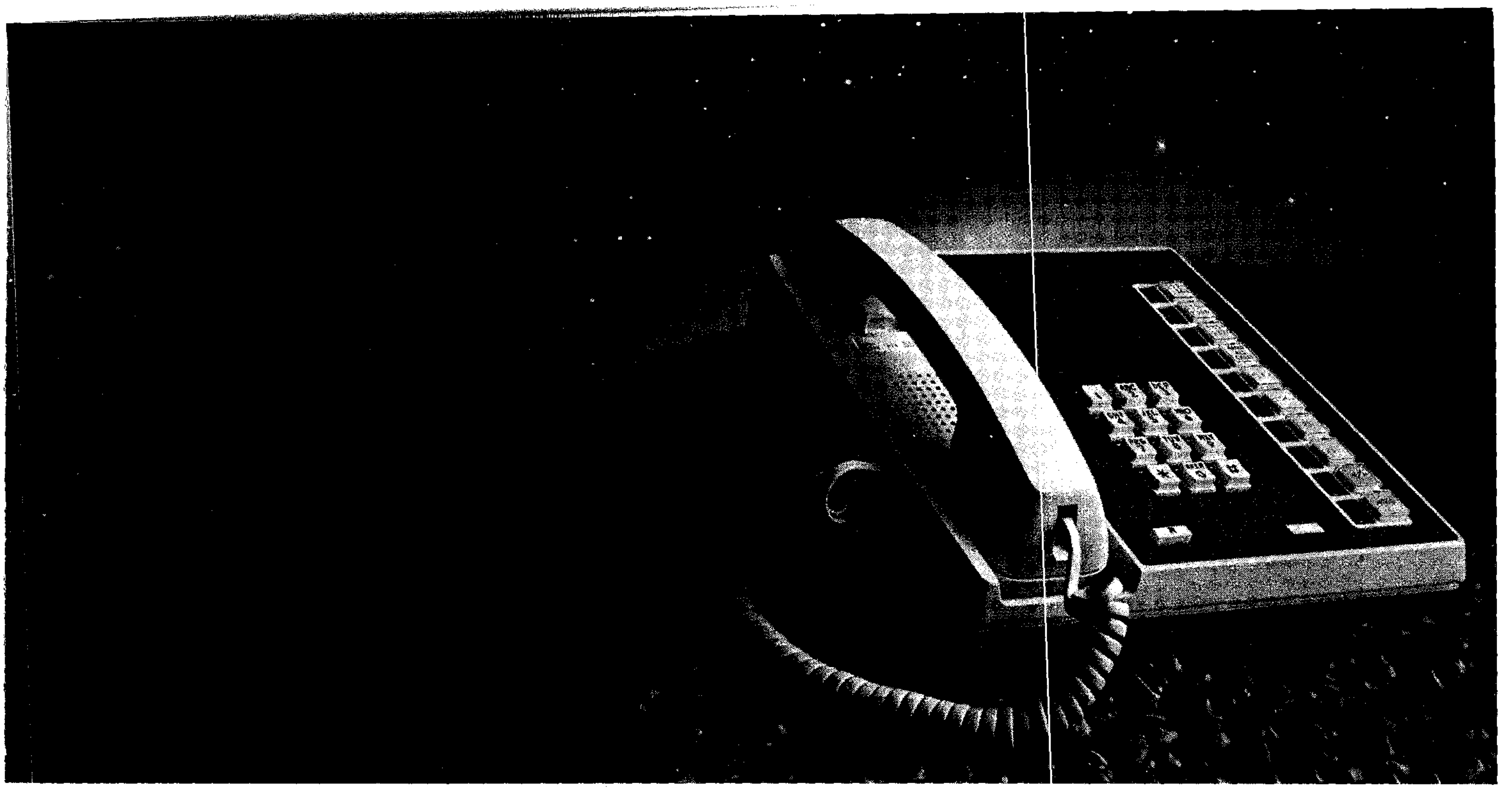
The coach of the United States team was Peter Brock. An accomplished hang-glider pilot himself, Brock is a muscular man in his early forties with a squarish face and graying sideburns, who is the president of a hang-glider manufacturing and sales company called Ultralight Products, or UP, Inc., in Temecula, California. On this Wednesday evening, he sat with five members of his seven-man contingent—six competing fliers and an alternate—discussing strategy. "We're more than twenty-five hundred points ahead of the British right now, and the Canadians are back in third," he said. "So from now on we've got to ease up a little and take our time. We've got to act like we're eager to get the next round off, but what's the rush? If the meet were to be called right now, because of weather, we'd still come out on top."

"You mean we psych them out," said a tall blond pilot called Jeff Scott.

"We psych them out, but we also keep flying better than they do," Brock said. "I think this year we've finally learned how to put it all together."

For a half hour or so, Brock and his team members talked about wind conditions, the terrain, the "tasks" they might be called upon to perform—the tasks, or patterns they were to fly, were always announced at the last minute—and the strengths and foibles of the opposition. Then a pilot called Tom Haddon—he was the current United States National Champion—said, "Who's for an ice-cream run?" The others said they were in favor of one, and Brock and his pilots got up and left the restaurant and walked to a nearby supermarket, where they bought two quarts of butter almond and two quarts of strawberry swirl, which they took back to their rooms at the Sheraton Hotel, just across the road.

FROM the time it began to attract attention, about a decade ago, the sport of hang gliding has been viewed with mixed emotions. Hang gliding—a mode of flight in which a human being attaches himself to a lightweight sail and lets the wind carry it—has almost irresistible appeal, at least at first glance. Because it permits a person to glide, soar, dive, and land in almost the same way that birds do—not just metaphorically but aerodynamically—it comes closer to the ancient dream of human flight than any of the more technologically advanced forms of flight are ever likely to. The first successful experiments with hang gliding date from more than a hundred years ago, but for a number of reasons—some technical and some having to do with attitudes people had toward flight—there was little development of this kind of flight for the better part of this century, and it was not until the mid-nineteen-seventies that hang gliding was taken up by people in significant numbers. Even when the public began to be aware of it, the sport was generally considered a fairly exciting and colorful activity but one that might be, all in all, a little cockeyed. Those who practiced it, though—often with gliders they had built themselves out of ma-



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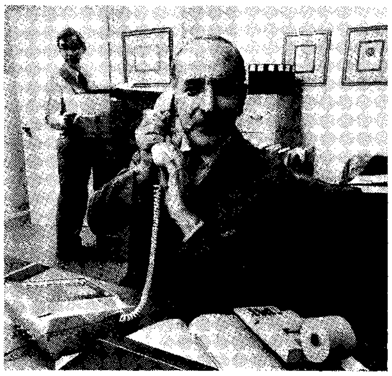

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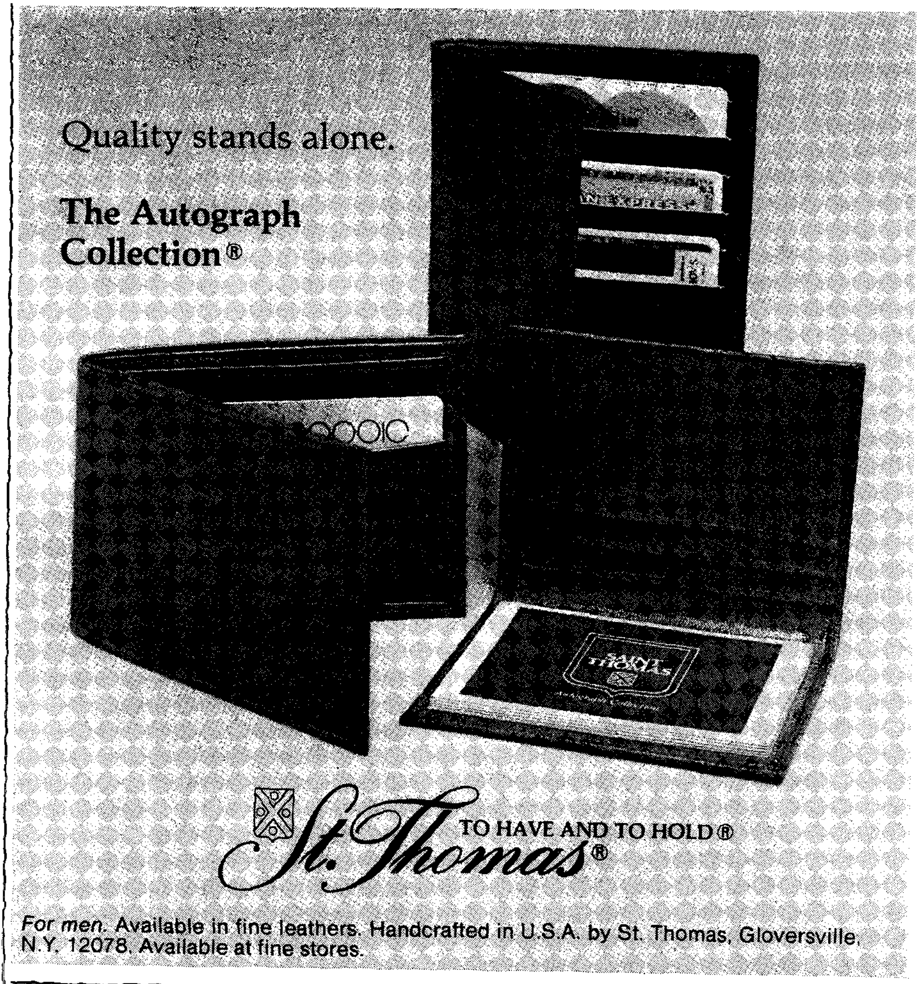
terials like bamboo and plastic—reported that hang gliding was an indescribable thrill, and that it provided all sorts of physical and psychic benefits. Records were set (in October, 1973, a man from Michigan named Rudy Kishazy flew from the top of Mont Blanc, setting both an altitude and a distance record), and for a while it looked as though hang gliding was about to become a full-blown national craze. Not long after the first flush of enthusiasm, however, the riskier aspects of the sport became more apparent, as hang-glider pilots started dropping out of the skies with perturbing frequency. In December, 1975, a student at Baylor University went aloft in a hang glider that was being towed by a car—a variant of the sport—and died when he crashed in the football stadium's parking lot. Three months earlier, a fifty-three-year-old man in Hawaii named James Edward Baker, who was considered a guru by a small band of followers—they called him Yahowha—decided to take to the air, and went out to the east end of Oahu, strapped himself to a hang glider, and jumped off a cliff. Baker, who evidently believed that practice was unnecessary if one's mind was pure, crashed and died on his first attempt at flight. That type of thing, today's fliers say, is what got hang gliding off to a shaky start—at least, in terms of its image. And by that time a pattern of sorts had been established. Hang gliding—in the media, anyway—was being linked with some rather vaporous ideas about surfing (an early name for the sport was "sky surfing"), irresponsible youth, and unacceptable risks. In 1971, three people were killed in hang-gliding accidents, worldwide; in 1973, ten were killed; in 1974, fifty were killed; in 1978, the deaths reached a high of eighty-six; in 1979, the number of deaths dropped to sixty-three, and in 1980 to fifty-one.

Despite such statistics, however, hang gliding continued to exert an exceptionally strong pull on people's imaginations, and more and more people were drawn to it. In 1970, a few hundred were practicing the sport; today there may be as many as seventy-five thousand people hang gliding throughout the world. The United States Hang Gliding Association, which is the sport's largest organization in this country, has grown from a handful of members in 1971, when it was founded, to more than eight thousand members today, most of whom are male, white,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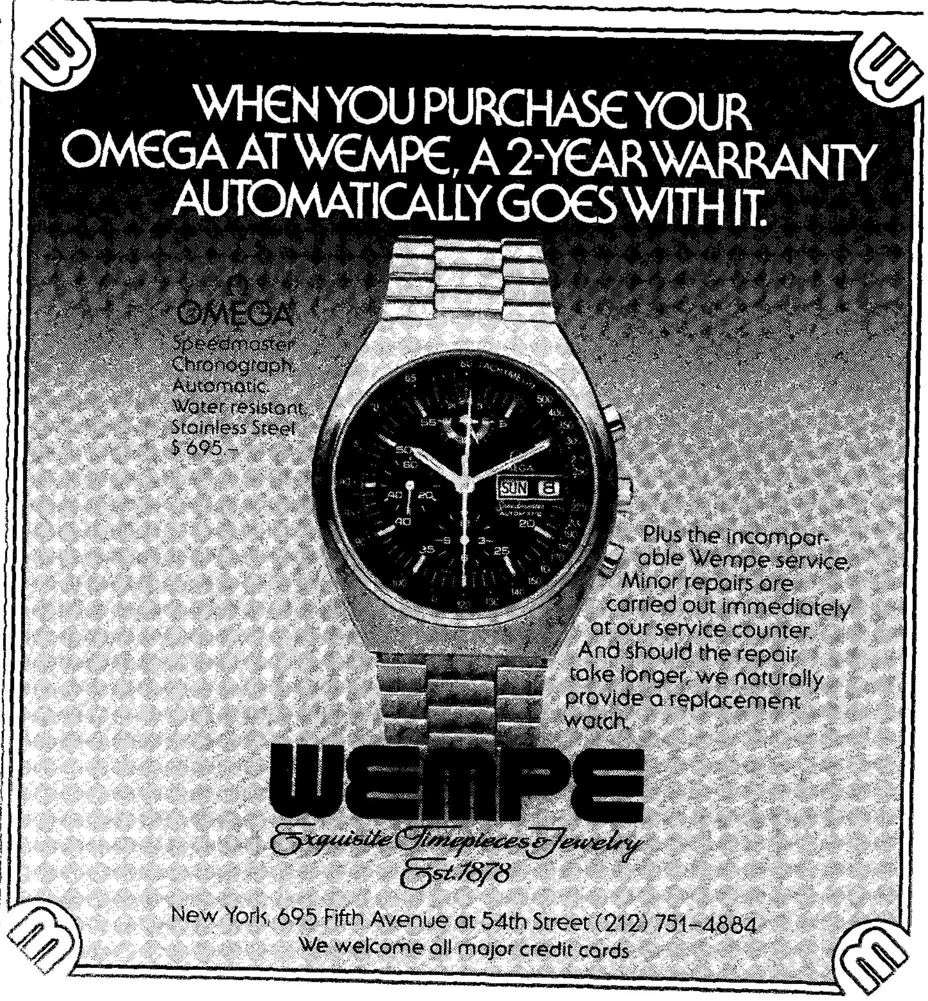
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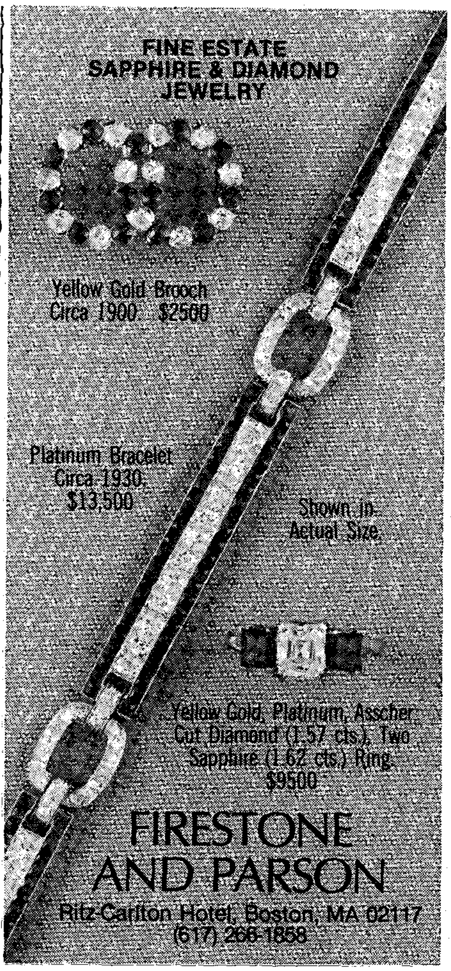
and between twenty and forty years old.

In the early nineteen-seventies, the Federal Aviation Administration debated whether it should issue regulations to govern hang gliding. Eventually, the F.A.A. decided not to meddle with the sport—a decision that left the hang-gliding community free to set up its own standards in such areas as glider manufacture and the training and qualifying of pilots, and that gratified most participants, who would sooner regulate themselves anyway. (In July, 1981, however, the F.A.A. did propose regulations to govern hang gliders and other ultralight vehicles, raising the possibility that some sort of F.A.A. supervision *may* begin next year.) In 1979, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company issued figures showing that in 1978 between twenty thousand and sixty thousand people were hang-gliding in this country. If the lower figure is used, hang gliding would appear to be the third most dangerous sport now being practiced—ranking only behind flying home-built aircraft and skydiving. If the higher figure is used, hang gliding would appear to be the sixth most dangerous sport—behind flying home-built aircraft, skydiving, mountain climbing, flying lighter-than-air ships, and scuba diving. For the past seven years, a California lawyer, R. V. Wills—two of whose five sons have died in hang-gliding accidents—has undertaken the sad task of compiling fatality statistics for the sport's various publications. Meanwhile, hang gliding has continued to develop, and to attract increasing numbers of dedicated fliers, many of whom have put it at the center of their lives. At the same time, however, the media have taken to treating hang gliding in a distinctly curious way. Its color, its drama, and its supposed trendiness are sometimes invoked as background motifs in soft-drink or chewing-gum commercials, and now and then a gorgeously patterned hang glider will turn up in a fashion photograph. But television has yet to devote a major sports program to hang gliding, and many newspapers—including the *Times*—continue to keep hang gliding almost entirely out of their sports sections, running an article about it only as an occasional feature, or when someone has been killed or seriously injured. While injuries in established sports like boxing or bobsledding or even automobile racing are, apparently, all the result of generally accepted risks, the newer sport of hang



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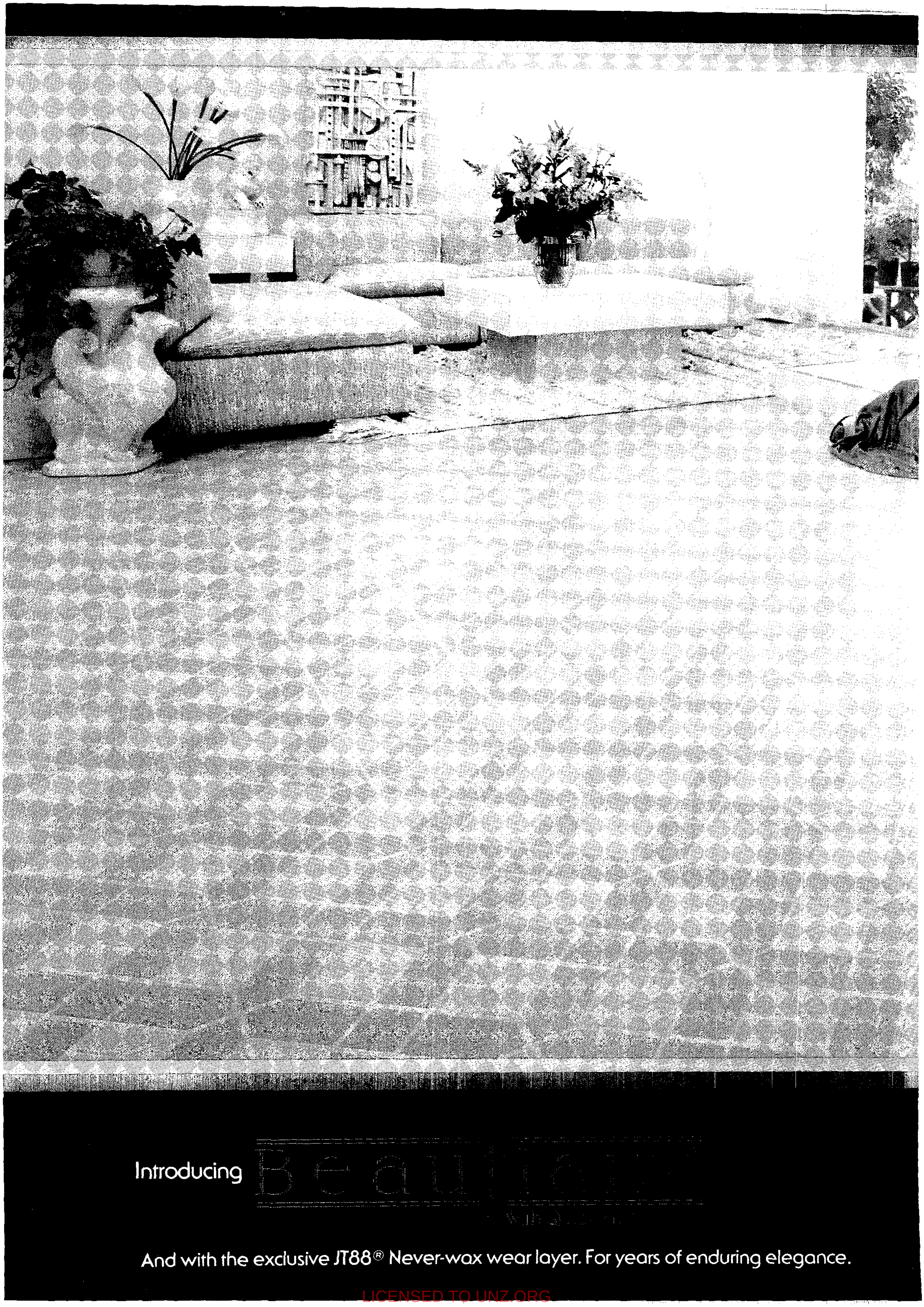
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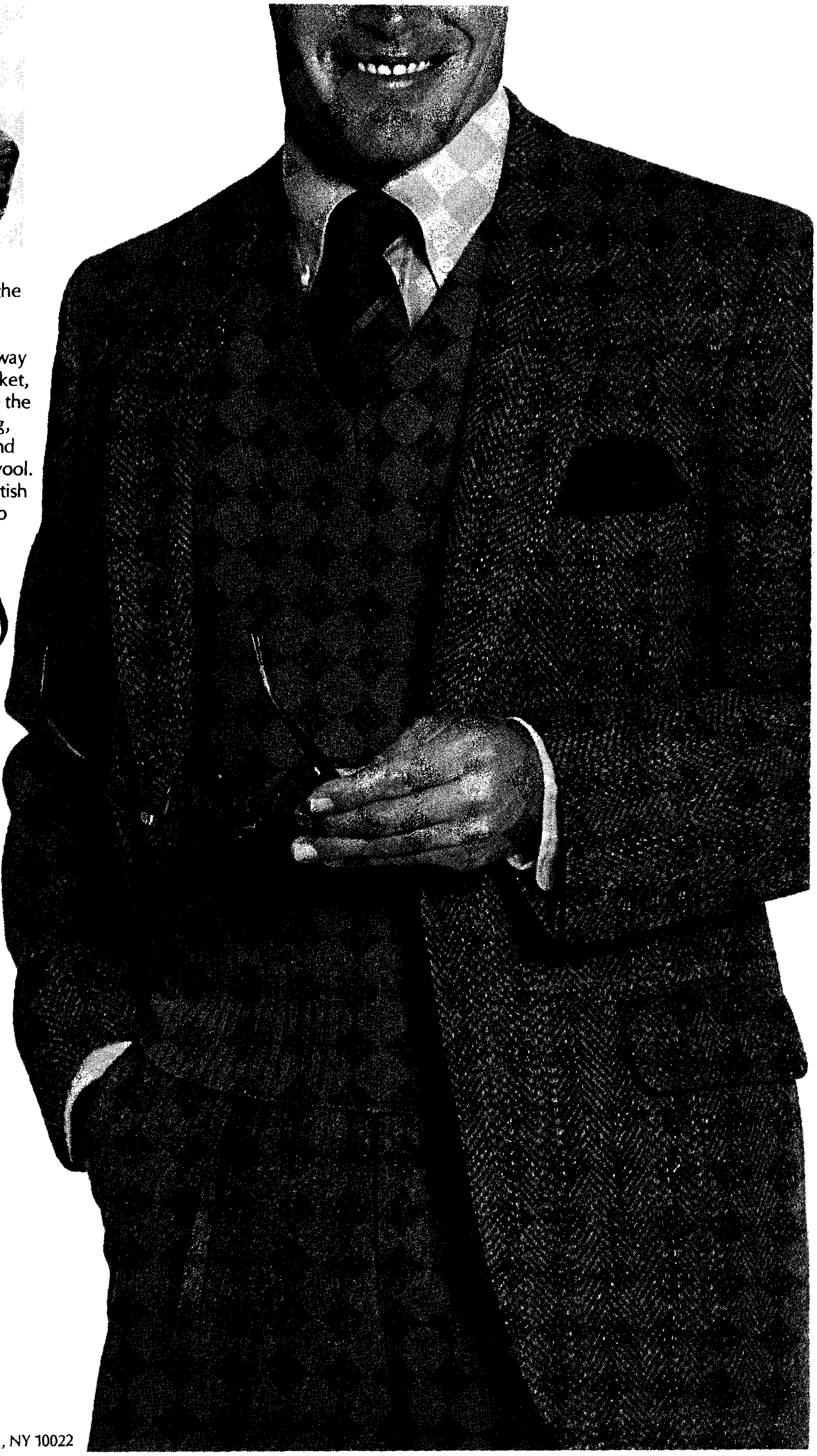

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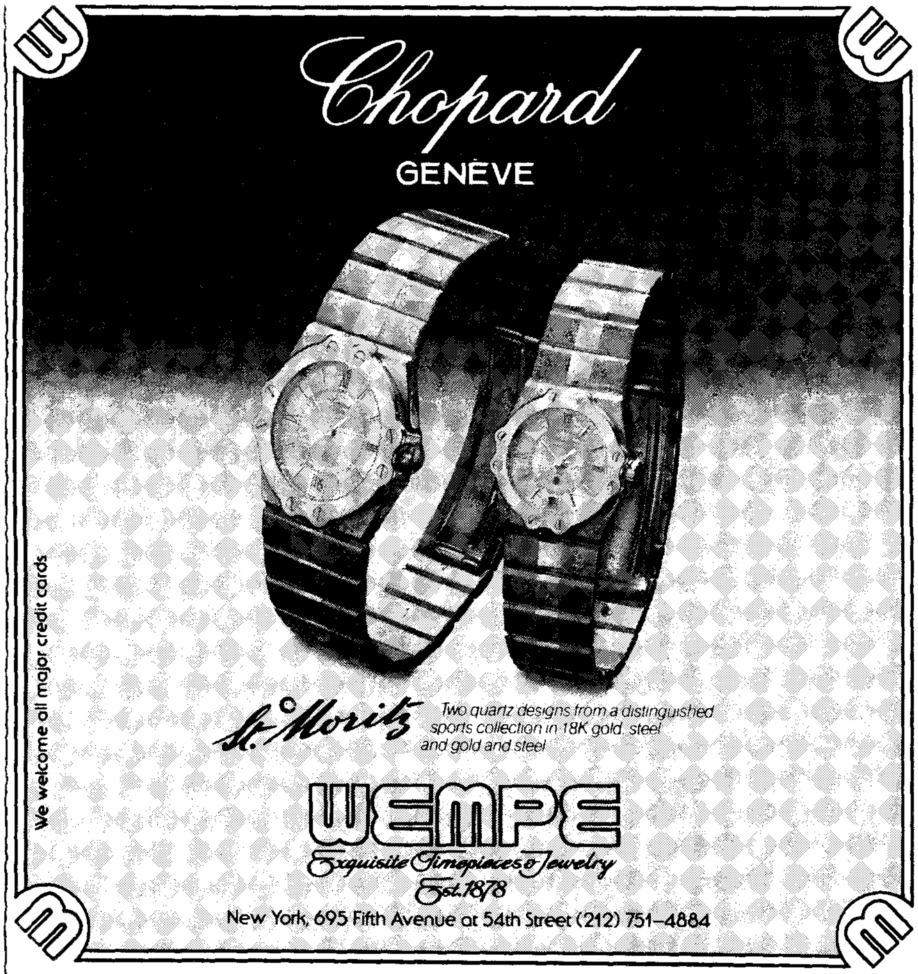
gliding seems to have been consigned —for the moment, anyway—to an exotic realm of its own, somewhere in the blue yonder.

I HAD come to the Chattanooga area after watching a fair amount of hang gliding in the Northeast. Several of the pilots who fly the area around Ellenville, New York—one of the better Eastern hang-gliding sites —had told me that for a good all-around view of the sport, I really ought to see the American Cup. A number of competitive meets have come into existence over the past few years, including the annual United States National Hang Gliding Championships, the annual European Hang Gliding Championships, and the biennial World Hang Gliding Championships. The American Cup, the pilots in the Northeast had told me, not only draws the world's best fliers but usually ends up being one of hang gliding's more animated events.

Early on the Thursday morning after I had arrived in East Ridge, a man named Tracy Knauss, a thirty-year-old native of Texas, picked me up in his car at my motel and drove me to Raccoon Mountain, a few miles west of the city, where that day's flying was to take place. Knauss is the publisher of *Glider Rider*, a monthly, which he began publishing in Chattanooga in 1976, and which has become the sport's largest periodical. As we drove along a winding road up the mountain, he explained that the American Cup had come into being as the result of a bet between him and Brian Milton, who was the editor of the monthly magazine *Wings!*—the official publication of the British Hang Gliding Association, which is a counterpart of the U.S.H.G.A.

"Brian and I were talking long-distance, about three years ago," Knauss said. "I claimed that American pilots were superior to British pilots, and he claimed the opposite. I bet him five dollars that he was wrong, and he took the bet. But how were we going to prove anything? The answer was the American Cup, which we first staged here in 1978. It's run along principles similar to those used in the America's Cup of yacht racing. Each year, we challenge other nations to take the Cup away from us, if they can. Of course, last year and the year before, that's just what happened. The British won both times, and last year the Americans almost didn't even make second place—they tied for it



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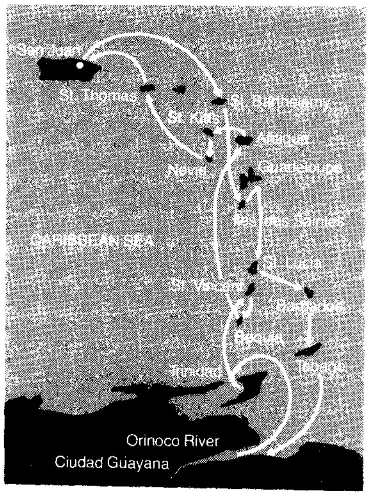

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with Canada. We started by having four competing countries, but now we've expanded to six. It would be difficult to go beyond that, because you just can't accommodate many more gliders in the air at one time."

I remarked that, for a sport that is most often practiced in an impromptu way, with pilots simply driving out on a weekend to fly, competition flying seemed surprisingly well organized.

"Well, this kind of thing has really come of age in the last two or three years," Knauss said. "You take almost all the fliers here at the American Cup. They include most of the top pilots in the world, and they've been selected for their teams by their national organizations, usually on the basis of how well they've done in other competitions during the past year. Some of them are professionals—that is, they fly for hang-glider manufacturing companies, often as test pilots—and there are enough meets now to keep them occupied almost all year round, if they can get themselves from one part of the world to another. But from the point of view of a promoter—of people like me and my partners in the Cup—the thing is maddeningly complex. The area around Chattanooga is first-rate as far as flying is concerned. But a good flying site and a well-run competition—these things don't just happen. They take a lot of work. And, what with the somewhat dubious reputation hang gliding got in its early years, a lot of people don't want gliders flying over their property, much less landing on it. We had a problem here earlier this year, when one of the local citizens came out and fired a shotgun at some pilots who were flying over his farm. Fortunately, he missed."

AT about nine-thirty, Knauss rounded a bend in the road, and I found that we were in a valley surrounded by steep, heavily vegetated slopes. The sky was a sketchily clouded blue, and a mild wind was blowing. As Knauss pulled into a parking area, he told me that we were at Crystal Flight Resort. The site had been developed for hang gliding by a local outfit, and the American Cup competition was using it because wind conditions at the main site, on Lookout Mountain—a site that Knauss and some associates had developed—were not suitable for flying that day. As we got out of the car, I saw that about two hundred people had already arrived. Many of them were standing in small groups on

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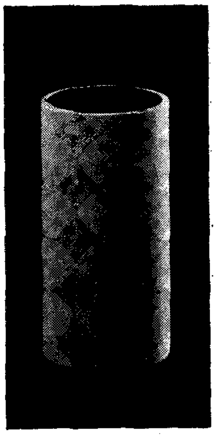

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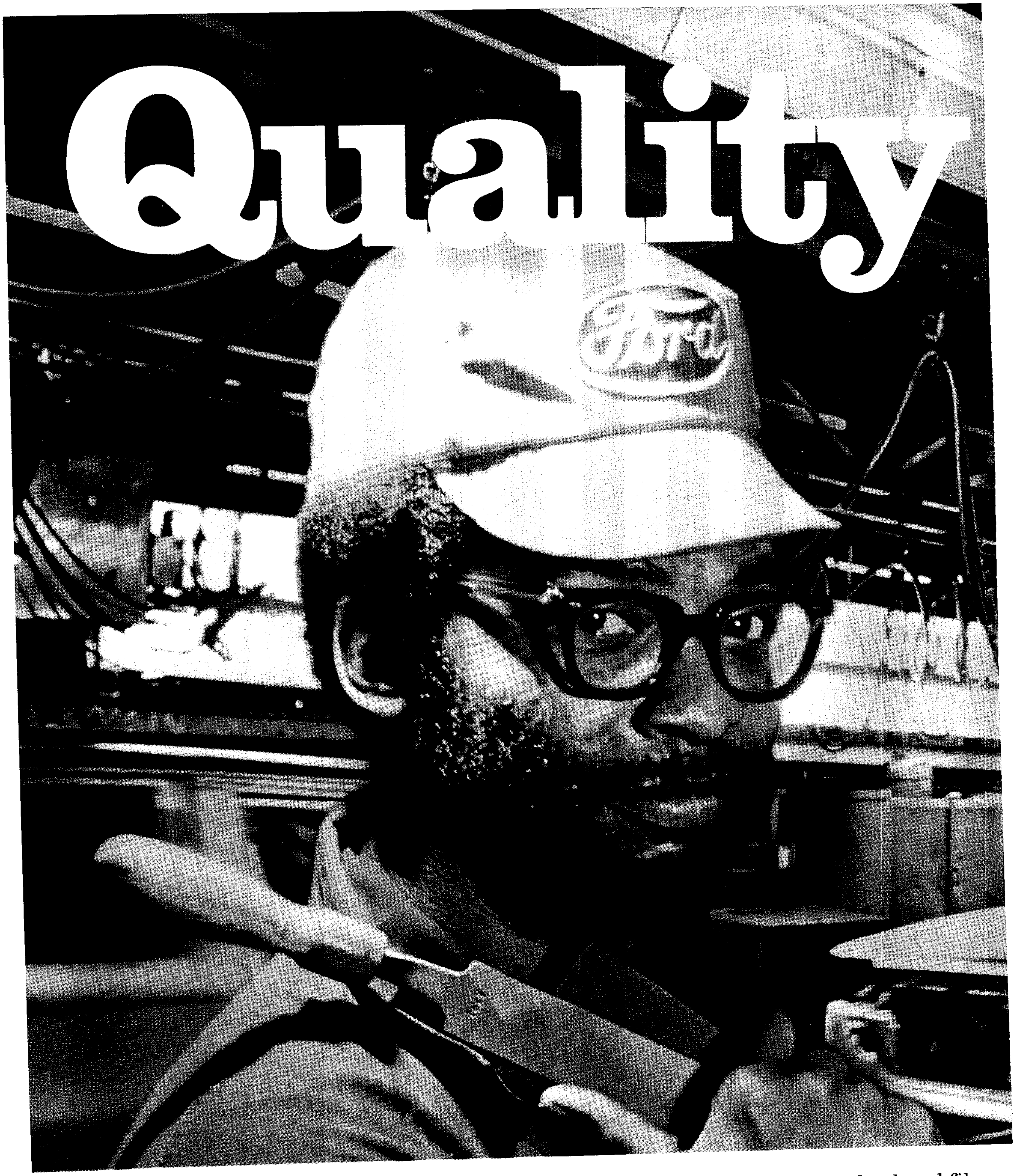

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the border of a large meadow, which served as a landing field. In the center of this field, firmly held down, was a red-and-white bull's-eye painted on a piece of canvas. At one side of the meadow, at the base of a rugged slope, were a couple of chalet-like buildings in an ersatz-Tudor style—a souvenir shop and a lunch counter—some picnic tables, and a small wooden structure that was the lower station for a funicular railway. The railway, it turned out, had been built several years before to take sightseers up the mountain, but it was now being used as a handy way of transporting pilots and their gliders up to a cliff that served as the launch site.

A couple of noncompeting pilots had already made short flights, and now their gliders rested on the landing field like huge, somnolent moths. While Knauss set off to talk with the meet director, a man named Sean Dever, I walked over to one of the gliders. Its sail was gold, two shades of blue, and white. Its pilot, a young fellow in a beige T-shirt and a pair of cut-off jeans, was leaning over examining the craft, and his gliding helmet—a plastic affair with holes in its sides to permit the wind to pass through—lay on the ground nearby. A glider of this sort—it has flexible wings, which can be rolled up easily for transportation—is the most common type. It weighs about sixty pounds, and consists of a simple framework of aluminum tubing with a sail of Dacron stretched over it in such a way that, when the wind catches the sail, it billows in certain carefully predetermined ways, so that it mimics, as far as possible, the shape of a bird's wings when the bird is gliding. In aerodynamic terms, this billowing sail becomes an airfoil. Guy wires of stainless steel stretch from several points on the wings, and from a horizontal aluminum spar known as the crossbar, to points on the control bar. The control bar, which is beneath the wings, at the glider's center of gravity, is a large element of one-inch aluminum tubing that the pilot grasps while flying. It is in the form of an isosceles triangle—its two equal sides are six feet long, and the third is five feet long—which is attached at its apex to a horizontal member known as the keel. By shifting his body while grasping the control bar, the pilot is able to steer the glider.

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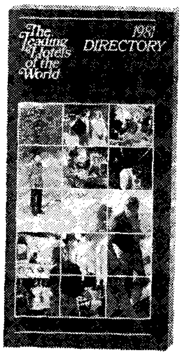

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and it was delivered last month. It's made by the Wills Wing company, in California. This is a Raven, one of their top models. Of course, it cost me fourteen hundred bucks, so I'll probably end up sleeping with it."

He turned to examine a device called a variometer, which was attached to the control bar, and which indicates the glider's rate of ascent or descent in flight, and I walked across the landing field toward a red Ford van, where a group of people were standing. The van was the mobile headquarters of the British team. Among the group was Brian Milton, who was here this year as the nonflying captain—the coach—of the British team.

Milton, who lives in Bristol, is a mustached, stocky man in his late thirties. We discussed the competition so far, and Milton, too, told me that the Americans were flying much better than he had expected. "We're pretty sure we can pull it out, though," he said. "Our blokes are damned good pilots. I think we're really tough. At home, we fly a great deal in the Midlands, where the mountains are not very high but where you have great stretches of hills and valleys that facilitate soaring. Here, so far, it hasn't been very soarable, and sometimes you'll see a pilot absolutely scratching to stay airborne. Till now—mainly because of the weather—we haven't been able to capitalize on our best qualities, like cross-country flying. So if we're going to win, we'll just have to have the better team strategy."

He went on to talk about the relative merits of various makes of hang gliders. It is a topic that can absorb hang-glider pilots for hours. In Milton's view, the chief battle for the Cup would be between gliders known as the Atlas and the Comet. The Atlas, which had come on the market about two years before, was made by a firm called La Mouette, in Dijon, which sells about a thousand five hundred hang gliders a year and is the largest hang-glider manufacturer in Europe. The co-president and chief designer of La Mouette is Gérard Thevenot, who was a leading member of the French team at the American Cup, and who, a few months earlier, had finished first in the 1980 European Hang Gliding Championships, at Kössen, Austria. The Comet, an even newer glider, was the latest model to come from Peter Brock's firm, UP. Five of the six-member French team were flying Atlases, as were three members of the British team. All six members of the

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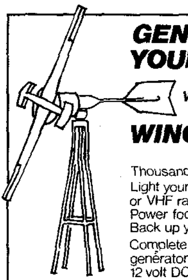

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United States team were flying Comets, as were all six members of the Brazilian team and one member of the Canadian team. The other pilots in competition were flying a variety of recent models, the most popular of which was an Australian glider known as a Moyes Mega II.

"In judging the performance of a hang glider, you must consider four main qualities," Milton added. "Sink rate, handling, glide ratio, and speed. Sink rate, of course, is the number of feet per minute a glider will fall. Unless there is lift from the atmosphere, a glider is always sinking as it moves forward. Handling is a measure of how quickly and smoothly—and subtly—a craft will respond to its pilot's hand and body movements. As for glide ratio, it is the horizontal distance covered divided by the amount of descent. The higher the glide ratio, the farther a glider will travel from a given altitude. When it comes to speed, it's interesting to note that today's best gliders are at least twice as fast as the gliders of only a decade ago. Well, in considering these qualities you'll find that some gliders are fast but don't handle well, and some gliders that handle well don't have much speed or they have a bad glide ratio. Sometimes a glider may seem to be superior in all four categories, but something can still go wrong. That's what happened with a glider called the Jet. La Mouette came up with the Jet about three years ago, and for a while it was all the rage. It was a beautiful craft, and very fast, but under certain conditions it had a tendency to tuck—to turn upside down suddenly—and go into a dive from which even the best pilots couldn't recover. A number of blokes were killed flying the Jet before it was withdrawn from the market."

The rest of the morning was an exercise in standing around waiting. Occasionally, some of the pilots and members of their support crews would go over to one of the ersatz-Tudor buildings to get something to eat. Not far from the picnic tables, I found Sean Dever, the meet director, who was conferring with some of his aides. He is a dark-haired, handsome man in his early thirties, who had been a member of the United States team at the American Cup in 1979. He told me that the Cup competition was based on speed, altitude, duration, distance, and accuracy of turns and landings. "In the scoring system we use, a pilot must complete a task successfully in order to receive any points at all,"

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Dever said. "The scoring goes like this: Nine hundred flight points are given to a pilot for first place in each heat, six hundred for second place, and three hundred for third place. But because it takes twelve heats to run off each round—the thirty-six competing pilots are assigned to twelve three-man heats—the system usually results in more than one pilot coming up with the same number of points. Therefore, we've allowed for a few extra points in each heat. They are known as landing points, and a pilot is awarded from zero to fifty, according to how close he manages to land to the bull's-eye. During the first three days of the meet, we were able to get off two rounds of competition each day. But yesterday was pretty dreary, and we only managed to fly one short round, early in the afternoon. Today looks a little dubious, too. If possible, we'd like to run off five or six more rounds between now and Sunday, but you know how hang gliding is—everything depends on the wind."

Just after noon, word came from the top of the mountain, over the teams' numerous FM radios, that conditions were beginning to look favorable for flying, and the pilots and some of their nonflying colleagues got ready to head for the launch site. At most flying sites, the folded gliders are secured on top of automobiles, on padded racks, and transported to the launch site that way. But since there was a storage compartment beneath the funicular car, the pilots were able to stow their gliders under the car and ride in style. For the next half hour, the little car tooled up and down the mountainside, while—from a radio in a parked van—country music drifted over the landing field.

By now, light winds were blowing, and the clouds had begun to stretch out over the mountain. When the flying started, at about twelve-forty-five, it appeared to be routine. First—in accordance with the practice at all competitions—a couple of wind dummies took off from the launch site. A wind dummy is a noncompeting pilot who sets out to fly a prescribed course ahead of the competitors, to test the wind. One of the wind dummies was flying a green-yellow-and-white glider, the other a blue-and-orange one; one glider followed the other off the cliff, and they made a few slow turns before heading down toward the meadow, their wings swelling slightly in a moderate wind. To observers on the ground, they appeared first as distant,

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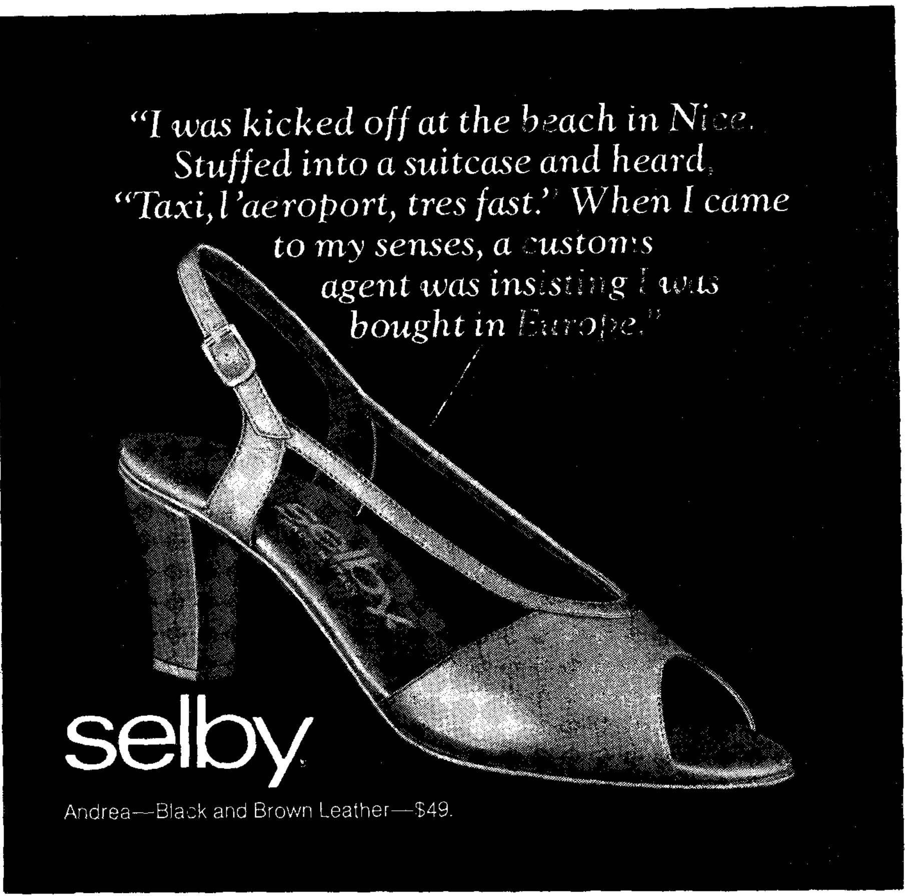

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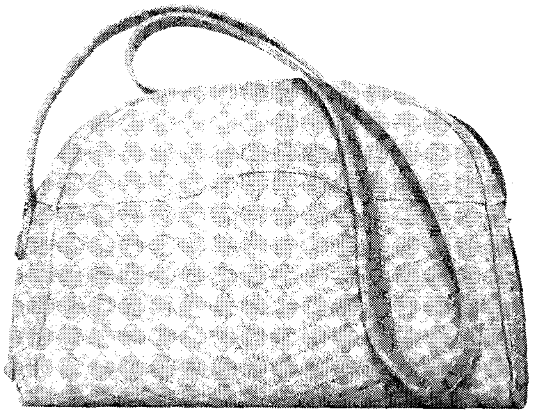

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silent birds and then as great man-birds with thirty-two-foot wingspans. They swung wide in a hundred-and-eighty-degree arc as they approached the landing field, and then swooped over people's heads with a loud *whoosh* just before the pilots landed, on their feet, running.

Watching the pilots' fairly direct flight patterns, I could see that the wind conditions were adequate for competition, if not exactly optimal. Dever had explained to me that the three pilots in each heat of Round 8—as in all rounds at this year's American Cup—had been selected so that, as far as possible, pilots who were performing at equal levels of ability were pitted against one another. (As pilots rose or fell in the standings during the competition, their positions in the heats were altered accordingly.) The three men would take off in quick succession, and their flights would be timed by observers on the ground. Because of the light winds, Dever had called for a duration task, with the expectation that none of the pilots would be able to stay up more than ten minutes or so. If the winds changed for the better while the round was in progress, Dever announced, the pilots were to alter the task, and aim at staying aloft for as long as three hours.

It was now a few minutes after one, and at a radioed signal from Dever, who had remained near the landing field, Round 8 got under way. The first heat included Randy Rouck, of Canada; Graham Hobson, of Britain; and Steve Moyes, of Australia. Hobson picked up nine hundred flight points for a first place, having managed to stay aloft twelve minutes and nine seconds. He also received nine landing points. Moyes received six hundred flight points for a second place, having stayed up for eleven minutes and twenty-six seconds, plus nine landing points; and Rouck received three hundred flight points for a third place, plus nine landing points, coming in at ten minutes and forty-five seconds. When the second heat began, it looked as if wind conditions had begun to change. I stood at the edge of the landing field, watching the flying through binoculars, and as Jeff Burnett, of the United States, took off, his red-white-and-blue Comet glided eastward for a while and, instead of turning back west, seemed to enter an unexpected zone of rising air. Getting off just after Burnett, Pedro Paulo Lopes, of Brazil, flying a brown-and-gold Comet, headed over a clump of trees directly in front of the launch site. Then, as people on the landing field gasped, he swooped too low, was caught by the tips of the trees, and dived into them. Word came over the radios that Lopes had not been injured but that his glider had been rather seriously damaged. At 1:10 P.M., Gérard Thevenot, of France, took off in a light-blue-and-white Atlas. He joined Burnett above a small range of low-lying hills just northeast of the launch site. Watching the two of them, you could tell that they had found some kind of strong updraft.

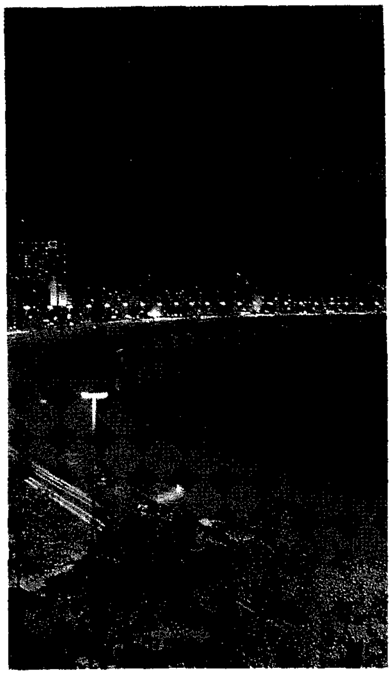
One of the most sought-after meteorological effects in hang gliding is a phenomenon called thermal lift, which pilots usually call simply a "thermal." Thermals are rising currents of air that are created when the ground has been heated by the sun. They are especially prevalent over mountainous terrain, and they have been compared to immense bubbles—the British often call them "blobs." Although thermals are invisible, they are easily sensed by an experienced pilot, who will usually do his best to maneuver so as to stay near the core of a thermal, letting it carry him higher and higher, until it begins to dissipate, when he will try to fly over to another one. Another phenomenon, known as "ridge lift"—this occurs when wind strikes the face of a ridge and is diverted upward, and it is often found in conjunction with thermals—also makes possible the highly desirable technique of soaring. Without these two kinds of lift—and without two or three rarer forms of natural lift—a hang-glider pilot would have no way of gaining altitude. With them, however, hang-glider pilots have been known to climb as high as ten thousand feet above their takeoff point and to fly for more than a hundred and sixty miles without touching down.

Now, it seemed, the pilots had found both kinds of lift, and after fifteen minutes had gone by, a cluster of hang gliders were circling above the hills near the launch site, looking like hawks high above the landscape, and climbing ever higher. Soon there were a dozen gliders circling, and then another group of ten or twelve found a second area of rising air, over the landing field. Before long, a couple of dozen hang gliders were in the sky, drifting in broad circles above the hills, their wings dipping as they appeared to slice their way in slow curves through the air, steadily rising as they maneuvered to let the updrafts carry them still higher, toward the cloud base. Nine pilots—including the unfortunate Lopes—had come down early in the round, but the rest remained aloft, eventually reaching a height where they became elusive pinpoints, vanishing against the sun.

During these long flights, I strolled around the landing field, talking to members of the support crews—almost all of whom were capable pilots themselves—and after I had watched the soaring gliders for some time I headed back toward the red Ford van, where Brian Milton was talking to a small, white-haired woman in a pullover and jeans, with two cameras slung around her neck. She was Bettina Gray, a sixty-five-year-old woman whom I had first met a month or so earlier, at a hang-gliding event near Ellenville. Ever since the modern sport of hang gliding began, she has been photographing it. By her own count, she has taken some fifty thousand pictures of it, many of which have been published in magazines like the American *Glider Rider* and *Hang Gliding*, the British *Wings!*, and the French *Vol Libre*. Some years ago, she gave up flying—she used to pilot single-engine aircraft—and she now runs her own photography studio in Rancho Santa Fe, California. She was pointing one of her cameras toward the sky, and she seemed ecstatic, saying, "I don't think I've ever seen so many at that altitude. The conditions are just magical."

Milton was less sanguine. "Don't fool yourself—they're not having much fun," he said. "From here, it looks smooth enough, but I know that the thermic conditions are much rougher up that high. They've got hold of a blob or two, but they're doing all they can to remain stable. It takes tremendous skill to stay up there like that. You're going to see a lot of tired pilots tonight."

Flying thousands of feet above us now, the gliders continued to make slow circuits of their portion of the sky. By the time the round neared the two-hour mark, nine more pilots had lost their lift and had come down on or near the landing field. Within another forty-five minutes or so, eight more landed. The remaining ten pilots stayed up for more than three hours, with Robert Bailey, of Britain, staying



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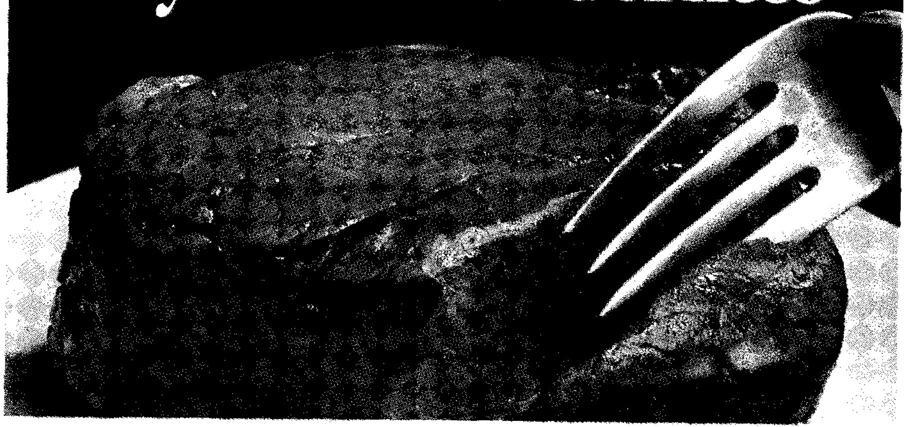

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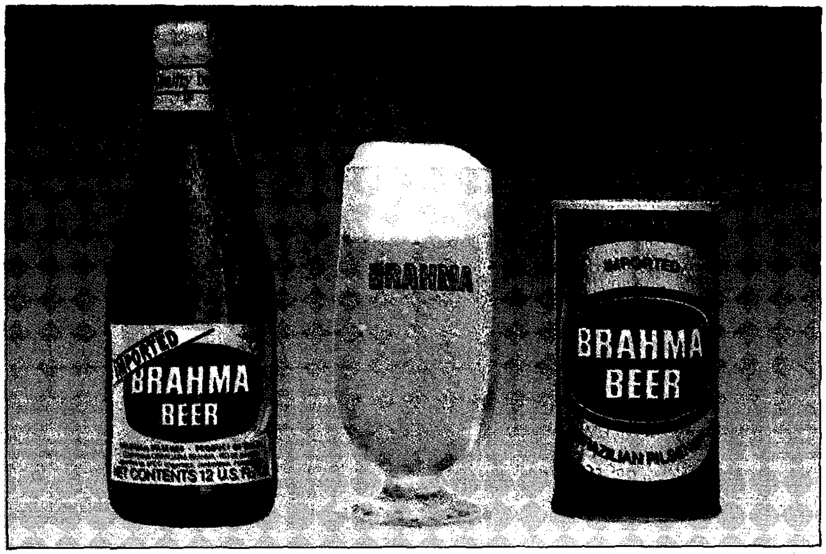

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aloft the longest. Bailey's flight lasted three hours six minutes and forty seconds. Although he managed to come down in the designated area, he crash-landed—escaping injury but breaking his glider—and therefore he picked up no points at all for his long afternoon's effort.

THAT evening, well over two hundred people—pilots, support crews, meet officials, and various guests and observers—got together for a steak dinner in the main dining room of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo. The Choo-Choo is a large hotel-and-restaurant complex that was created a few years ago in what used to be the city's central railroad station. The main dining room, which has a lot of gleam to it, was once the lobby and main waiting room. It is a large, open space surmounted by an immense free-standing dome, freshly gilded, that gives you the impression of dining in a spanking clean, though long disused, cathedral.

At my table were Brian Milton; a member of the French team named Jean-Pierre Collot; another member of the French team, named Mike de Glanville; and de Glanville's wife, Caroline. Though de Glanville is British—he grew up on Cyprus, and was an oil-well-logging engineer in North Africa, Zaire, and the North Sea before moving to Mouans-Sartoux, near Cannes, in 1975—he flies in French competitions and was the 1980 French National Champion, having placed first in a competition held in September at Lachens, in the Alpes de Provence. De Glanville, a thirty-four-year-old, rangily built, outgoing man, was one of the pilots who had stayed up more than three hours that day. As we dined, he said, "That was an *infernal* task this afternoon. They never should have asked us to stay up there that long. My arms are about to drop off. We were up to around six thousand feet, and at that altitude we had no ridge lift left and had to depend entirely on thermals. And it was *rough* up there. The wind was strong —I'd say up to thirty miles an hour—and it kept shifting direction. Also, a lot of the pilots are upset at having to fly so close together."

Milton, too, was irritated, and he said that he intended to speak to the meet officials about the situation.

After they had discussed the problem for a while, I asked de Glanville to tell me something about hang gliding in his section of France.

"After we moved to France, I gave up engineering, and Caroline and I got interested in hang gliding," he said. "Now we run a hang-gliding company—importing, retailing, repairing, and instruction—called Volantair, in Cannes. We live inland, about five miles up behind Cannes, and nowadays we take our boys with us when we hang-glide—we have a two-and-a-half-year-old and a seven-month-old. They're too young to fly, of course, but we want them to get used to seeing Mummy and Daddy flying, so that they'll have the same sense of ease about it that they'd have if they were watching us ski. We sometimes take off near where we live, at about three thousand feet, soar to our hearts' content, and then land on the beach at Monte Carlo, right next to the casino. Of course, the locals think we're mildly insane, but isn't that what hang-glider pilots are up against everywhere?"

There were speeches, the main one being delivered by Bryan Allen, the twenty-eight-year-old American who, in 1979, had become the first person to fly a man-powered aircraft—the pedal-operated craft called the Gossamer Albatross—across the English Channel. As the dinner broke up, several people walked to the speakers' table to look at the trophies on display there. They included the American Cup itself, which is a silver bowl with a fluted base, resting on a block of green marble; the Francis M. Rogallo Award for Outstanding Individual Achievement, which is a silver eagle on a marble pedestal; a number of medals; and the Prince of Wales Cup, which is a crystal goblet engraved with the motto "*Ich Dien*," three ostrich feathers, and a crown. The Prince of Wales Cup, which is awarded each year for the "most meritorious sporting aviation achievement in British aviation," had been given to the British hang-gliding team for its victory in the American Cup in 1978.

IN my motel room that night, I glanced over some literature on hang gliding that I had brought with me to Chattanooga. Looking through titles like "Hang Gliding: The Flyingest Flying" and "Reach for the Sky," I had a sense of wonder—not for the first time—at what an uncanny adventure the sport of hang gliding must be, and how hard it is for those of us who do not fly to comprehend just what hang-glider pilots experience. I also wondered at the drive and

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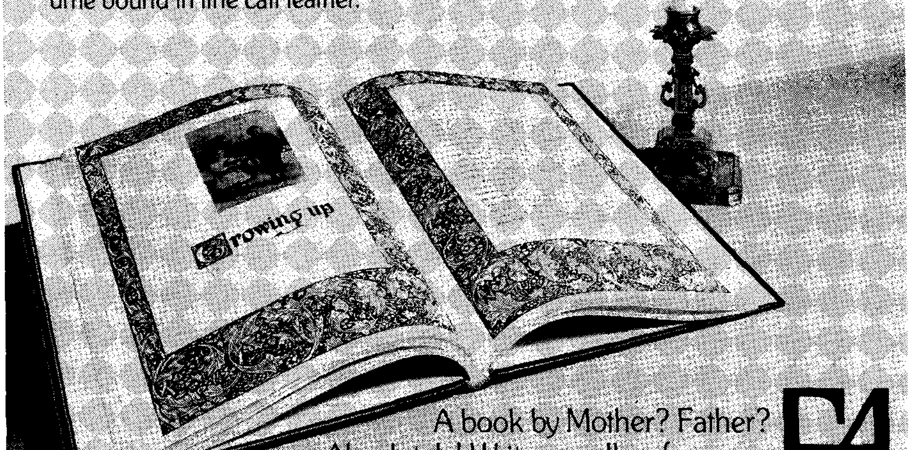

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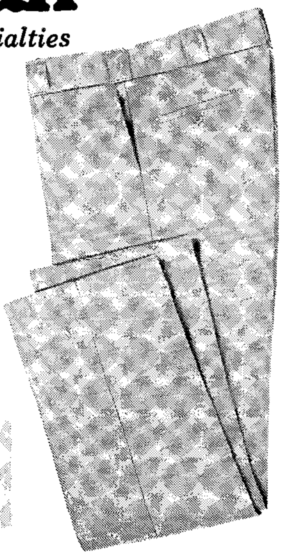

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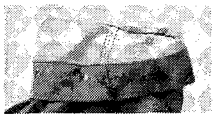

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the tenacity that make pilots stick with the sport despite the obvious risks. To say that hang-glider pilots must all be daredevils is a patent oversimplification: there is obviously more to flying than just surviving risks. In New York, I had become friendly with a man named David Clarke, who is sixty-one, and who continues to be an avid hang-glider pilot despite having suffered a broken leg, early in his training, a few years ago. Clarke says that most hang-glider pilots fly not *because* of the risks—as an all-out daredevil would—but in spite of them. Flying, Clarke says, becomes so important to a pilot that the risks are studied, understood, accepted, and eventually minimized—though not forgotten—as the pilot perfects his skills. It seems clear that there is something about being aloft entirely on one's own which enables a flier to add a dimension to his life that non-fliers cannot really grasp. Hang-glider pilots have often spoken of flying in mystical terms, and some have even reported a godlike feeling when they are flying high enough above the planet to feel actually separate from it.

While some of the books I had brought along dealt heavily in a sort of pop lyricism, others were more technical. One of the best of the technical writers on hang gliding is a thirty-five-year-old American named Dennis Pagen, who has published several books on the subject, and who is a hang-glider pilot of championship calibre himself. Pagen writes in a semi-scientific style that could put some readers off, but that indicates how far hang gliding has come from its early, let-'er-rip days, when hang-glider pilots were generally thought to be a bunch of hedonistic nitwits. The book of Pagen's that I had brought along, "Hang Gliding for Advanced Pilots," was published in 1978, and Pagen wastes no time in getting technical. On page 3, he writes:

> The well-known equation: (flying speed÷stall speed)^2=maximum load factor gives the ultimate load in Gs that an aircraft can experience with a given flying speed. One G equals the total weight of the pilot and glider combined. Assuming that a certain hang glider stalls at 18 MPH, then one can fly at 44 MPH and create a 6G load $(44\div18)^2=6$ with a sudden push out on the control bar. Similarly, an 8G load could be achieved if flying speed was 51 MPH.

Some of Dennis Pagen's fellow hang-glider pilots have been known to refer to him as "Dense Pages," but by and large they have respect for his writing. Scientific analysis of flight, of course, has been going on for many years, and while hang gliding is a relatively new sport, it is possible that—as a reading of Pagen's books makes clear—the activity might have been taken up centuries before it actually was, if people had only been prepared for it. A hang glider is a kind of kite, and kites have been flown in Asia for thousands of years. Given proper materials—as well as the ability to overcome certain preconceptions about flying—there seems to be no reason that human beings could not have been making some sort of flight around the time they were learning to navigate ships. But again and again, as human beings tried to emulate birds, the idea of flapping wings dominated their imaginations, so that the concept of merely gliding with the wind—a concept that is as authentically birdlike as flapping is—lost out in a long sequence of schemes and designs for creating a mechanical flying machine. Neither Roger Bacon nor Leonardo da Vinci was immune to this flapping-wing fixation—each envisioned a functioning ornithopter—and lesser men came up with some extraordinarily farfetched ideas about flight. In fact, it was not until the nineteenth century that inventors finally concluded that manned ornithopters were a scientific impossibility. (A few unmanned ornithopters—the size of model airplanes—have been flown successfully, and one or two so-called ornithopters have managed to glide a few feet with a human passenger attached, but today's aeronautical engineers and biologists seem convinced that the limitations of human anatomy preclude the development of any kind of real manned ornithopter.) Abandoning the idea of flapping—and sometimes even feathered—birdmen, inventors at last began to concentrate on the idea of gliding, and in the early nineteen-hundreds this shift in emphasis enabled them to achieve, for the first time, a genuine mode of personal flight (apart from the more passive method of balloon flight, which dates from 1783). Some of the first attempts at gliding were made by an English inventor and Member of Parliament, Sir George Cayley. In 1853, Cayley sent his coachman aloft in a device he had invented, and that event was the first instance of manned glider flight. Several people in England and on the Continent came along after Cayley with designs for gliders which were successful to a greater or a lesser degree. Then, in the late eighteen-nineties, a German engineer named Otto Lilienthal—he is now considered the father of hang gliding—successfully flew a number of batlike gliders of his own design. Lilienthal hung by his armpits from these gliders, and it was this practice that gave rise to the term "hang glider," which today causes some confusion, since modern pilots—while they are, in a sense, hanging—are connected to their aircraft in a much more secure way. Though a modern pilot clings to his control bar with his hands, he is not hanging from it. He is strapped into a harness that is suspended, by means of nylon straps, from a metal support unit at the glider's center of gravity, very close to where the control bar is attached. Lilienthal made about two thousand flights from hills near Berlin and published a book, "Der Vogelflug als Grundlage der Fliegekunst," in which he described, correctly, how bird flight might serve as the basis for aviation. Lilienthal was killed when a glider he was flying crashed in some hills near Rhinow, in 1896. Not long afterward, the Wright brothers—who had followed Lilienthal's experiments closely—built and flew hang gliders in this country, but they lost interest in the idea after they made their first powered flight, in 1903.

Everyone else seemed to lose interest in the idea, too. During the first half of this century, powered flight became so prominent that not very many people got involved in gliding; the few who did concentrated on the large, airplanelike gliders that are known as sailplanes. But in the late nineteen-forties Francis M. Rogallo, an aeronautical engineer who was employed by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, in Virginia, came up with something that was eventually to result in a dramatic change in the history of hang gliding. Working at home in his spare time, Rogallo, together with his wife, designed a number of flexible airfoils made of nonporous fabrics, most of them in a delta shape that combined attributes of an airplane's wing and a parachute. He called them parawings. Ten years later, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration began looking into Rogallo's designs with the thought that they might be used in helping space capsules reënter the atmosphere and make their final touchdown. In 1958, however, NASA settled on a conventional canopy-style parachute for landing the capsules. Rogal-

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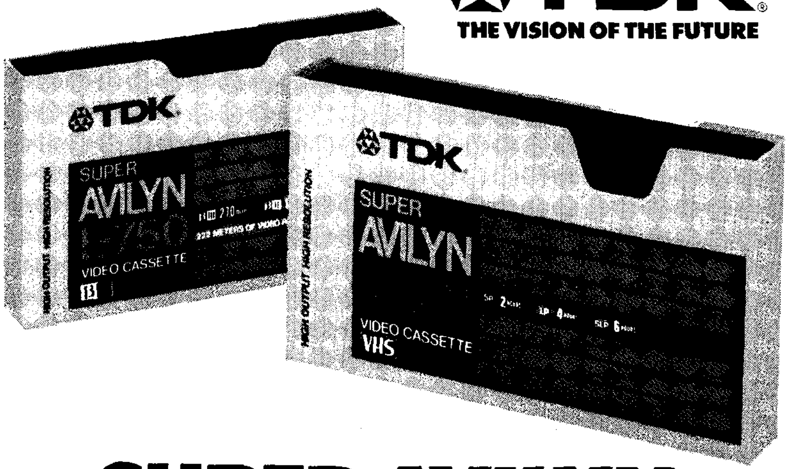

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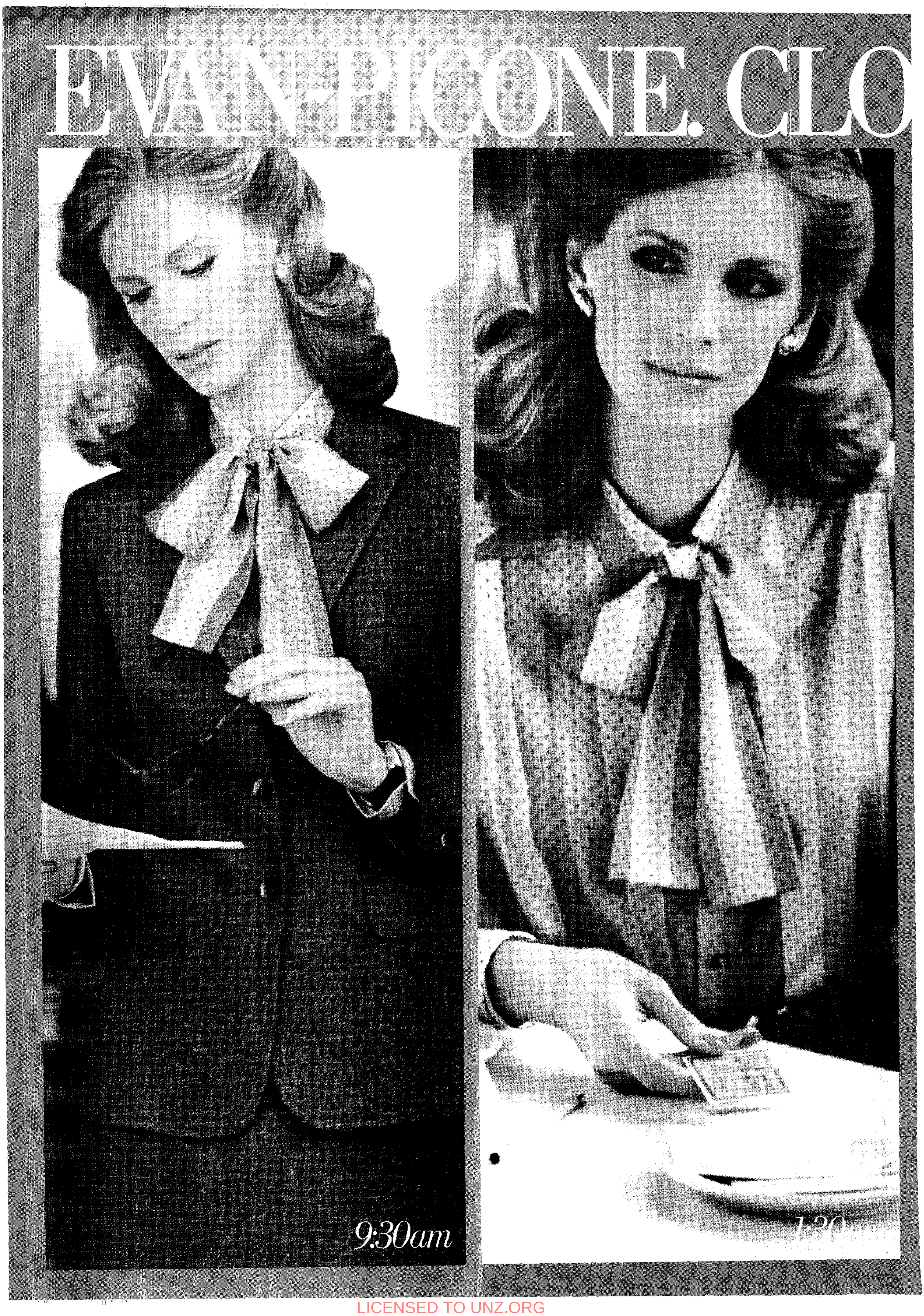
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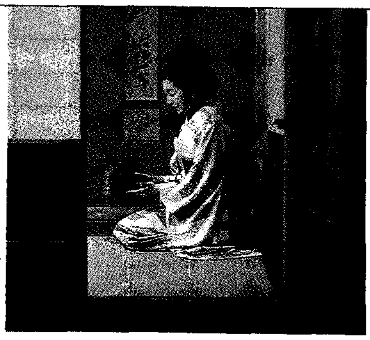
lo, however, continued to refine and test the parawings. In the meantime, tow-kiting was becoming popular, especially in Australia. Most tow-kiting is done on water, with the tow-kiter starting out on water skis and rising into the air as the motorboat towing him picks up speed. When the Australian tow-kiters learned of Rogallo's designs, they began substituting Rogallo-style kites for the flat kites they had been using.

Also at about that time, some people on the West Coast and in Hawaii started to experiment with Rogallo designs, taking flimsy home-built gliders to the top of sand dunes or low cliffs and letting the wind carry them for a distance along the beach. This activity proved popular, and within a year or two the sport had begun to catch on. It did not take long, in fact, for hang gliding to develop a considerable supporting apparatus—organizations, sales firms, flight schools, a literature, and so forth—as well as a considerable amount of lore. Like other sports, hang gliding has also acquired its share of heroes, including some important pioneers, deans, theorists, and record setters. Without stretching the point, it could be said that some of its better-known heroes were here at Chattanooga.

FRIDAY dawned dreary, and before the pilots had finished their breakfast in the dining room of the Sheraton, they were predicting that there would be no flying that day. It had begun to rain, but rain was not the worst of it—people sometimes fly hang gliders in rain, and even in snow. This morning, however, strong, gusty winds were blowing, and winds of such ferocity would make flying much too dangerous. By nine-thirty, Sean Dever had telephoned to say that competition had been postponed until the following day.

At one of the breakfast tables sat Bill Moyes. Moyes, an Australian whose name has become a part of the history of hang gliding, had been involved in the sport longer than anyone else at the meet. He is a sinewy man in his late forties with rough-hewn features, a flinty look in his eyes, and a plainspoken manner. He was born and reared in Sydney, and by the nineteen-sixties he was running an auto electrical-supply company there. Since 1967, he has also been the owner and the chief designer of Moyes Delta Gliders, in Sydney, which is among the top hang-glider manufacturing and sales



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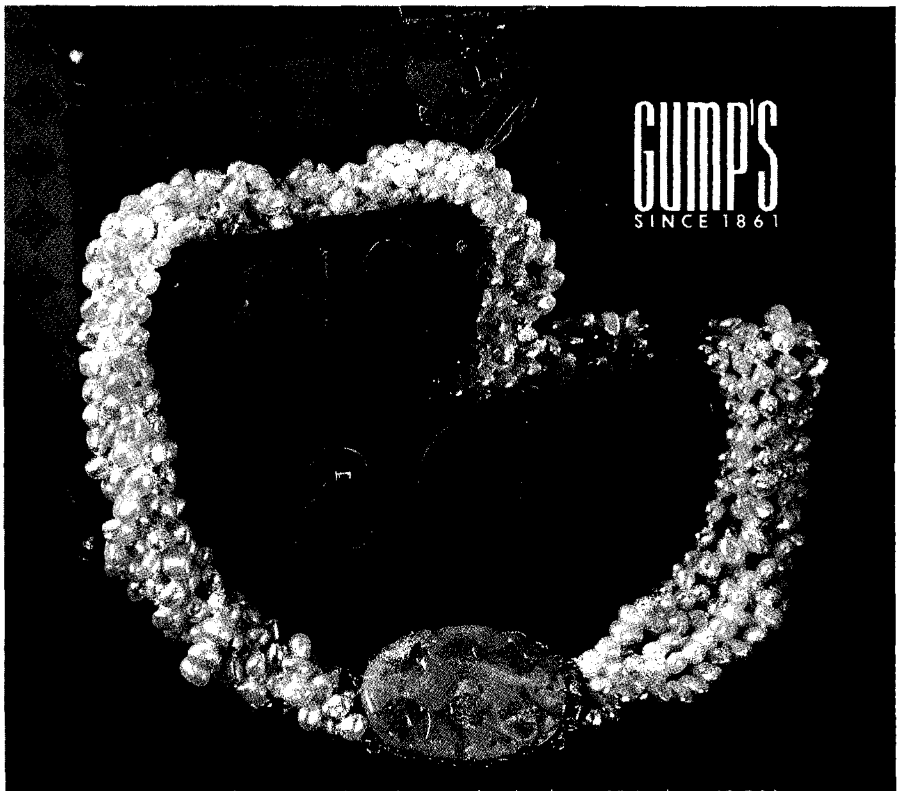

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firms in the world. In 1978, his firm opened a subsidiary—U.S. Moyes—in Bridgman, Michigan. Bill Moyes had come to Chattanooga as the coach of the Australian team. With him this morning at the breakfast table was his wife, Molly, who is a striking-looking, rather quiet woman of Chinese descent, and I joined them for coffee.

I asked Moyes to tell me something of his early involvement with hang gliding. He said that he had taken an interest in the sport—before there really was such a sport—as a result of water skiing, an activity that he had been practicing since his teens. News of Francis Rogallo's experiments had reached Australia in 1962, he said, and soon afterward an electronics engineer named John Dickenson built a hang glider based on Rogallo's concepts—it is thought to have been the first such hang glider built anywhere—and took it around to water-skiing groups, in order to recruit test pilots. "Several people took him up on the idea, and in 1966 I volunteered as one of the test pilots," Moyes explained. "Although I hadn't done any tow-kiting before, with those big flat kites they used to use, the Rogallo wings appealed to me. Well, the first time I tried a Rogallo I found that I could get into the air easily behind a motorboat. Since the Rogallos billow upward slightly in the wind, they create curved surfaces that greatly increase their efficiency as airfoils. They were obviously a big improvement over the old flat kites. For the next year or so, I did a lot of tow-kiting with a Rogallo, and I even set an altitude record of a thousand feet. Then, in 1968, I saw some people holding on to a towline, tethering a person who was in the air on a kite, and for the first time it occurred to me that you really could fly without being pulled along by some sort of vehicle. Soon after that, I went out to a place near the ocean called La Perouse—it's not far from Sydney. I got my Rogallo kite, and then I got up on a sand hill, facing the wind, with someone anchoring me at the other end of a hundred-foot rope. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I stood there, and the wind lifted me up in the air. After about two minutes, I realized there was no load on the rope, and I released myself. The next thing I knew, I was flying. I soared for thirty-two minutes. I suppose that makes me one of the first people to fly a Rogallo without a tether. In 1968, I began performing at fairgrounds in

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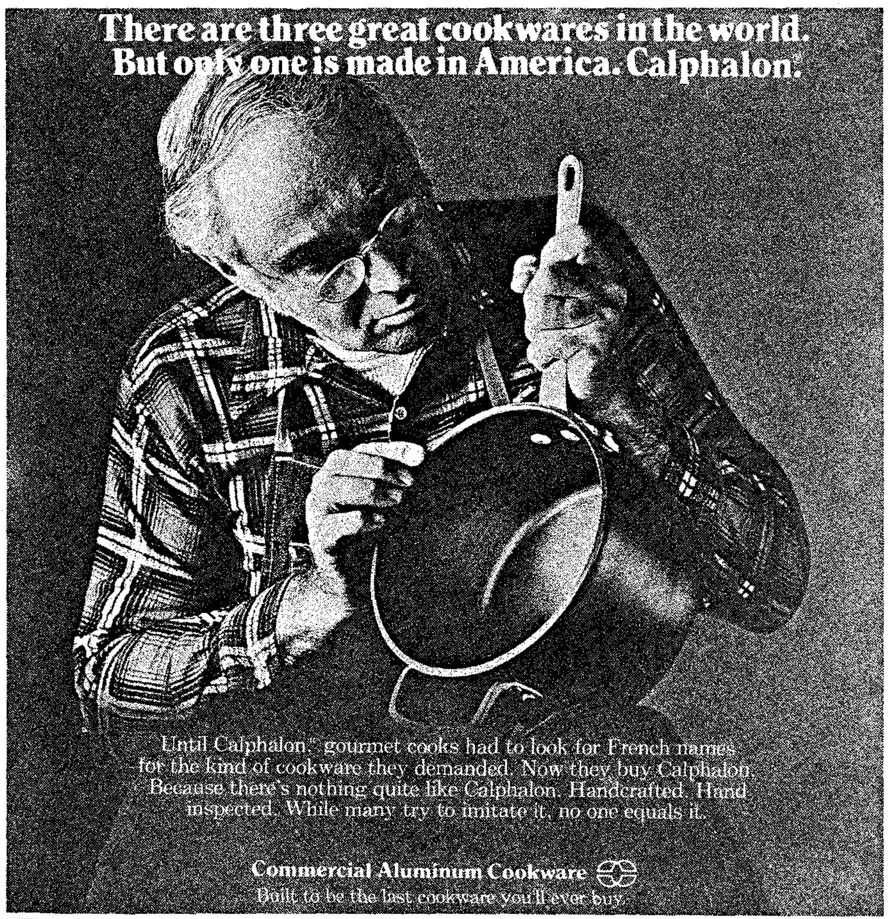

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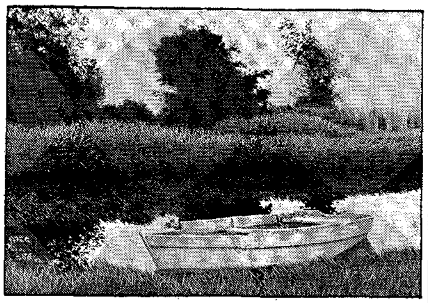

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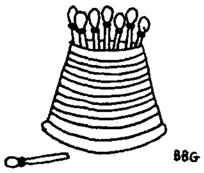
Australia. Another Australian, a friend of mine named Bill Bennett, was doing the same kind of things I was, and in 1969 he came to the United States and did some pretty spectacular publicity stunts. In 1970, I came to this country and started doing stunts at fairs here, too. I made a flight into the Grand Canyon, and in 1971 my glider was towed by an airplane from the ground to eight thousand six hundred feet, where I released. During the early seventies, I came back to the United States several times and did stunt work at places like Cypress Gardens, in Florida, and at a lot of race tracks and fairgrounds."



I asked Moyes what he thought of the kind of stunt work that was being done today, which involves highly advanced and sometimes quite dangerous aerial acrobatics.

"The fact is, I've turned against it," he said. "After everything I've seen, and after everything that's happened over the past several years, I've got so I don't like to watch stunt flying anymore. Too many people have died that way."

Soon we were joined by Bill and Molly's twenty-seven-year-old son, Steve. The captain of the Australian team, Steve Moyes is a dark-haired man with an oval, weathered-looking face and an often grave mien. Over the past few years, he had finished high in just about every important hang-gliding meet in the world. He sat down at the table, ordered breakfast, and told his parents that, with flying cancelled for the day, a group of the pilots and their friends had decided to go roller-skating at a local rink. Some of the others had gone up to a little mountain lodge to listen to records. A few pilots, he added, had decided to go back to bed.

SATURDAY morning was breezy and cold, and the sky was a mottled gray, but the rain had stopped, and the winds looked good enough for competition to continue at the main flying site. That site was Lookout Mountain Flight Park—the area developed by Tracy Knauss and his associates—about fifteen miles southwest of Chattanooga, just over the Georgia state line. Lookout Mountain rises just south of the city and runs for some fifty miles through Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. Seen from a distance, it looks like an immense green whale. At around eight-thirty, the pilots climbed into their cars, vans, and campers and headed for the mountain.

I followed in my car behind the Canadian team vehicle—a blue-and-white Chevrolet camper with a bunch of rolled-up gliders strapped to a rack on top—and when we arrived at the flying site I could see why pilots liked it. The landing area of the flight park is at about the same altitude as Chattanooga—which is six hundred and sixty-five feet above sea level—in a valley that runs for nearly twenty-two miles from southwest to northeast, cutting a long green swath between high hills and rugged bluffs. In places, the valley is broken into farmland, and the slopes that rise from it are covered with heavy stands of oak, maple, dogwood, hickory, and pine; some of the trees are draped in the dense dark-green folds of the kudzu vine—from a distance it looks like shirred silk—which clings to them in a luxuriant form of symbiosis that, unfortunately, threatens to kill the trees.

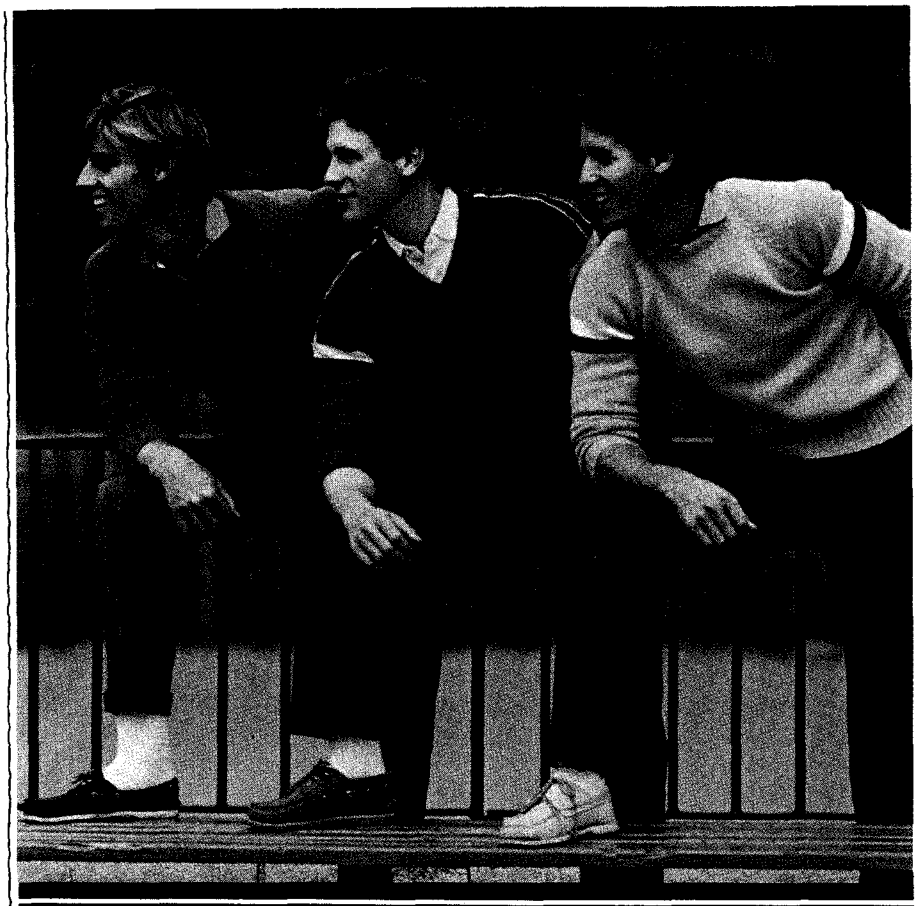
On the floor of the valley was a large meadow, part of which had been marked off as a landing field. Beside it were a parking lot; a tiny two-story structure that serves as an announcer's booth during meets; and several colorfully striped tents, which were being used as refreshment and souvenir stands. The pilots got out of their vehicles and stood around for a while, but since the wind was not yet considered right for flying—it was both too strong and too erratic—somebody brought out a soccer ball, and a group of pilots and their wives and girlfriends got into a soccer game on the landing field. The game began mildly and then grew fiercer, until at about ten-thirty a voice came over the public-address system saying, "The winds have suddenly mellowed out. All pilots should go up to the launch." The pilots quickly abandoned the soccer game and went back to the parking lot, where they piled into their team vehicles and headed up the mountain along a rutted dirt road.

The launch site—an exceptionally well-developed one—is on top of McCarty's Bluff, an irregular ridge that runs for some twelve miles along the east side of the valley and rises to a height of about thirteen hundred feet above it. A two-lane road runs along the top of the ridge, and the launch site is a narrow strip of sloping, rocky land just off the road. At one end of this rocky strip—a brutal-looking exposed piece of land—is a small wooden building that serves as a pro shop for hang-glider pilots. At the center of the rocky strip is a reinforced-concrete ramp. The ramp is three feet thick, about ten feet across, and about fifteen feet long. It is secured to the mountain with steel pilings, and it slants downward at about a fifteen-degree angle and protrudes a foot or two over the edge of the cliff. Standing near this concrete ramp and looking straight ahead, or westward, you can see the gauzy contours of tree-covered hills that stretch on and on, until they vanish in haze that blurs the horizon. It is both an awesome and—considering the thirteen-hundred-foot drop—a disquieting view.

When the pilots arrived, they parked in a lot across the road, and then, balancing their gliders on their shoulders, like soldiers carrying bazookas, they walked up to the rocky strip. The winds were shifting deceptively, and it was much colder than it had been in the valley. With sudden gusts cutting across the ridge, it felt as if the temperature were in the teens, and now the pilots—who on good days will fly in nothing but shorts and boots—were bundled up in several layers of clothing and wore woollen caps and gloves or mittens. Assisted by members of their support crews, they set about opening up their gliders and securing them in the shifting winds. Whereas the early Rogallo gliders were wedge-shaped, these new gliders—direct descendants of the Rogallos but quite different in appearance—had wider, narrower wings and a much greater nose angle, so that they resembled the outspread wings of a gull. (There is another type of glider, called a fixed-wing glider, which cannot be easily broken down; for reasons of uniformity, such gliders were not admitted at the American Cup.) In addition to Atlases, Comets, and Mega IIs, there were also a few experimental prototypes being opened up here, including a menacing-looking model, in black, purple, yellow, and white, called a Vampire, which Mike de Glanville was piloting for a French manufacturer.

At about eleven-thirty, Peter Brock decided to call a meeting of the United States team, and, because of the weather, he led his pilots into the pro shop.

"The winds are blowing at about fifteen miles an hour and gusting," Brock told the pilots. "Duration would be too easy today. These are



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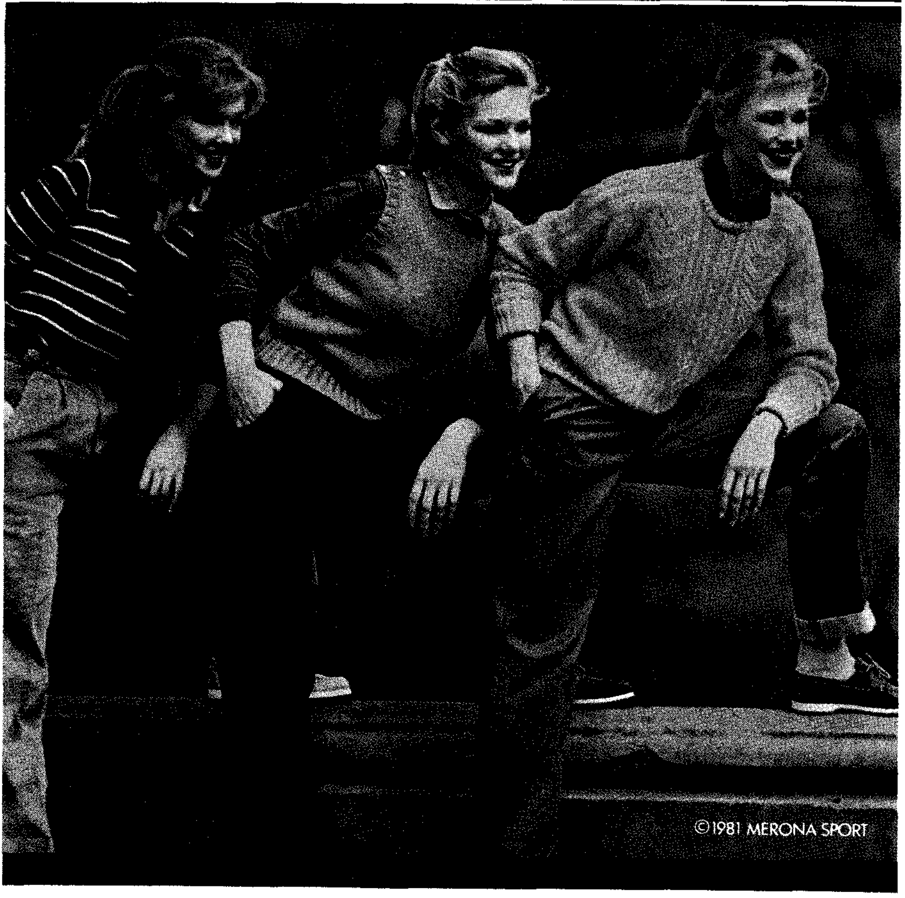

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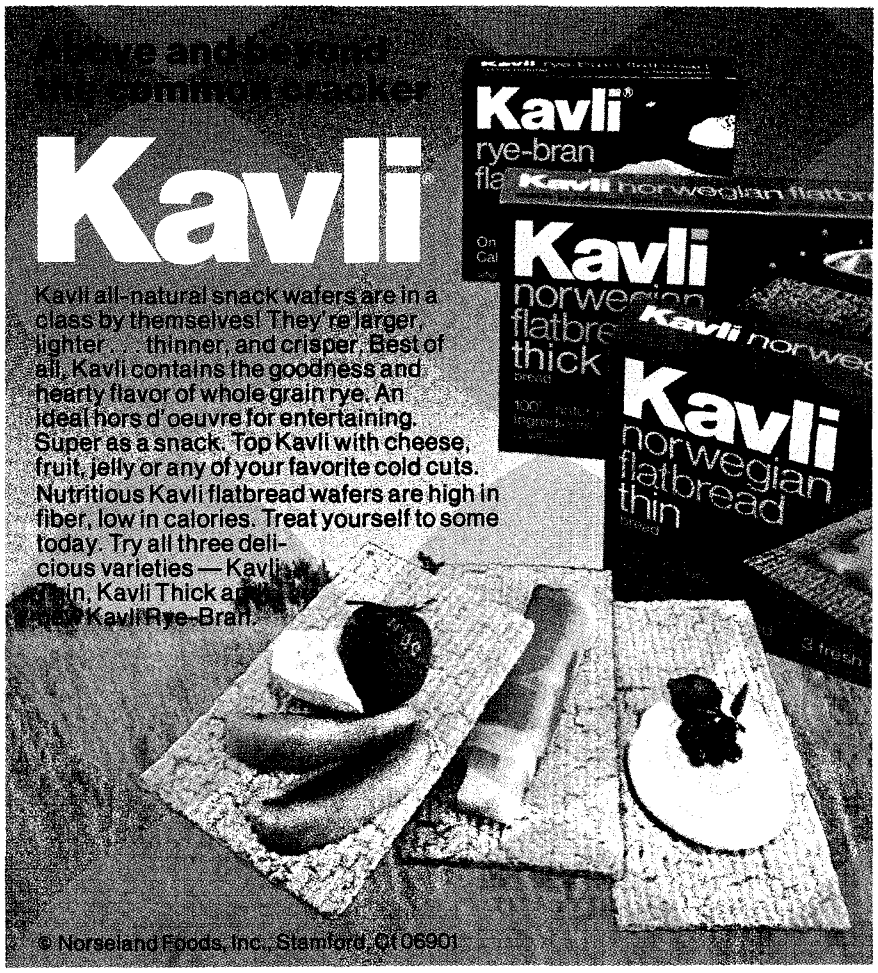
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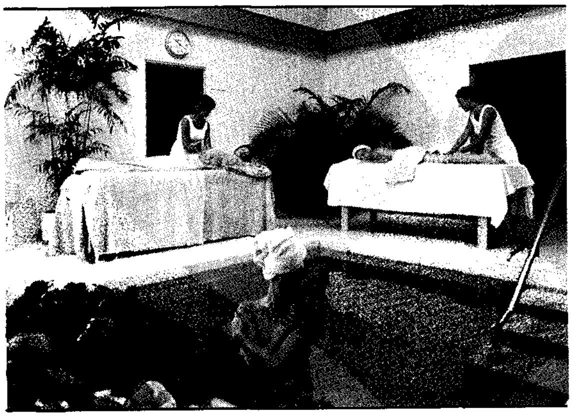

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racing conditions, and they'll probably send you down to Point Park and back. That's O.K., of course, because whatever is fastest is in our favor."

"Yeah, but look out," said a pilot named Joe Greblo. "The current washes right around the Point. If you're not careful, it'll sink you out."

"Does everybody remember the hand signals?" asked a pilot named Malcolm Jones.

The others indicated that they did, and a pilot called Rich Pfeiffer, a former Navy parachutist, said, "When you get ridge lift, turn it right along to Stidman Gap. Then, when you hit the slide, start building up. And get on the radio as soon as you land. Don't interpret, though. Just say what happened."

The pilots talked for a few more minutes, then left the pro shop and came back out onto the rocky, windy strip of land. The task that Brock had said he thought they would have to fly would take them some ten miles north, to a point on the mountain where a wooden pylon had been erected. They would have to circle the pylon and then, turning back south, race to the bull's-eye on the landing field. However, since it seemed likely that there would be more delays before the next round began, most of the pilots went to their gliders and looked them over, feeling nuts and bolts and fittings and tightening them, and eventually asking someone else to give the craft a second examination—a "pre-flight check"—for safety's sake. The wind continued to blow stiffly and erratically, sometimes twisting in icy little gusts that whipped dry leaves across the exposed ridge and carried them out over the valley.

For a while, I wandered around the boulders, talking with some of the pilots. Standing near a white-blue-green-and-gold Atlas was Graham Hobson, twenty-five, a leading member of the British team. Since the seventh round, on Wednesday, Hobson had been in the lead for individual honors—the Francis M. Rogallo Award—and now he was ahead of his nearest challenger, Rich Grigsby, of the United States, by almost eight hundred points; Grigsby, the captain of the United States team, was no mean competitor, being a former gymnastics champion and trapeze artist who had won the Rogallo Award himself in 1979. Hobson is blond and husky, with a full, open face and a ruddy complexion that seem to give him a touch of the plowboy. He has had more than seven years of hang-gliding experience, and he had placed third in the 1980 European Hang Gliding Championships, in Austria, a few months earlier. As we talked, he told me that he thought he might have injured his ankle in the soccer game down on the landing field. "I think Caroline de Glanville did it," he said. "She's a good little soccer player. I think she kicked me, or something. Maybe she bit me." He grinned and added, "So far, I'm not really disabled, but I'm going to have to watch it."

I asked Hobson how he got into the sport.

"It was a very natural thing," he said. "It was in 1973, and I was eighteen and about ready to start studying chemistry and physics at Sheffield University. I mean, I was going to do the usual thing and get a university degree. Then I saw some hang gliding, and that changed my whole life. Once I tried it myself, I knew that I had to keep on doing it, so I got myself a glider, and I was out flying just as often as I could. I started at university, but soon I became too involved in hang gliding to continue. So I came home one day and said to my parents—to their horror—'I've changed my mind. I'm going to drop out of university and open a hang-gliding school.' My dad threw a wobbler. It was an absolutely typical parental reaction. But they've grown used to it. Now, with a partner, I run two hang-gliding schools, one in Manchester, where I live, and the other in Sheffield."

By noon, the wind was still blowing at a slight angle to the launch ramp. The sky was a steely gray, and bleak, and a number of people were stamping their feet. From time to time, officials at the launch site communicated with their colleagues on the landing field over their FM radios, but conditions were still considered too dangerous, and the command to fly had not yet been issued. Then, at twelve-forty-five, a radioed message came from Sean Dever, who was in the valley, that the winds appeared to be shifting for the better. A few minutes later, two wind dummies—one with a green glider and the other with a yellow-and-orange one—moved into position to take off. By this time, each of the wind dummies had been fastened into his harness, which was made mostly of thick nylon straps, and now each one asked a companion to give him a "hang check"—to make absolutely sure that he was properly positioned in his harness

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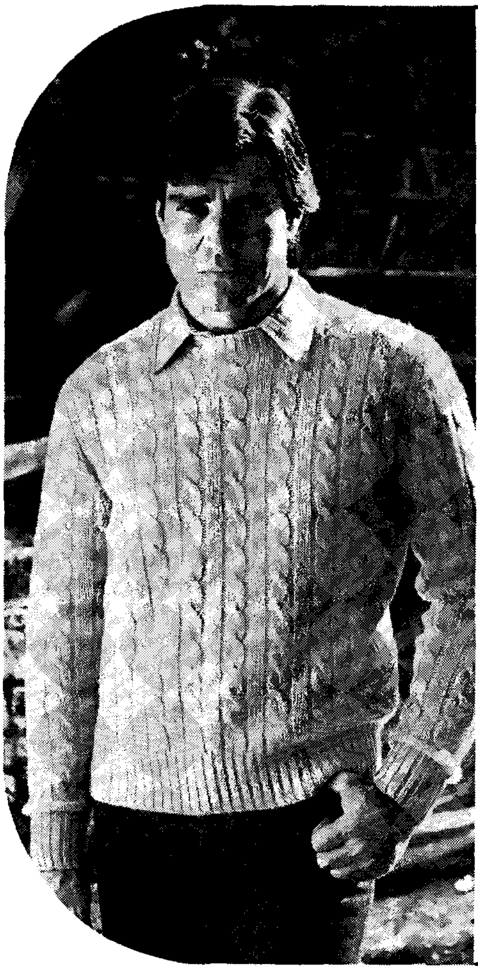

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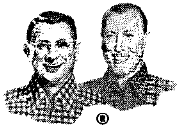

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and that the harness was properly attached to the glider. Because of the force of the wind, three assistants known as wire men got in front of each glider and on the wings as the pilot moved to the top of the launch ramp, helping to steady the craft by holding on to the guy wires that run from the glider's nose and wings to the control bar. The first wind dummy, the man with the green glider, stood at the top of the ramp and waited. He was wearing a down jacket, jeans, boots, a white flying helmet, and goggles, and his face was barely visible. As he stood there, grasping the control bar and leaning forward, he lifted the glider until his harness lines became taut, with the glider's nose pointed downward. Then, abruptly, he signalled to the wire man at the glider's nose —who threw himself out of the way—and moved swiftly down the concrete ramp. As the pilot stepped off its edge, he became airborne, and the wind inflated the sail with a *thwock!* Flying away from the cliff, the pilot moved his body well forward, so that he was within the perimeter of the control bar, and he shifted his feet back to engage them in a nylon stirrup. By the time he had angled north over the near trees to our right, he was flying prone, a somewhat strange-looking but imposing green creature, the man and his glider having become a sleek composite now—a compellingly graceful pterodactyl.

The yellow-and-orange glider followed the green one off the ramp, and within a few minutes the ninth round of competition had begun. As Brock had anticipated, Sean Dever called for a speed run that would take the fliers up to the Point ten and a half miles north, then back south to the landing field. All the pilots had climbed into their flying gear and were moving their gliders into position in the order assigned them. The first heat included three of the current leaders: Rich Grigsby; Steve Moyes; and Haaron Lorentzen, of Brazil. Grigsby, flying a red-white-and-blue Comet, took off first. Less than a minute later, Moyes left the ramp and sailed over the valley in his red-and-white Mega II, and Lorentzen was in the air with his green-yellow-and-blue Comet only twenty-one seconds after Moyes. Then came Canada's Willi Muller, who was flying a red-and-white Comet, followed by Thevenot, with his blue-and-white Atlas, and Hobson, with his white-blue-green-and-gold Atlas. Soon the sky was filled with

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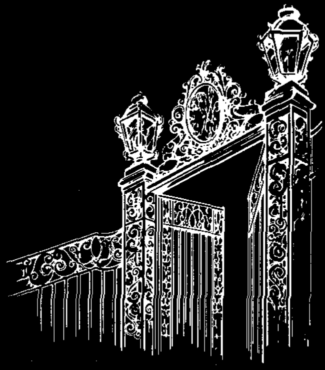

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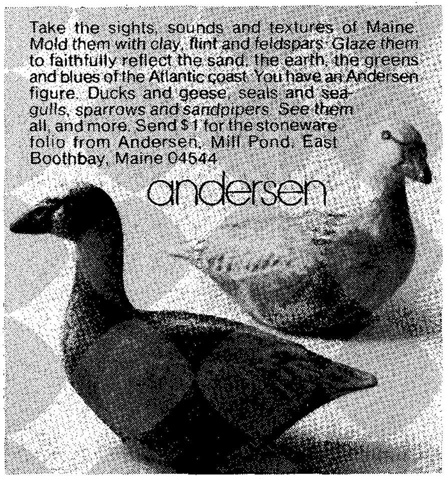
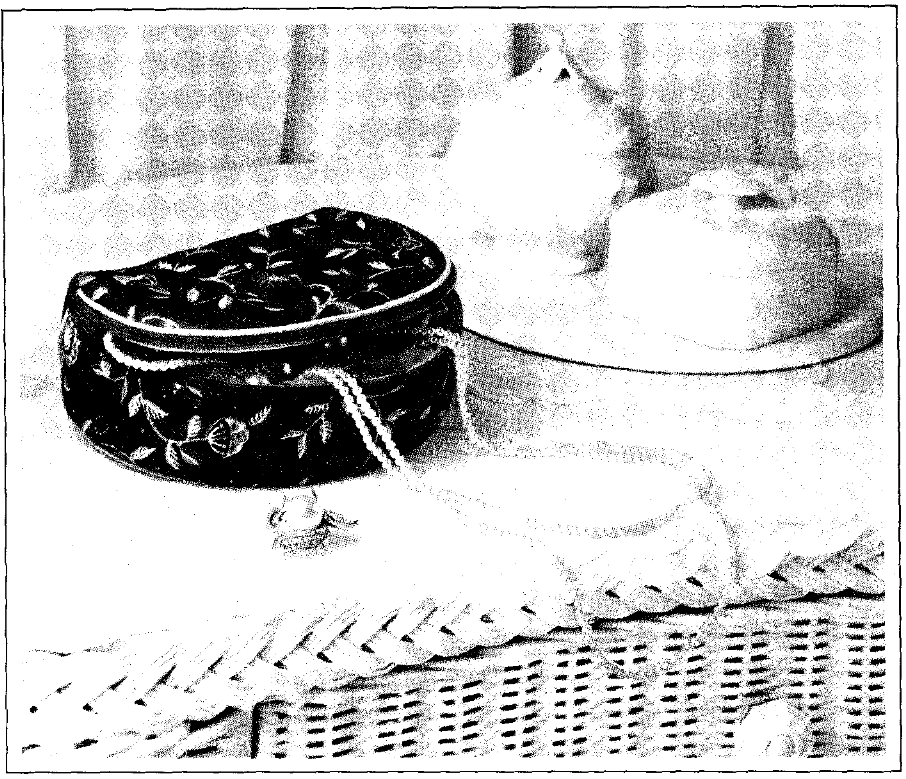


gliders, many of them taking a brief swing toward the south—in order to acquire lift—before turning north, then moving swiftly along the ridge above the valley. Some of them gained altitude as they flew, and others stayed close to the treeline.

The round had started just after one o'clock, and the last pilot to come down—Yvon Bernard, of France—landed in his white-and-gold Atlas an hour thirty-four minutes and twenty seconds later. In that time, the United States managed to pick up 4,244 more points, increasing its total to 39,138—a lead of 5,036 points over the British. In the race for the Rogallo Award, Grigsby had gained on Hobson—who had now accumulated 7,586 points—and was trailing him by only 480. Down below, as the fliers came off the landing field, red-faced and with chapped lips, they informed the people on the ground that it had been a cold flight.

ANOTHER round seemed possible that afternoon, but as the day wore on the winds turned tricky again, and at about three-forty-five the pilots were told that there would be no further American Cup competition that day. Since most of the pilots had gone back up to the launch site, they now packed their gliders and drove with them down to the valley floor, where the crowd had begun to watch three stunt fliers who were competing for the Bob Wills Memorial Award, which was to be given for a combination of aerobatic flight skills and precision landing. (Bob Wills' name is something of a legend in hang-gliding circles. He was a son of R. V. Wills, the California lawyer who compiled fatality statistics for the sport's publications. One of Bob's younger brothers, Eric, died in a hang-gliding accident in 1974. Bob—who continued to fly after his brother's death, and who was ranked among the sport's very best pilots— died in 1977, at the age of twenty-six, when he got caught in a helicopter's rotor-wash during the filming of a television commercial, and was dashed to the ground by the turbulence.) After the stunt fliers—Rob Kells, Dan Racanelli, and Dave Ledford, all of the United States—had left the launch ramp, they spent some time gaining altitude and then, high above the landing field, began wheeling and performing the kind of daring maneuvers that Bill Moyes had said he no longer cared to watch. For about ten minutes, they en-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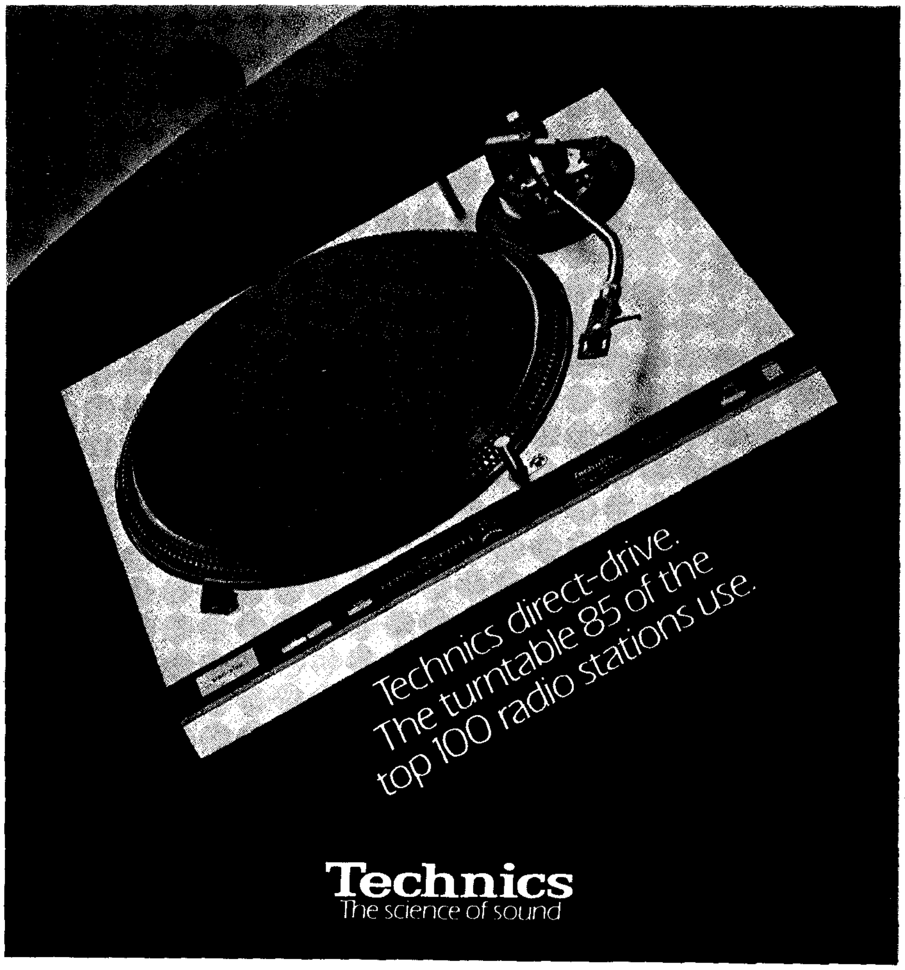

tertained the crowd with their aerobatics—flight maneuvers known as wingovers and whip stalls, whose exactness and grace seemed to mesmerize the spectators.

After having flown for some fifteen minutes, Ledford, in a Mega II, descended to about eight hundred feet above the landing field. Pulling the nose of his glider up, at the top of a wingover, he went into a stall that caused his glider to appear to be suspended for a few seconds in midair, seeming to hang as if it were caught on something in the sky. Then—as people on the ground watched in dismay—the glider skidded precipitously backward, veered, and began to tumble. Several people screamed. Ledford, who had already plunged about two hundred feet in a few seconds, appeared to be helpless as his glider continued to tumble, wildly out of control. Suddenly a burst of white flew out to one side of his glider. It was Ledford's parachute. Most good pilots are equipped with one these days—it is attached to the glider, not to the pilot—and Ledford, who was now riding on top of his upside-down glider, was carried by the parachute to the landing field. A number of people ran out onto the field, and Ledford disentangled himself from his harness and stepped away from his upended craft, which appeared to have suffered only minor damage. As people showered him with expressions of concern, Ledford, a tall young man with a cool manner, said, "I never was really worried, even at the worst. I knew I was in trouble, but I also knew just what was happening. When I deployed my chute, it did its job. To tell you the truth, I'm a little embarrassed. I want to get up there again and do it right."

THAT night at dinner, back at the Sheraton, the pilots discussed the day's flying. Graham Hobson, who was continuing to complain about his soccer injury, told Brian Milton that he might not be able to fly the next day. "My foot is too sore," Hobson said, reaching down to feel his ankle. "How can I make a landing?"

Milton said, "You'll fly. Now go up and get some rest. You're in the lead, and you're going to win the Rogallo Award."

"But what if I can't land?" Hobson said. "I don't know if I can put that much weight on my foot. I have a feeling I won't be able to fly at all."

Hobson went up to bed, and Milton said, "Graham is like that. He likes to

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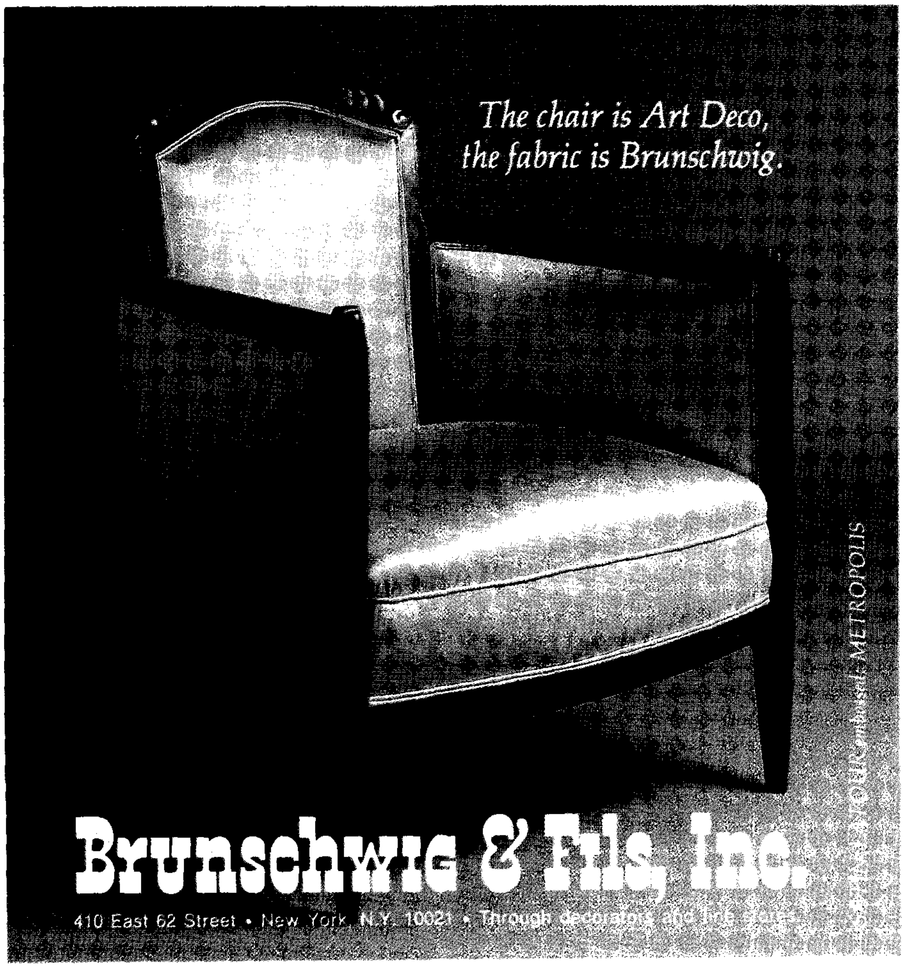

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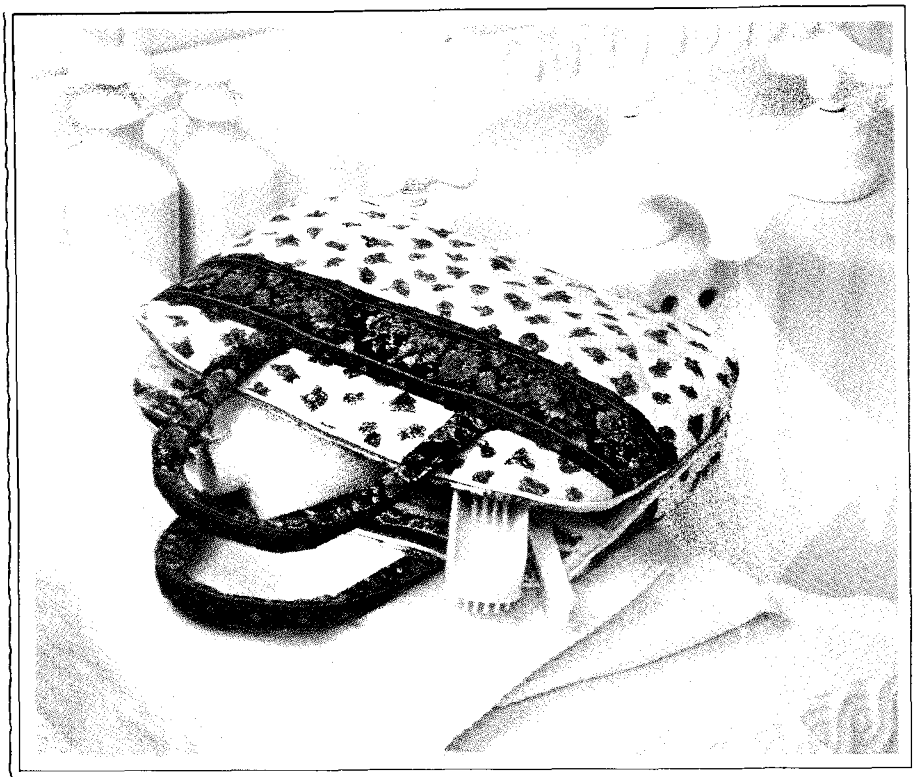
stir things up a little. But he'll fly tomorrow. You won't be able to keep him from it."

SUNDAY morning was cold and bright, and there was hoarfrost on the grass beside the road that ran along the green Tennessee River toward the mountain. The pilots and their support crews drove up to the Flight Park under calm skies streaked with a few feathery-looking clouds. Spectators were also arriving early—by nine-thirty, there were a couple of hundred of them—and it looked as if this would be the largest crowd so far. Again there were delays because of the wind, so for the first couple of hours two noncompeting pilots got into motorized hang gliders and did some zooming around above the landing field to entertain the crowd. The pilots were Bryan Allen, of Gossamer Albatross fame, and Larry Newman, who in 1978 had been a crew member of the Double Eagle II, the first balloon ever to make a transatlantic crossing. The spectators seemed to enjoy the intricate maneuvering of these gliders, with their whiny little motors, but recently there has been considerable controversy within the sport about such craft, which are known as ultralights—short for "ultralight aircraft." Although ultralights have become increasingly popular, and although many pilots appear to be equally at home with both powered and nonpowered gliders, some purists continue to insist vehemently that the powered craft, which run on two-cylinder engines, should not be considered hang gliders at all. One disgruntled bystander remarked, "What are they trying to do—reinvent the airplane?"

At about eleven-thirty, Dever called for the competing pilots to head for the launch site. The caravan of vehicles got under way again, and just after noon the tenth round began. This was a three-legged task, with the pilots being required to fly north to Point Park, to the wooden pylon, turn and fly back to a pylon south of the landing field, and then turn north again and come in to land as close as possible to the bull's-eye. All told, the task would have them flying about twenty-five miles. As I watched this round from the landing field, I saw the gliders taking off, one after another, and quickly and capably turning in the prescribed pattern, until all thirty-six of them were above the valley and above the ridge. The round lasted



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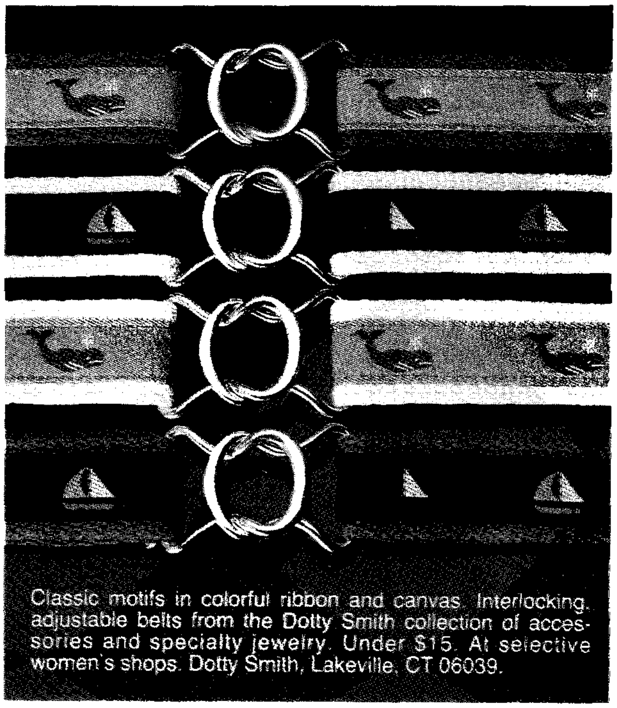

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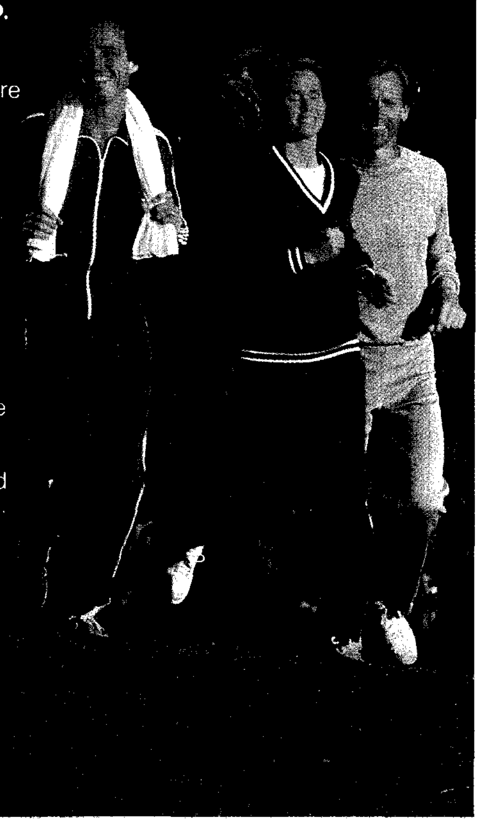

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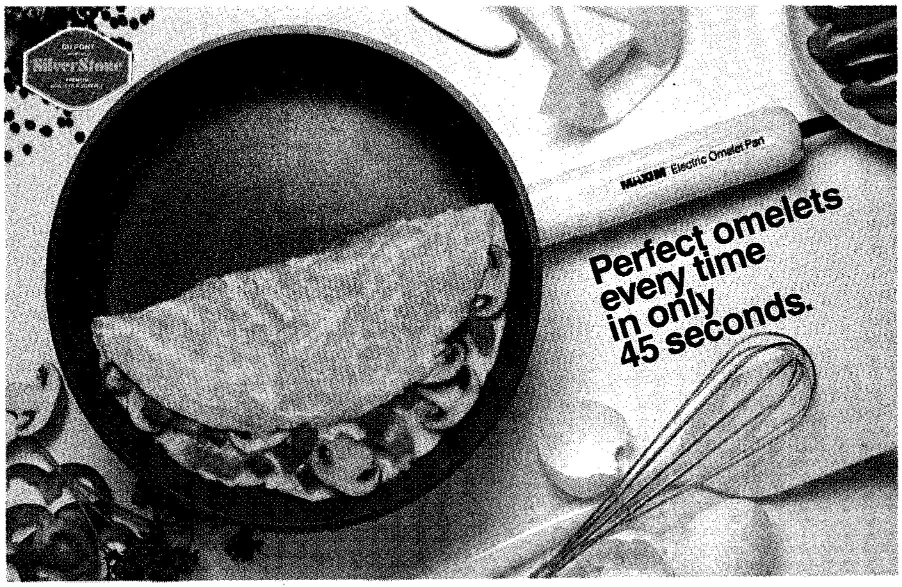
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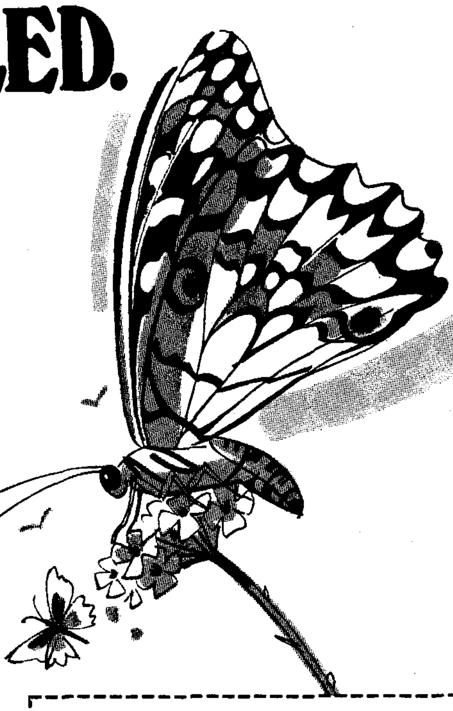
about fifty minutes, and when it was over, Graham Hobson—who, as Milton had predicted, was flying as well as ever—had picked up 623 more points. Greblo had managed to move into second place, 230 points behind Hobson, and the United States team now led the British team by 5,332 points. The eleventh, and final, round—a similar task—started at around a quarter to four, and when it ended, at about ten minutes to five, the United States had won the American Cup. During the week of competition, the United States had accumulated 47,816 points. Britain, with 41,268, was second; and France, with 38,213, was third. Canada, Brazil, and Australia finished in that order. As for the Francis M. Rogallo Award, Hobson, who in the final round flew against Grigsby and Thevenot, just managed to pull it out, finishing 216 ahead of Greblo, who was trailed closely by Burnett.

On the landing field after his winning flight, Hobson seemed surprisingly at ease. I went out to talk to him as he was folding up his glider, and after telling me that his foot was as good as new he said, "That last flight won it for me, but it was touch and go until the end. At the start, there wasn't too much wind. Not really enough to make it a speed run. There was just enough to allow you to climb if you worked it carefully. At takeoff, we were scraping around, you know, fighting those gusts. And by the time we were getting near the first pylon, we were fighting to stay up. But then, when we headed back to Pylon Two and got around it, we were climbing, and back to the landing it was a speed run again. By that time, it was the kind of air that pilots love. But Grigsby missed the first pylon, and that put him out of the race, and then it was just me and Thevenot, and it was a cat-and-mouse game all the way."

I asked Hobson how he felt about the whole thing, now that it was over, and he said, "It was a good Cup, as good a meet as a number I've seen. I enjoy competition flying—I wouldn't be here if I didn't—and I'm hoping I'll get on the British team to compete in the next World Hang Gliding Championships. It's going to be held in Japan in October, 1981. But if I don't get on that team—and I might not—I'll just continue doing what I want to do anyway. You see, Milton and the others have been known to get angry with me, because I won't always do what they want. I suppose it takes a kind of bullheaded—well, bullheaded *ignorance* to keep at a thing the way I do, but hang gliding really does suit me. At home, though, I usually fly alone. Competition is good fun, but it's not what is at the heart of hang gliding, as far as I'm concerned. At home, I will often go out to fly the mountains of the Pennine Chain. I'll go out and look for thermals, because there's very little ridge lift there. Sometimes, when conditions are right, I can stay up for five hours or more, just moving from thermal to thermal. On good days, you can sense the rising columns of air, and sometimes just a very tentative rising column. You can tell what the winds are doing from the sound of the air rushing past the holes in your helmet. Then, when you catch a thermal, you are under the area of a cumulus cloud, and you begin slowly circling. Then it takes all you can do to think about the winds, and how your glider is performing, and whether or not you can soar. My thoughts are different then. My perception is heightened. Soaring above the mountains like that takes me totally outside myself—there really is nothing in the world but me and my kite."

When Hobson had rolled up his glider, he carried it over to the red Ford van, to be taken back to the hotel, where he would wrap it so that it could be shipped to England on the plane with him. At about five-thirty—using an improvised wooden grandstand at the edge of the landing field—the meet officials handed out the awards. To recorded national anthems, the pilots, who had changed into team uniforms, marched to the grandstand. The United States team drank champagne out of the American Cup. Bettina Gray hung gold, silver, and bronze medals around the necks of the members of the first-, second-, and third-place teams. Finally—in a surprise gesture of her own—she placed laurel wreaths on the heads of the American pilots.

By now it was almost twilight, and people were starting to leave. With gliders strapped to their roofs, some of the pilots' cars and vans pulled out of the parking lot and turned onto the road that led back down the mountain. The spectators, too, were beginning to get into their cars and drive away, but a few of them were still wandering around the edges of the landing field, picking up programs or scraps of memorabilia. Near the pale-green Chevrolet station wagon that was serving as the Australian team vehicle,



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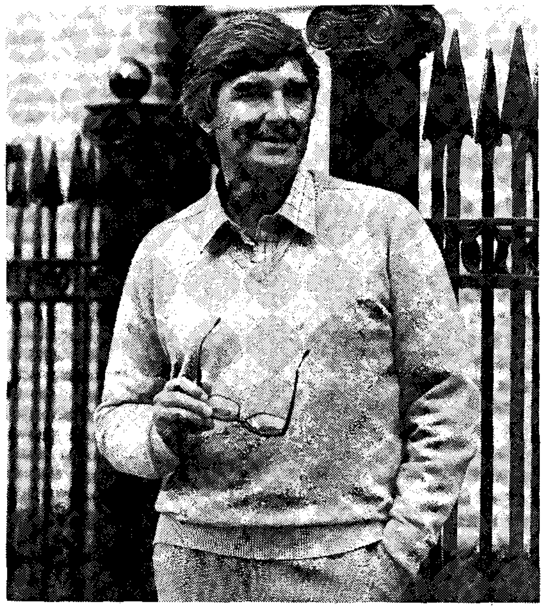

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I found Bill Moyes again. He was supervising his pilots as they loaded gliders onto the station wagon's roof, and I thought he looked tired. We talked for a while, and he told me that he had been thinking of some of the changes he had seen in the sport over the years.

Glancing toward the blue shadows of the ridge, Moyes said, "The surprising thing, I guess, is how few fundamental changes there really have been. There've been plenty of technical changes, of course—today's gliders are a big advance over gliders of even two or three years ago. But as I think about what I've seen here this week I realize that in many ways the sport hasn't changed much at all. I mean, I've been looking at these fellows around me here in Chattanooga, and it dawns on me that I used to fly with some of their fathers. And, you know, these fellows are a lot *like* their fathers. I don't suppose anybody really understands all the reasons people become hang-glider pilots, though. With all the skills you need, and the mentality, and the nerve, I'd say that only about two per cent of the population would ever really want to hang-glide, and only about two per cent of *them* would ever make top competition fliers. It's an individual sport, of course, and hang-glider pilots have always tended to be loners." He paused and added, "Maybe that's what it's all about. After all these centuries, human beings are finally capable of something very close to real, birdlike flight. And, strangely enough, most people will never experience it."

—WALLACE WHITE

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WHICH PAGE OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW D'YA READ?

Museum curators note that the public confirmed the high esteem among professionals for *The Splendor of Dresden* by making the touring exhibit a hit. By the same token, most professionals feel that *The Search for Alexander* is a dog, and the public is agreeing by staying home.—*Saturday Review of August, 1981, page 21.*

Alexander the Great may have Greeced the known world in the 4th century B.C. before he died at 32 after a drinking bout, but his spirit is alive and pulling in the crowds this summer at the Art Institute of Chicago.—*Same issue, page 39.*

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"Fifty percent of suicides have seen physicians within 30 days of their act. However, that is not the only reason for suicides."—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

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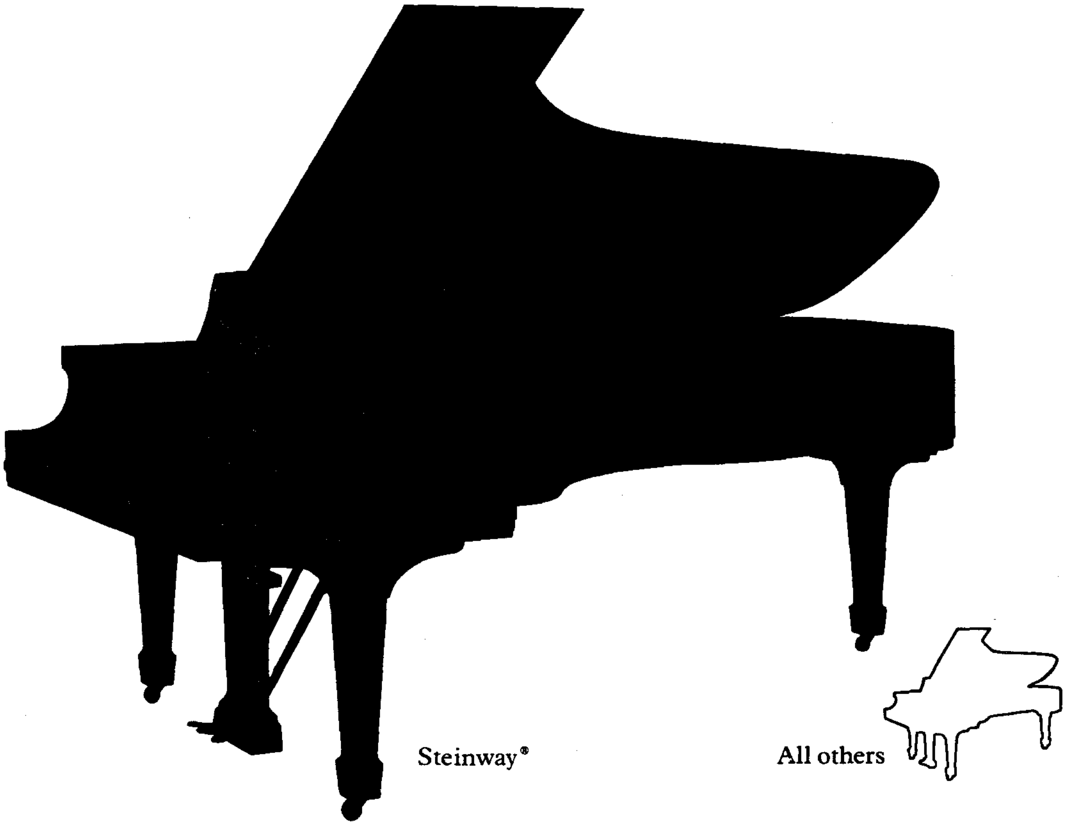

Most piano soloists who step out on a concert stage sit down at a Steinway.

(Piano choice of soloists scheduled to perform during the 1981-82 concert season.)

American Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 5	Others 1
Atlanta Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 5	Others 1
Baltimore Symphony	Steinway 11	Others 1
Boston Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 4	Others 2
Chicago Symphony	Steinway 6	Others 1
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 10	Others 0
Cleveland Orchestra	Steinway 15	Others 2
Dallas Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 8	Others 1
Denver Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 6	Others 3
Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 7	Others 5
Houston Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 10	Others 2
Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 6	Others 1
Los Angeles Philharmonic	Steinway 6	Others 0
Minnesota Orchestra	Steinway 9	Others 1
New York Philharmonic	Steinway 12	Others 3
Oklahoma Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 2	Others 0
Oregon Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 5	Others 0
Philadelphia Orchestra	Steinway 9	Others 2
Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra	Steinway 9	Others 1
St. Louis Symphony	Steinway 6	Others 2
San Antonio Symphony	Steinway 5	Others 1
San Francisco Symphony	Steinway 12	Others 2
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

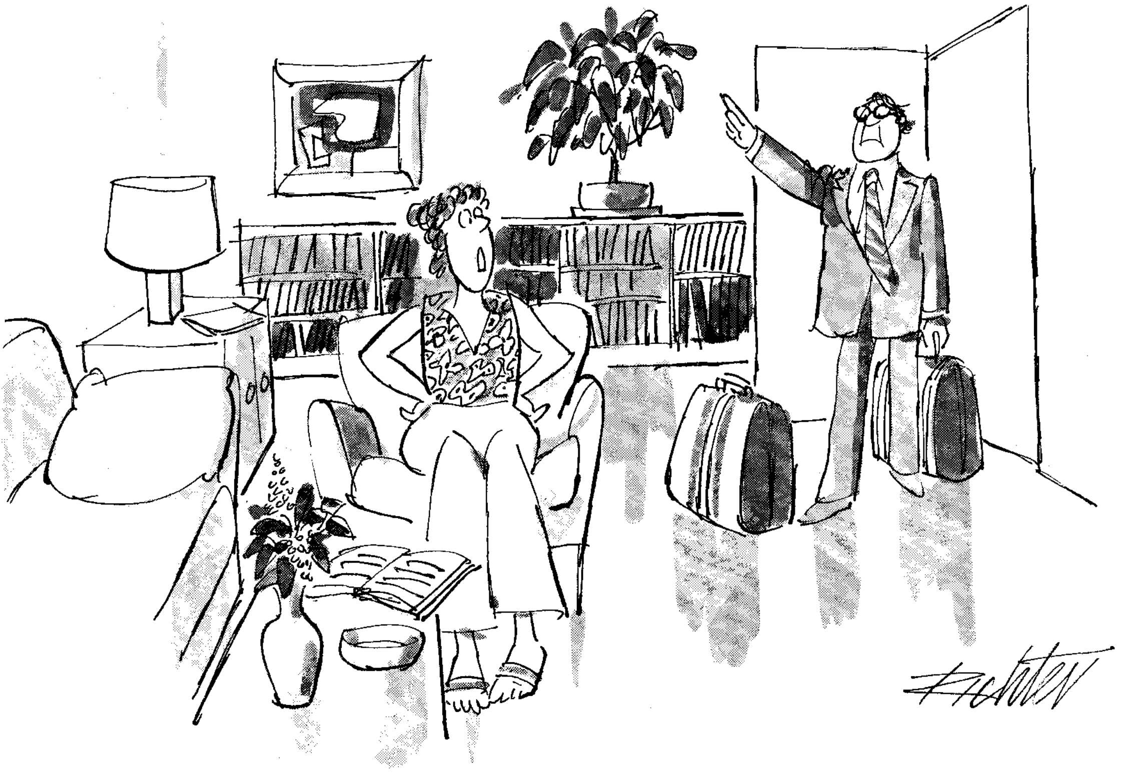
SHANGHAI BLUES

JAZZ came to China for the first time on the afternoon of June 2nd, when the American bassist and French-horn player Willie Ruff introduced himself and his partner, the pianist Dwike Mitchell, to several hundred students and professors who were crowded into a large room at the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. The professors and the students were all expectant, without knowing quite what to expect. They knew only that they were about to hear the first American jazz concert ever presented to the Chinese. Probably they were not surprised to find that the two musicians were black, though black Americans are a rarity in the People's Republic. What they undoubtedly didn't expect was that Ruff would talk to them in Chinese, and when he began they murmured with delight.

Ruff is a lithe, dapper man of fifty who takes visible pleasure in sharing his enthusiasms, and it was obvious that there was no place he would rather have been than in China's oldest conservatory, bringing the music of his people to still another country deprived of that commodity. In 1959, he and Mitchell—who have played together as the Mitchell-Ruff Duo for twenty-six years—introduced jazz to the Soviet Union, and for that occasion Ruff taught himself Russian, his seventh language. In 1979, he hit on the idea of making a similar trip to China, and he began taking intensive courses in Chinese at Yale, where he is a professor of both music and Afro-American studies. By last winter, he felt he was fluent enough in Mandarin to make the trip.

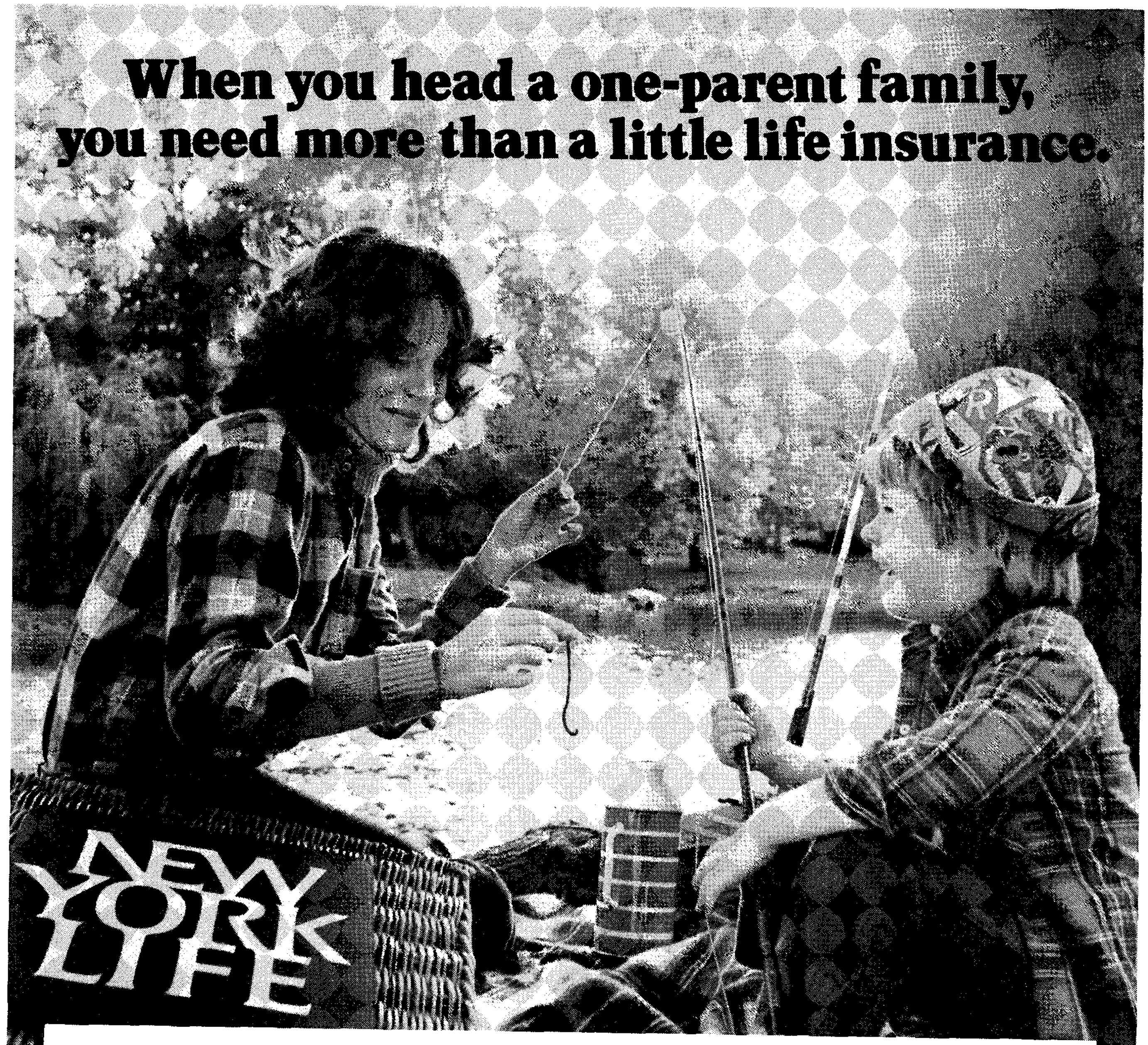
Now Ruff stood at the front of the room, holding several sheets of paper on which he had written, in Chinese characters, what he wanted to tell his listeners about the origins of jazz. He looked somewhat like an Oriental sage himself. "In the last three hundred and fifty years, black people in America have created a music that is a rich contribution to Western culture," he began. "Of course, three hundred and fifty years, compared to the long and distinguished history of Chinese music, seems like only a moment. But please remember that the music of American black people is an amalgam whose roots are deep in African history, and that it has also taken many characteristics from the music of Europe." Ruff has an amiable voice, and as he spoke the men and women in the room were attentive but relaxed—not an audience straining to decipher a foreigner's accent. "In Africa, the drum is the most important musical instrument," Ruff went on. "But to me the fascinating thing is that the people also use their drums to talk. Please imagine that the drum method of speech is so exquisite that Africans can, without recourse to words, recite proverbs, record history, and send long messages. The drum is to West African society what the book is to literate society."

I wondered what the audience would make of that. Not only was China the oldest of literate societies; we were in the one Asian city that was encrusted with Western thought as transmitted in books, in journals, and in musical notation. Even the architecture of Shanghai was a patchwork of Western shapes—a residue of the days when the city had a huge foreign population and was divided into districts that were controlled by different European countries. At the conservatory, we were in the former French concession, and its main building was in a red brick French Provincial style, with a sloping red tile roof and a porte cochère. Another French-style building housed the conservatory's library of a hundred thousand books about music. Newer buildings served as classrooms and practice rooms, and the music that eddied out of the windows was the dreary fare of Western academic rigor: vocal scales endlessly rising, piano arpeggios repeated until they were mastered, chamber groups starting and stopping and starting again. We could have been in Vienna of the nineties or Paris of the twenties. In any case, we were a long way from Africa. And we were farther still from music created spontaneously.



"Just leave! Never mind quoting Strindberg."

"In the seventeenth century, when West Africans were captured and brought to America as slaves, they brought their drums with them," Ruff continued. "But the slave-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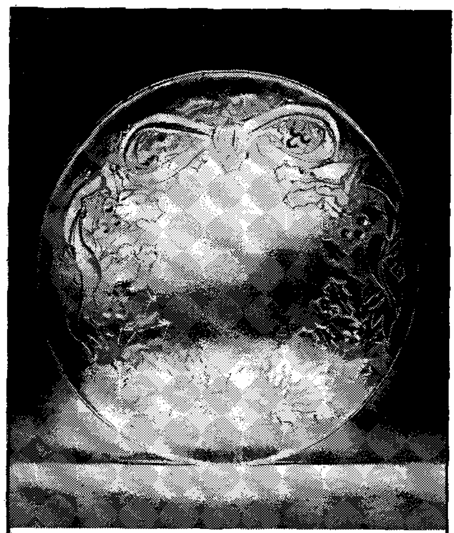

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owners were afraid of the drum because it was so potent; it could be used to incite the slaves to revolt. So they outlawed the drum. This very shrewd law had a tremendous effect on the development of black people's music. Our ancestors had to develop a variety of drum substitutes. One of them, for example, was tap dancing—I'm sure you've all heard of that. Now I'd like to show you another drum substitute that you probably don't know about—one that uses the hands and the body to make rhythm. It's called hambone." There was no translating "hambone" into Mandarin, but Ruff quickly had an intricate rhythm going to demonstrate, slapping himself with the palms of his hands and smacking his open mouth to create a series of resonating pops. Applause greeted this proof that the body could be its own drum.

"By the time jazz started to develop, all African instruments in America had disappeared," Ruff went on. "So jazz borrowed the instruments of Western music, like the ones that we're playing here today." He went over to his bass and showed how he used it as a percussion instrument by picking the strings with his fingers instead of playing them with a bow. "Only this morning," he said, "I gave a lesson to your distinguished professor of bass, and he is already *very good*."

Moving on from rhythm to terrain more familiar to his listeners, Ruff pointed out that jazz took its structural elements from European harmony. "Mr. Mitchell will now give you an example of the music that American slaves found in the Christian churches—Protestant hymns that had been brought from Europe," he said. "Slaves were encouraged to embrace Christianity and to use its music. Please listen." Mitchell played an old Protestant hymn. "The slaves adopted these harmonized melodies and transformed them into their own, very emotional spirituals," Ruff said when Mitchell had finished. "Mr. Mitchell and I will sing you a famous Negro spiritual from the days of slavery. It's called 'My Lord, What a Morning.' " With Mitchell playing a joyful accompaniment, the two men sang five or six choruses of the lovely old song, Mitchell carrying the melody in his deep voice, Ruff taking the higher, second part. The moment, musically beautiful, had an edge of faraway sadness. I couldn't help thinking of another alien culture onto which the Protestant hymns of Europe had once

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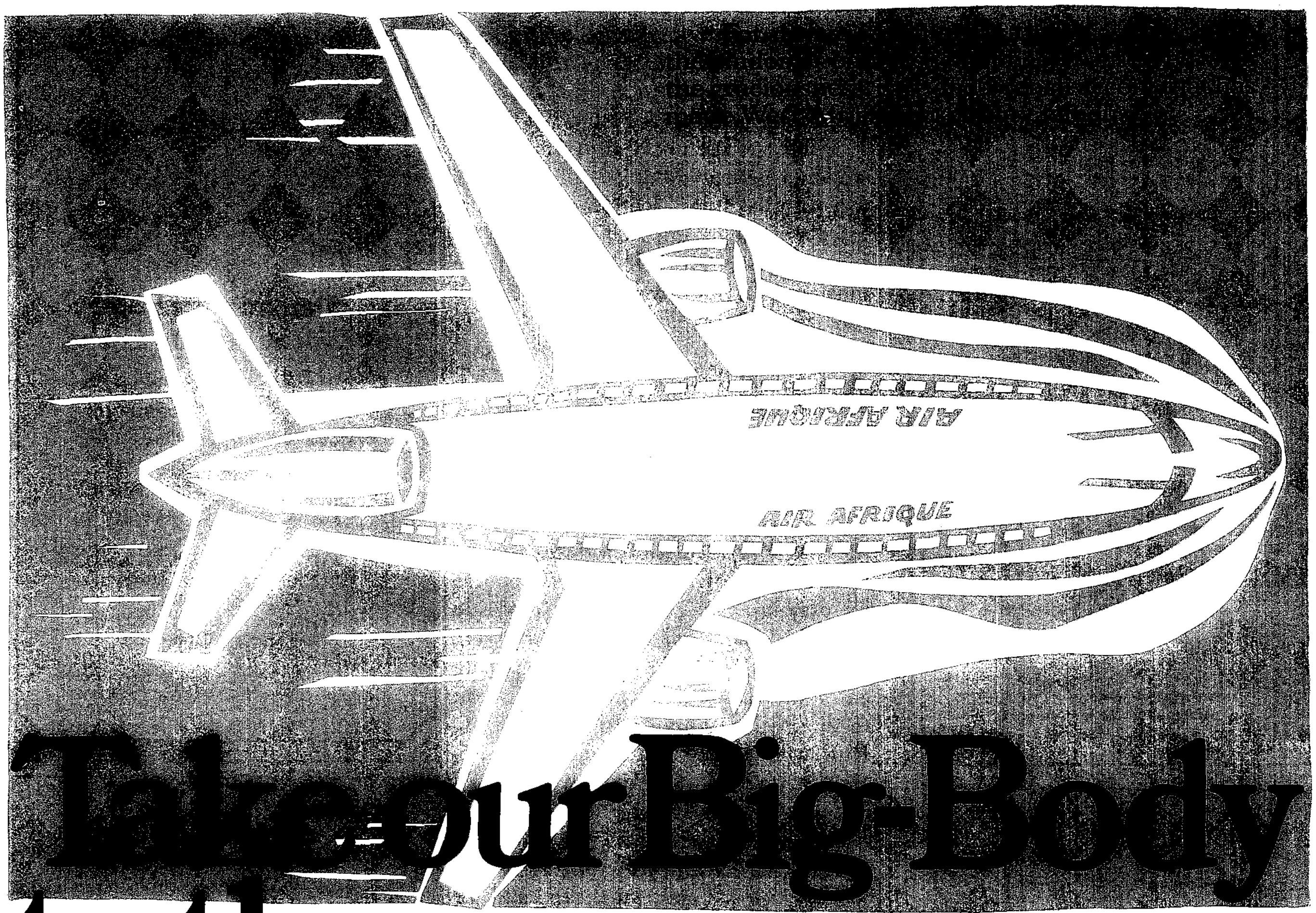

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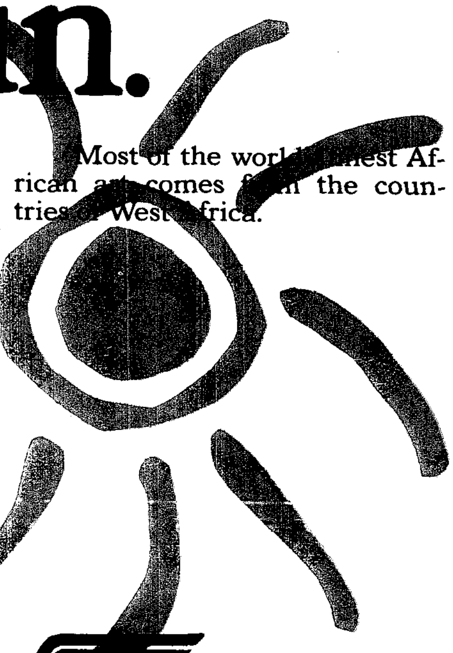

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been strenuously grafted. It was just beyond the conservatory gates.

"Mr. Mitchell will now show you how the piano can be used as a substitute for the instruments of the orchestra," Ruff said. "Please notice that he uses his left hand to play the bass and also to make his rhythm section. Later, he will use his right hand to play the main melody and to fill in the harmony. This style is called ragtime." Mitchell struck up a jaunty rag. The students perked up at the playful pattern of the notes. Ruff looked out at his class and beamed. The teacher in him was beginning to slip away; the musician in him was telling him to start the concert.

MITCHELL and Ruff met in 1947, when they were servicemen at Lockbourne Air Force Base, outside Columbus, Ohio. Mitchell, then seventeen and a pianist in the unit band, needed an accompanist, and he gave the newly arrived Ruff, a sixteen-year-old French-horn player, a crash course in playing the bass. Thus the duo was unofficially born. When they were discharged, they followed separate paths and lost contact. Mitchell went to the Philadelphia Musical Academy. Ruff went to the Yale School of Music, where he studied with Paul Hindemith. Venturing out with his master's degree in 1954, he was told that no American symphony orchestra would hire a black musician, and he accepted an offer to join the Tel Aviv Symphony as first French horn. Shortly before he was to leave, he happened to turn his television set on to "The Ed Sullivan Show." Lionel Hampton's orchestra was playing, and as the camera panned over to the piano Ruff saw a familiar figure at the keyboard. Mitchell, it turned out, had been Hampton's pianist for the past two years. Ruff telephoned him backstage at the CBS studio. Mitchell hinted of imminent vacancies in the brass section. A few days later, Israel lost—and Hampton got—a superb French horn.

The Mitchell-Ruff Duo—"the oldest continuous group in jazz without personnel changes," Ruff says—was formed in 1955, when the two men left Hampton and struck out on their own. They were booked regularly by the major night clubs as the second act with the great bands of the day: Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis. "They were our mentors," Ruff recalls. "They'd play a set and then we'd play a set and

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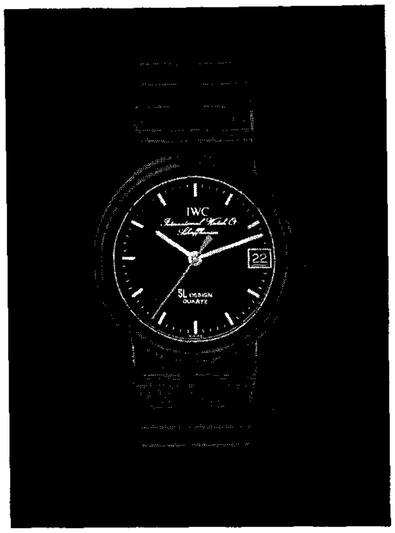

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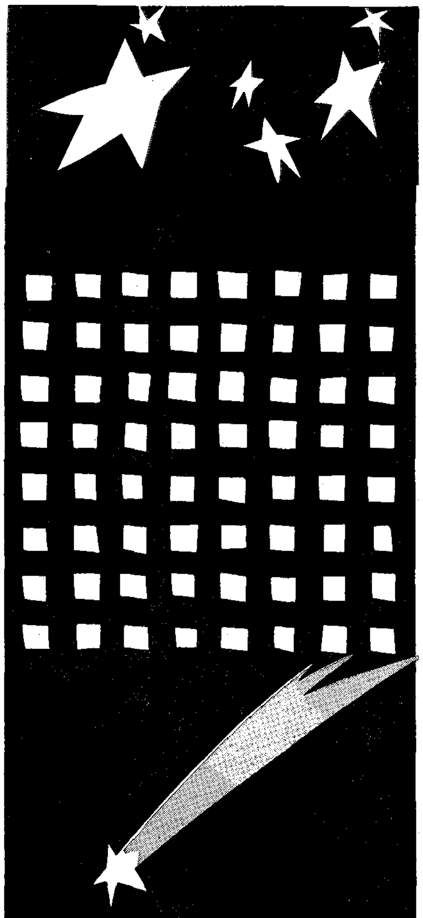

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Meanwhile, they caught the attention of another set of patrons—a group of older women in New York who had formed an organization called Young Audiences to introduce elementary- and high-school students to chamber music. For teachers, the women chose young professionals who could communicate with words as well as with music, and Mitchell and Ruff were the first people they selected to teach jazz. Ruff recalls, "It was done under the supervision of the founders—Mrs. Lionello Perera, a great patron of music, and Mrs. Edgar Leventritt, who started the Leventritt Competition—and Nina Collier and several other ladies who sat on the board. They taught us definite techniques, such as how to catch the attention of children, and they also gave us lessons in grooming and enunciation and conduct. They were very stern and really quite unpleasant, but instructive. Everything they told us turned out to be true."

Armed with these graces, Mitchell and Ruff hit the road for Young Audiences, often giving seven or eight performances a day, going from school to school, first in New York and later in Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco. They did a tour of Indian schools in New Mexico. The duo alternated these forays with its stands in Manhattan clubs. Then, in 1959, it went to Russia. Ruff himself arranged the trip with Soviet officials after the State Department, which had been trying for two years to get Louis Armstrong into the Soviet Union, declined to help. In Russia, the two Americans found a thirst for jazz that surprised even them; when they left Moscow, nine hundred people came to the station to see them off. Mitchell, in turn, still remembers being moved by Russian songs that resembled spirituals he had heard in the black churches of his boyhood. Whether a scholar could find any such link doesn't matter to him; in music, he operates on an emotional level that has no need for evidence. "I felt a mysterious bond between their

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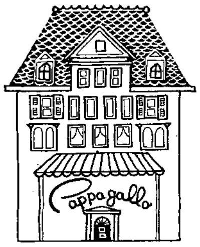

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people and my people," he says. "I think I connected with their suffering."

Not long after that trip, the house of jazz began to crumble. Television was the new medium and rock the new musical message. "Night clubs started closing in the very early sixties," Ruff recalls. "The number of jazz performers who quit, died, or just disappeared was astounding. Many of them moved to Europe. Three of the greatest rhythm players—Oscar Pettiford, Bud Powell, and Kenny Clarke—had been living in Paris and playing for peanuts because they couldn't find any work in the United States. How devastating it was for us to play in Europe—as we did quite a bit then—and see so many of these great men so reduced!"

Mitchell and Ruff survived because of their teaching bent. They caught the attention of two venerable booking agencies, Pryor-Menz and Alkahest, that wanted a young act to give concerts for college audiences and also explain the music, and thereby found the format—sixty or seventy concerts a year, mainly at colleges—that has been their principal source of income to this day.

A new tool came their way in 1967, when CBS Television sent them to Brazil to make a one-hour film tracing the African roots of Brazilian music. Ruff recognized the value of film as a teaching device, went back to college to study film, and has since visited Bali, Senegal, and the pygmies of the Central African Republic to make films about the drum music and language of those societies. He always came back to Yale (where he and I lived in the same college) elated by new rhythmical affinities that he had found among diverse cultures and among seemingly unrelated forms of life. His seminars on rhythm began to make startling connections as he brought Yale professors into them from such disciplines as neurology, limnology, geology, art, English, astronomy, physiology, and physics. The professors, in fact, became almost as elated as Ruff.

WE flew to Shanghai on a Chinese 747—Ruff walked up and down the aisles trying out his Chinese on the passengers—and the next day we called on Professor Tan Shu-chen, deputy director of the Shanghai Conservatory of Music, who was, so far, our only contact. Two years ago, Ruff had sought the sponsorship of the

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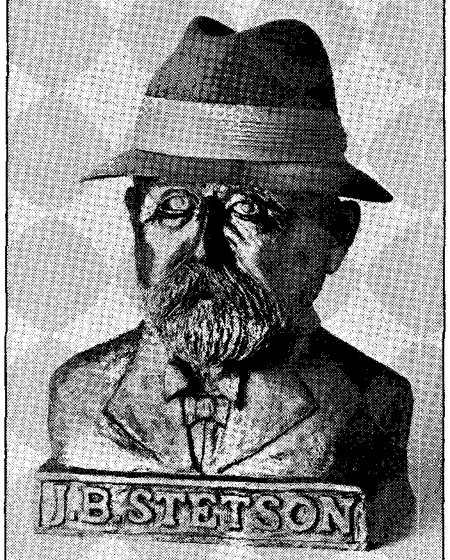

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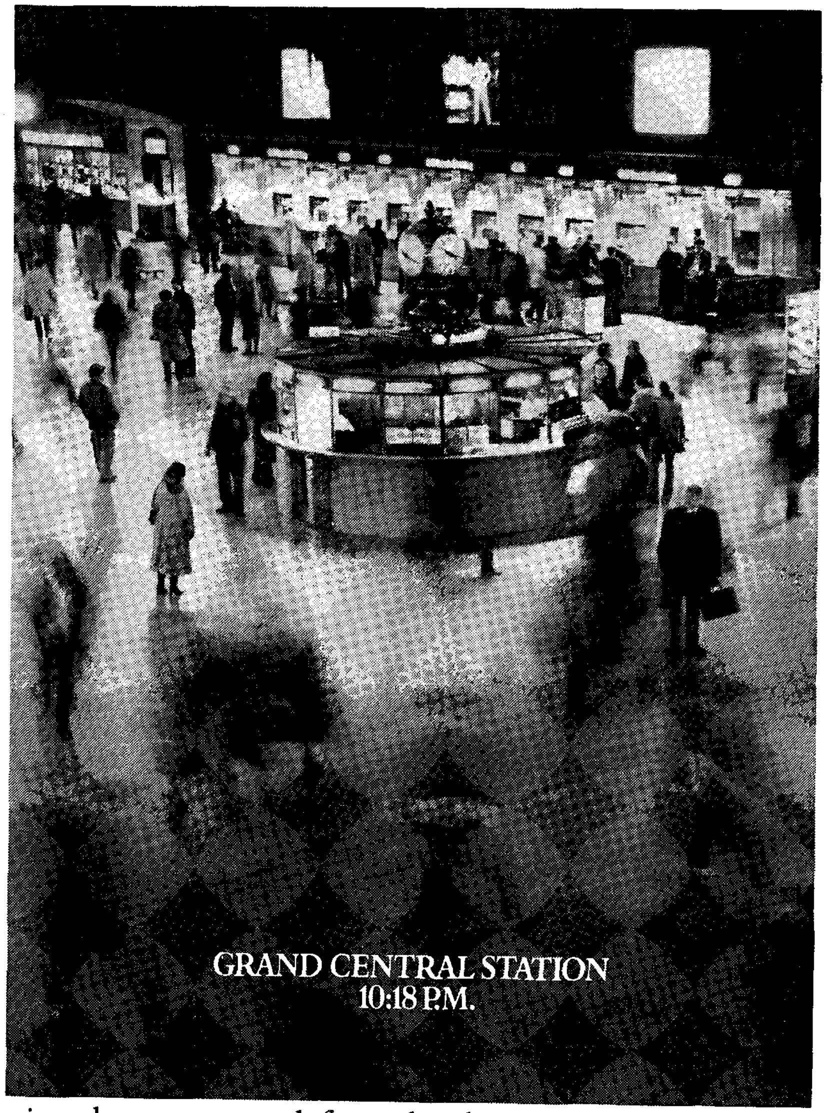

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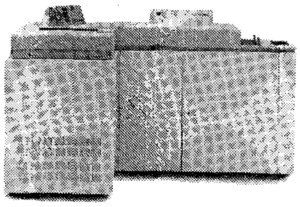

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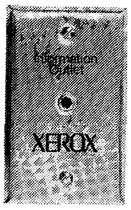

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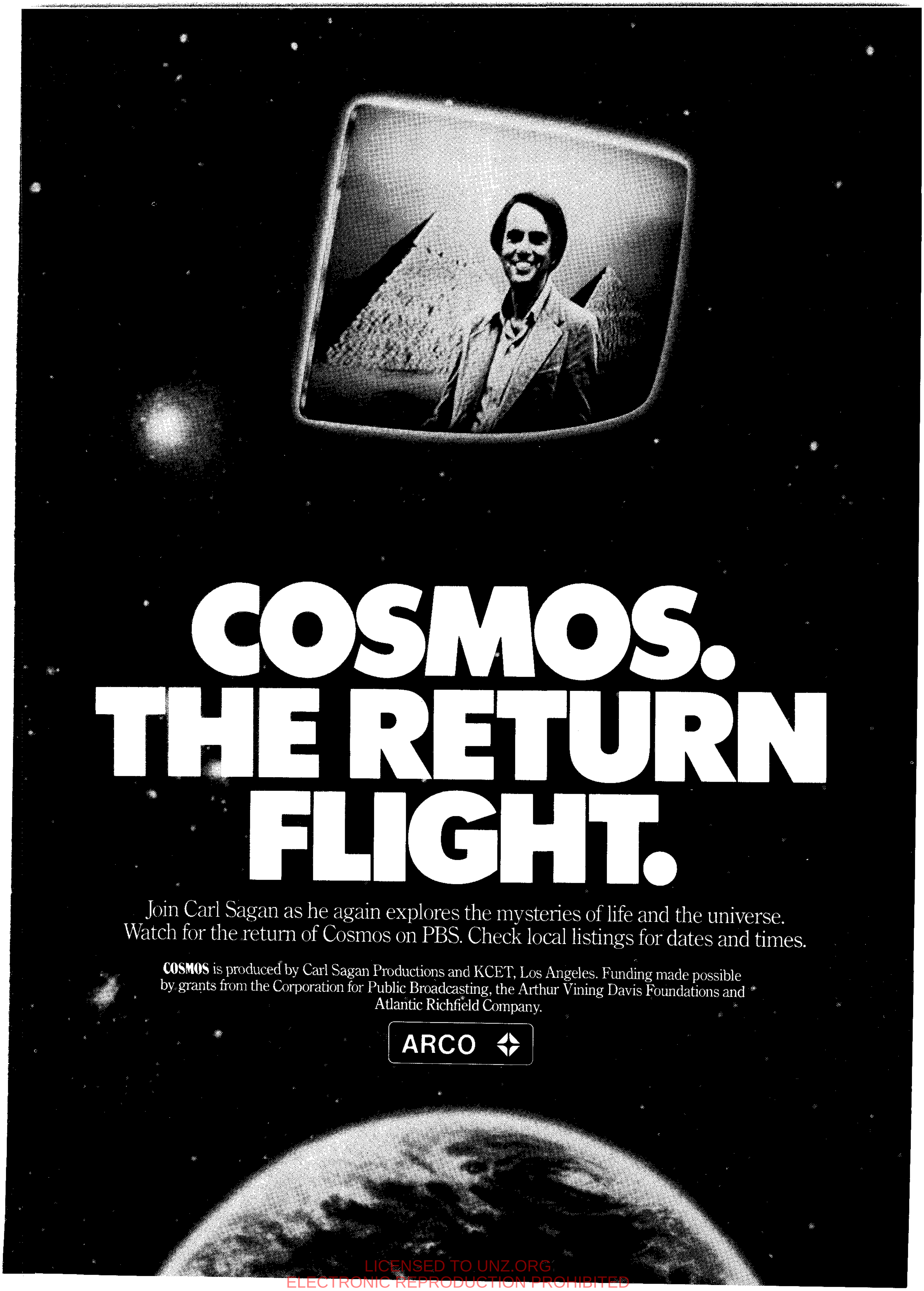
Center for United States-China Arts Exchange, the group that has been sending American musicians to China, but he got no response. Ruff felt that no matter how many great American artists went to China—Isaac Stern, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Roberta Peters—the music that they played and sang would be European music. The indigenous music of America was jazz, and the Chinese had never heard it in a live performance. (When Ruff asked a Chinese man on the plane whether his people were familiar with jazz, he said, "Oh, yes, we know Stephen Foster very well.") Lacking official support, Ruff decided to go anyway. He booked himself and Mitchell on a two-week tour to Shanghai and Peking, the two cities that had major conservatories, and then went looking for money. He got a grant from Coca-Cola that would cover their expenses and the costs of filming their visit.

To have Professor Tan as our host was all that we could have asked. He had come to New York last winter in connection with the film "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China," in which he describes his imprisonment during China's Cultural Revolution. Ruff invited him to visit the Yale School of Music, in the long-range hope of fostering some kind of collaboration that would help both institutions—an exchange of teachers or students or manuscripts between Yale and the Shanghai Conservatory, for instance. While Professor Tan was at Yale, he attended a class in which Ruff and Mitchell were playing, and he invited them, in turn, to give a concert at the conservatory. That was all that a born improviser needed to hear. Now we were at the conservatory, and Professor Tan was showing us around. He had arranged the jazz concert for the next afternoon.

The Shanghai Conservatory of Music, which was founded in 1927, and which prides itself on being part of the cultural conscience of China, has six hundred and fifty students—the youngest are eight years old—and three hundred teachers. Most of the students live on the campus. Quite a few are from Shanghai, but a large number are recruited from all over China by faculty members, who hold regional auditions.

The conservatory has five departments of instruction—piano; voice; strings and winds; composing and conducting; and traditional Chinese



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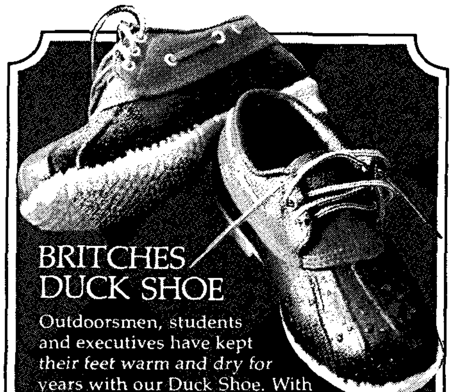
instruments—and two of musicology. One of these is a musical-research institute. The other, devoted to Chinese traditional and folk music, was recently formed to broaden the conservatory's involvement with the heritage of its own country. But the tilt is definitely Westward. Most of the conservatory's original teachers were Europeans, and many of its graduates have lived in the West and won recognition there. The curriculum, from what I could hear of it, was rooted in Europe: Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Chopin, Verdi. The biggest class that we saw consisted of a forty-piece student orchestra, led by a student conductor, playing Dvořák's Cello Concerto.

Professor Tan was a product of this tradition—and was one of its first casualties when the Cultural Revolution struck. He was born in 1907, and as a boy he studied violin privately with Dutch and Italian teachers who were living in China. When he joined the Shanghai Municipal Orchestra, in 1927, he was its first Chinese member. He recalls the conductor, an Italian named Mario Paci, as a man of such fierce temper that he constantly broke his baton. Thus he learned at an early age that one of the liveliest currents running through Western music is high emotion among its practitioners.

Professor Tan turned to teaching in 1929—at one point, he was teaching violin at six different colleges in Shanghai—and rejoined the symphony in 1937. By that time, it had four Chinese members; obviously, Shanghai was still a creature of the West. But that era would soon come to an end. During the Second World War, the Japanese occupied Shanghai, foreigners were interned in concentration camps, and the colonizing grip of the West was finally broken.

It was no time or place for a musician to make a living—"One month's salary would buy one shoe," Professor Tan recalled—and, seeking a more practical trade, he went to architecture school and earned his degree. He returned to music after the war, however, joining the Shanghai Conservatory in 1947, and becoming its deputy director in 1949, when the Communists came to power in China. The school then began its biggest era of growth. The student body and the faculty were greatly expanded, and European music regained its hold. But the older students were also required to go away and work for three months



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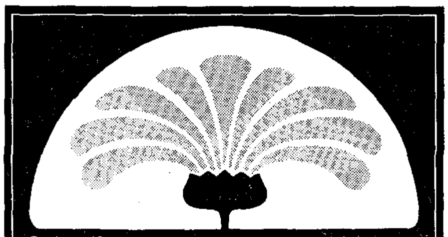

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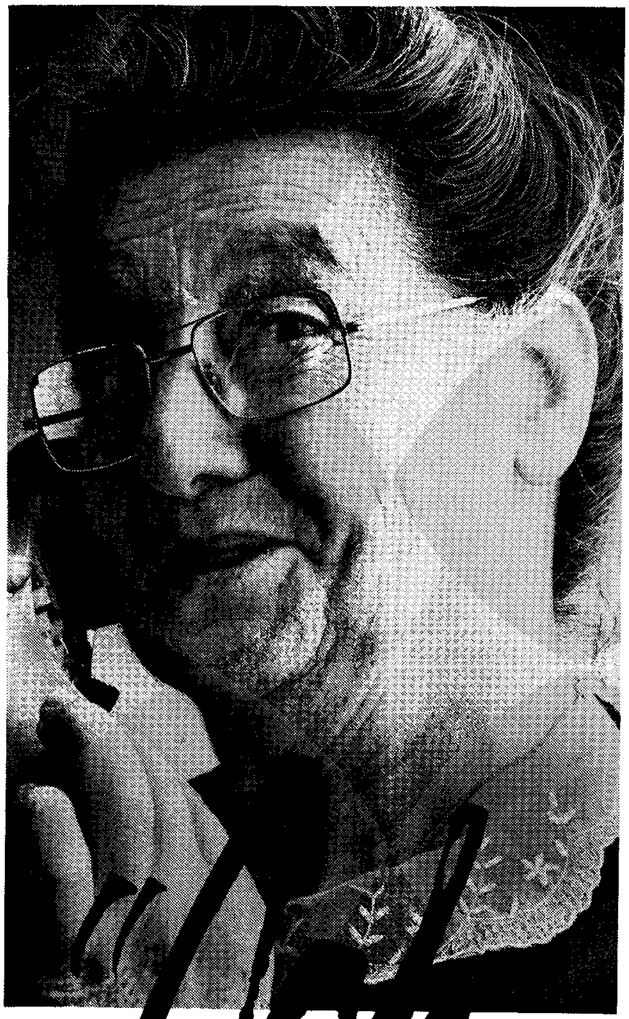
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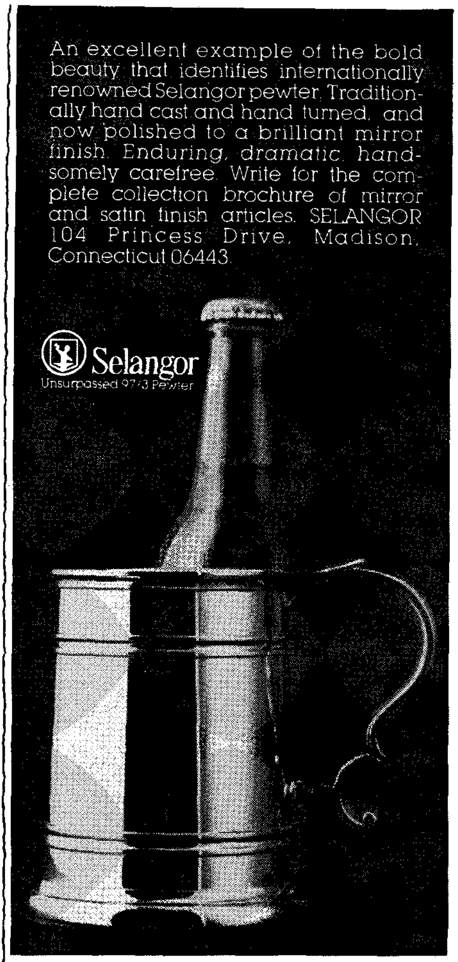
every year on farms and in factories. "The peasants and workers disliked Western music because it belonged to the rich people," Professor Tan recalled. "And our students couldn't practice much, because they met so much criticism. At the conservatory, we never knew where we stood. Periods of criticism would alternate with periods of relaxation. It was an uneasy time. In fact, just before the Cultural Revolution I was thinking of retiring from teaching. I had a sense of a coming storm. We are like animals—we can feel that."

The storm broke on June 5, 1966. The first winds of the Cultural Revolution hit the conservatory from within. "On the first day, posters were put up and meetings were held denouncing the director, Professor Ho Lu-ting," Professor Tan said. "The next day, the attack was aimed at me. I was accused of poisoning the minds of the students. My crime was that I was teaching Mozart. I happen to be a blind admirer of European and American people and music and culture, so everything I had been teaching was poison. Bach and Beethoven were poison. And Brahms. And Paganini.

"At first, it was only posters and meetings. Then the conservatory was closed, and much of our music was destroyed. We were beaten every day by students and by young people who came in from outside. Boys of ten or eleven would throw stones at us. They really believed we were bad people—especially any professor who was over forty. The older you were, the worse you were. For a year, more than a hundred of us older teachers were beaten and forced to spend every day shut up together in a closed shed. Then there was a year when we had to do hard labor. Ten professors died from the strain; one of them had a heart attack when a young guard made him run after him for a mile. He just dropped dead at the end. Then came the solitary confinement. Our director was kept in prison, in chains, for five years. I was put in the worst room they could find here—a very small room in the basement, hardly any bigger than my bed. It had no light and no windows, and it was smelly because it was next to a septic tank, and there was nothing to do to pass the time. I was kept there for fourteen months."

In 1971, Professor Tan was allowed to go home to live with his family pending the verdict on his



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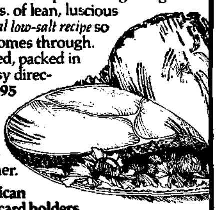

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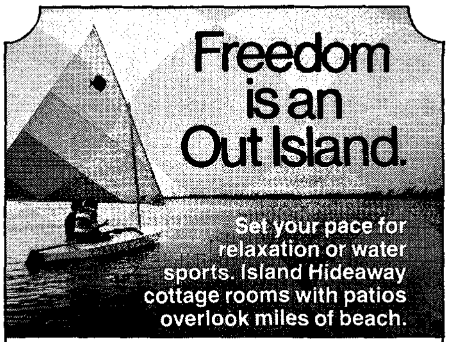

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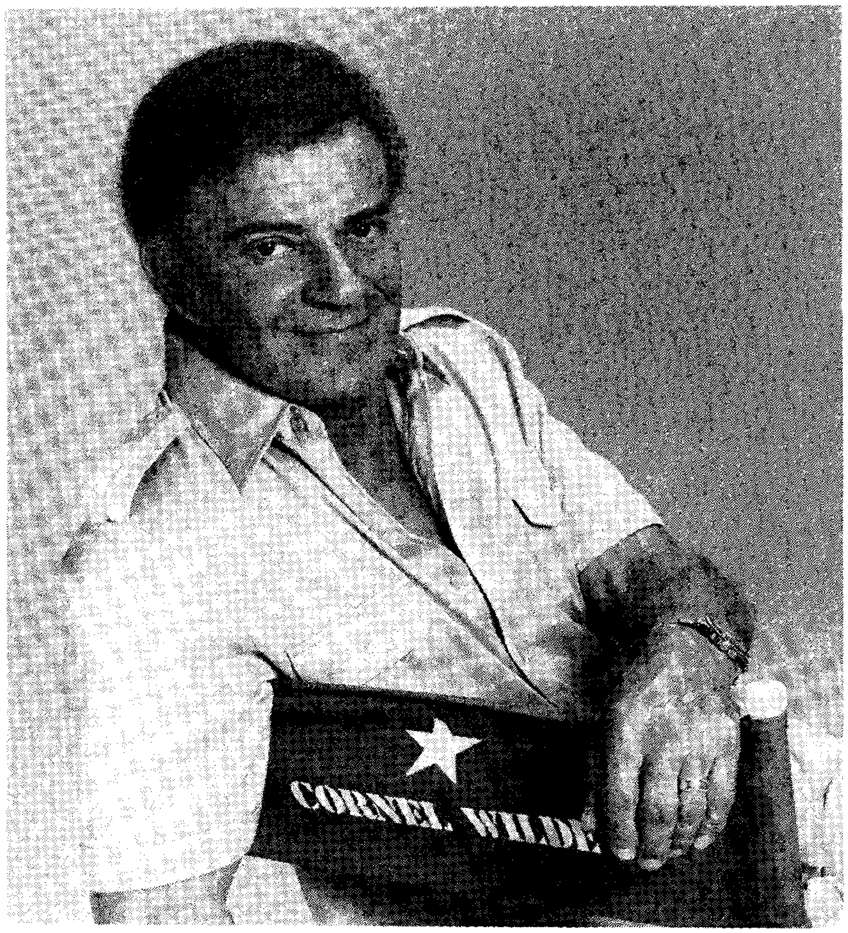

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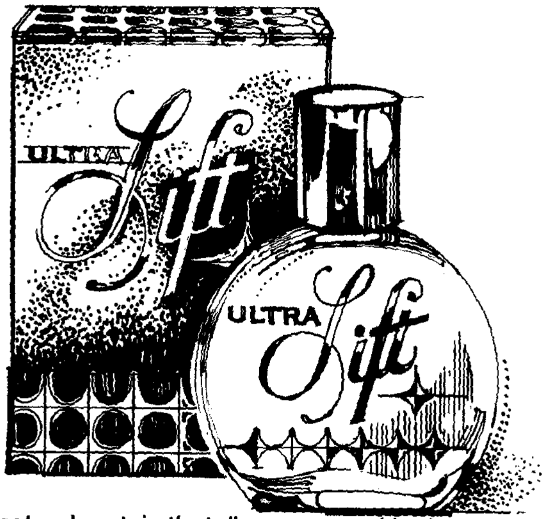

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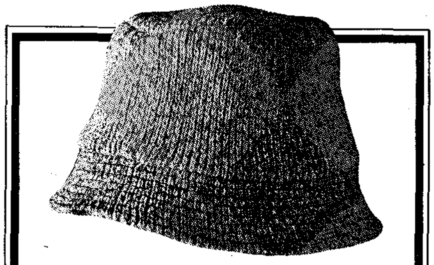

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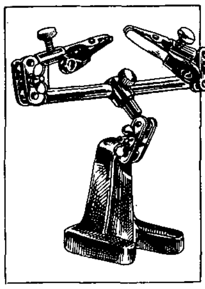

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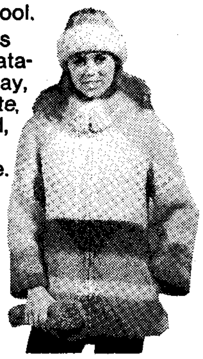
"crimes," but he still had to do physical labor at the conservatory during the day. Needless to say, no Western music was played there. Finally, in 1976, the Gang of Four was overthrown, the professors were declared innocent, and the conservatory was reopened. Professor Tan told me that among the students he readmitted were some who had beaten and tormented him. I said that I could hardly imagine such forbearance. "I didn't think about that," he said. "The past is the past."

Professor Tan is a small, gentle man with white hair and a modest manner. He dresses in the informal work clothes that everybody wears in Shanghai; nobody would take him for one of the city's cultural eminences. He moves somewhat slowly and wears fairly strong glasses—marks, perhaps, of his long captivity. "The students have made astonishing progress since 1976, because now they can play wholeheartedly," he told me. "I love being able to teach the violin again. It's such an enjoyment to hear people who are truly talented. Yesterday, a girl played the 'Scottish Fantasy' of Max Bruch, and although I was supposed to be teaching her, I only sat and listened and never said a word. It was just right." He was equally pleased by the thought of bringing jazz to his students. "I've never seen any jazz musicians in China," he said. "Nobody here knows anything about jazz. When I heard Mr. Ruff and Mr. Mitchell play at Yale, I realized that it was very important music. I wanted my teachers and my students to hear it. I wanted them to know what real American jazz is like."

WHEN Mitchell finished his ragtime tune, the audience clapped—apparently glad to hear some of the converging elements that Ruff had talked about earlier. "Now we're going to give you an example of blues," Ruff said. "Blues" was another word that didn't lend itself to Mandarin, and it sounded unusually strung out: "bloooooze." Ruff continued, "One of the fundamental principles of jazz is form, and blues are a perfect illustration. Blues almost always have a twelve-bar form. This twelve-bar form never changes. It wouldn't change even if we stayed here and played it all night." He paused to let this sink in. "But you don't have to worry—we aren't going to play it that long." It was his first joke in Chinese, and it went over well. Mitchell then



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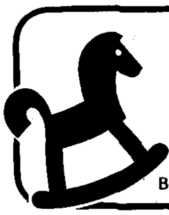

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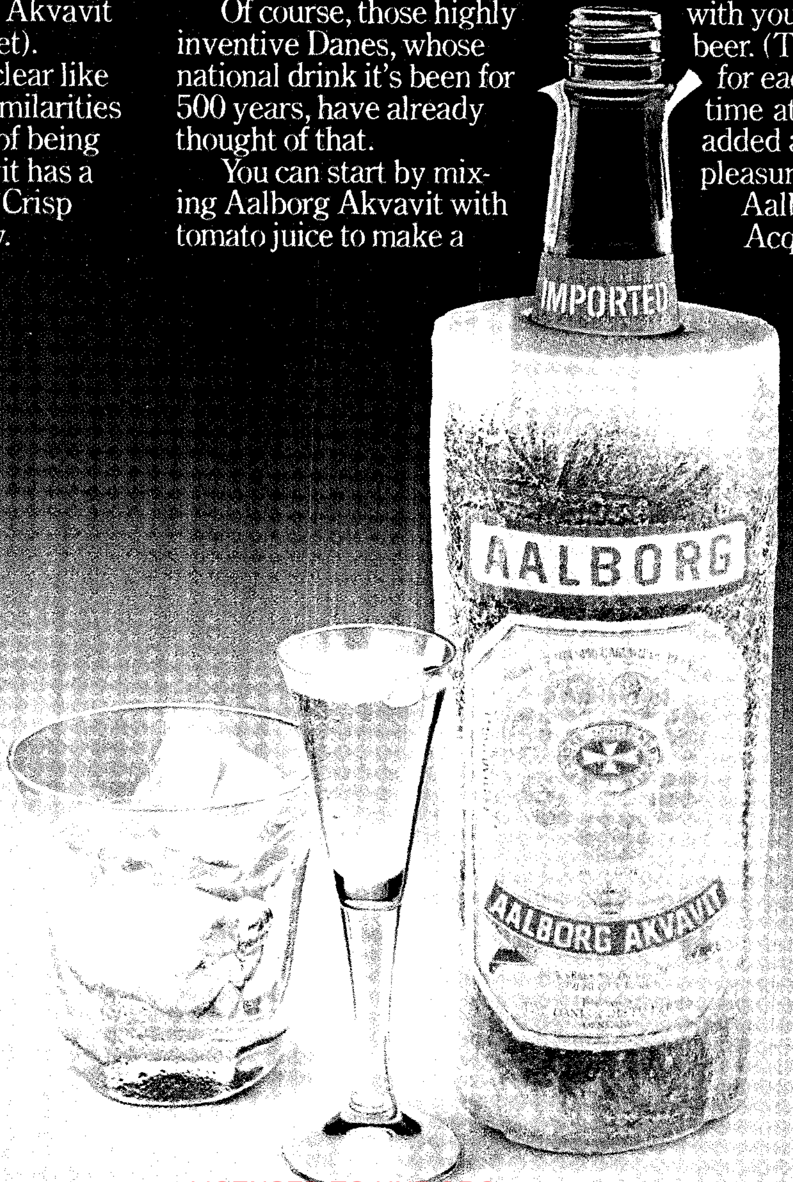

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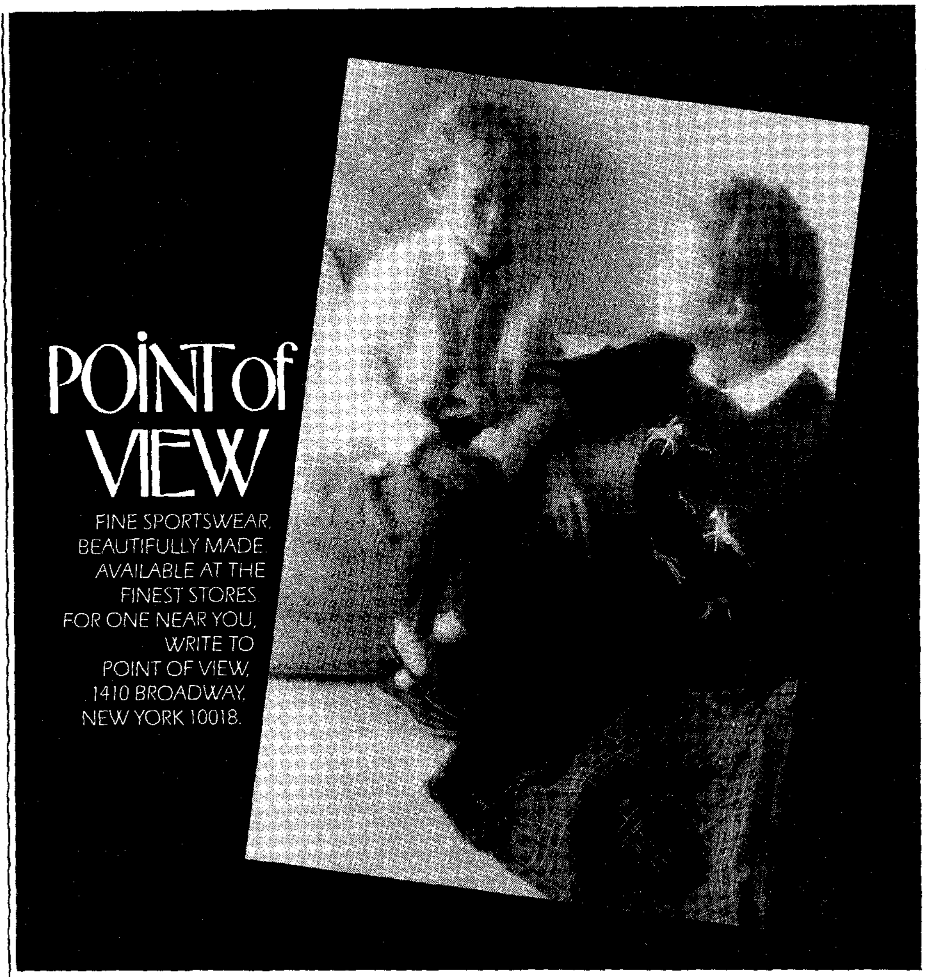
played an easygoing blues—a classic sample of what came up the river from New Orleans, with a strong left hand ornamented by graceful runs in the right hand. Ruff joined in on bass, and they played several twelve-bar choruses.

After that number, Ruff brought up the matter of improvisation, which he called "the lifeblood of jazz." He said that when he was young he had worried because his people hadn't developed from their experience in America a written tradition of opera, like Chinese opera, that chronicled great or romantic events. "But later I stopped worrying, because I saw that the master performers of our musical story—Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, and so many others—have enriched our culture with the beauty of what they created spontaneously. Now please listen one more time to the blues form, and count the measures along with me." He wanted his listeners to count, he said, because the rules of jazz require the improviser, however wild his melodic journeys, to repeat the harmonic changes that went into the first statement of the theme. "After you count with me a few times through, Mr. Mitchell will begin one of his famous improvisations," Ruff said.

Mitchell played a simple blues theme, emphasizing the chord changes, and Ruff counted the twelve bars aloud in English. Mitchell then restated the theme, embroidering it slightly, and this time Ruff counted in Chinese: "*Yi, er, san, si, wu, liu, qi, ba* . . ." This so delighted the students that they forgot to join him. "I can't hear you," Ruff said, teacher-fashion, but they kept quiet and enjoyed his climb up the numerical ladder. Afterward, Mitchell embarked on a series of dazzling improvisations, some constructed of runs like those played by Art Tatum, some built on strong chord progressions (he can move immense chord clusters up and down the keyboard with incredible speed); next, Ruff took a chorus on the bass; then they alternated their improvised flights, moving in twelve-bar segments to an ending that seemed inevitable—as if they had played it a hundred times before.

Changing the mood, Ruff announced that Mitchell would play "Yesterdays." Jerome Kern's plaintive melody is hardly the stuff of traditional jazz, nor was Mitchell's rendition of it—a treatment of classical intricacy, closer to Rachmaninoff (one



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of his heroes) than to any jazz pianist. The students applauded with fervor. Staying in a relatively classical vein, Ruff switched to the French horn, and the two men played Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life" in a vein that was slow and lyrical, almost like a German lied, and that perhaps surprised the students with its lack of an obvious rhythm.

The next number was one that I didn't recognize. It moved at a bright tempo and had several engaging themes that were brought back by the piano or the French horn—the usual jazzmen's game of statement and response. Twice, Mitchell briefly introduced a contrapuntal motif that was a deliberate imitation of Bach, and each time it drew a ripple of amusement from the professors and the students. It was the first time they had heard a kind of music that they recognized from their own studies.

"That number is called 'Shanghai Blues,' " Ruff said at the end. "We just made it up." The audience buzzed with amazement and pleasure.

I had been watching the professors and the students closely during the concert. Their faces had the look of people watching the slow approach of some great natural force—a tornado or a tidal wave. They had been listening to music that their experience had not prepared them to understand. Two black men were playing long stretches of music without resorting to any printed notes. Yet they obviously hadn't memorized what they were playing; their music took unexpected turns, seemingly at the whim of the musicians, straying all over the keyboard and all over the landscape of Western tonality. Nevertheless, there was order. Themes that had been abandoned came back in different clothes. If the key changed, as it frequently did, the two men were always in the same key. Often there was a playfulness between the two instruments, and always there was rapport. But if the two players were exchanging any signals, the message was too quick for the untrained eye.

I could tell that the music was holding the Chinese listeners in a strong grip. Their minds seemed to be fully engaged. Their bodies, however, were not. Only three pairs of feet in the whole room were tapping—Ruff's, Mitchell's, and mine. Perhaps this was a Chinese characteristic, this stillness of listening. Moreover, the music wasn't easy. It never again approached the overt syncopation of the ragtime that Mitchell had played early in the

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program; that was where the essential gaiety of jazz had been most accessible. Nor did it have the flat-out gusto that an earlier generation of black musicians might have brought to China—the thumping rhythms and simpler harmonies of a James P. Johnson or a Fats Waller. It was not that Mitchell and Ruff were playing jazz that was pedantic or sedate. On the contrary, I have seldom heard Mitchell play with more exuberant shifts of energy and mood. But the music was full of subtleties; even a Westerner accustomed to jazz would have been charmed by its intelligence and wit. I had to remind myself that the Chinese had heard no Western music of any kind from 1966 to 1976. A twenty-one-year-old student in the audience, for instance, would have begun to listen to composers like Mozart and Brahms only within the past five years. The jazz that he was hearing now was not so different as to be a whole new branch of music. Mitchell was clearly grounded in Bach and Chopin; Ruff's French horn had echoes of all the classical works—Debussy's "Rêverie," Ravel's "Pavane"—in which that instrument has such uncanny power to move us.

After "Shanghai Blues," Ruff asked for questions.

"Where do people go to study jazz in America?" a student wanted to know. "What kind of courses do they take?"

Ruff explained that jazz courses, where they existed at all, would be part of a broad college curriculum that included, say, languages and history and physics. "But, really, jazz isn't learned in universities or conservatories," he said. "It's music that is passed on by older musicians to those of us who are younger."

It was not a helpful answer. What kind of subject didn't have its own academy? A shyness settled over the room, though the students seemed full of curiosity. Professor Tan got up and stood next to Ruff. "I urge you to ask questions," he said. "I can assure you that jazz has many principles that apply to your studies here. In fact, I have many questions myself."

An old professor stood up and asked, "When you created the 'Shanghai Blues' just now, did you have a form for it, or a logical plan?"

"I just started tapping my foot," Ruff replied, tapping his foot to reconstruct the moment. "And then I started to play the first thought that came into my mind with the horn.

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And Mitchell heard it. And he answered. And after that we heard and answered, heard and answered, heard and answered."

The old professor said, "But how can you ever play it again?"

"We never can," Ruff replied.

"That is beyond our imagination," the professor said. "Our students here play a piece a hundred times, or two hundred times, to get it exactly right. You play something once—something very beautiful—and then you just throw it away."

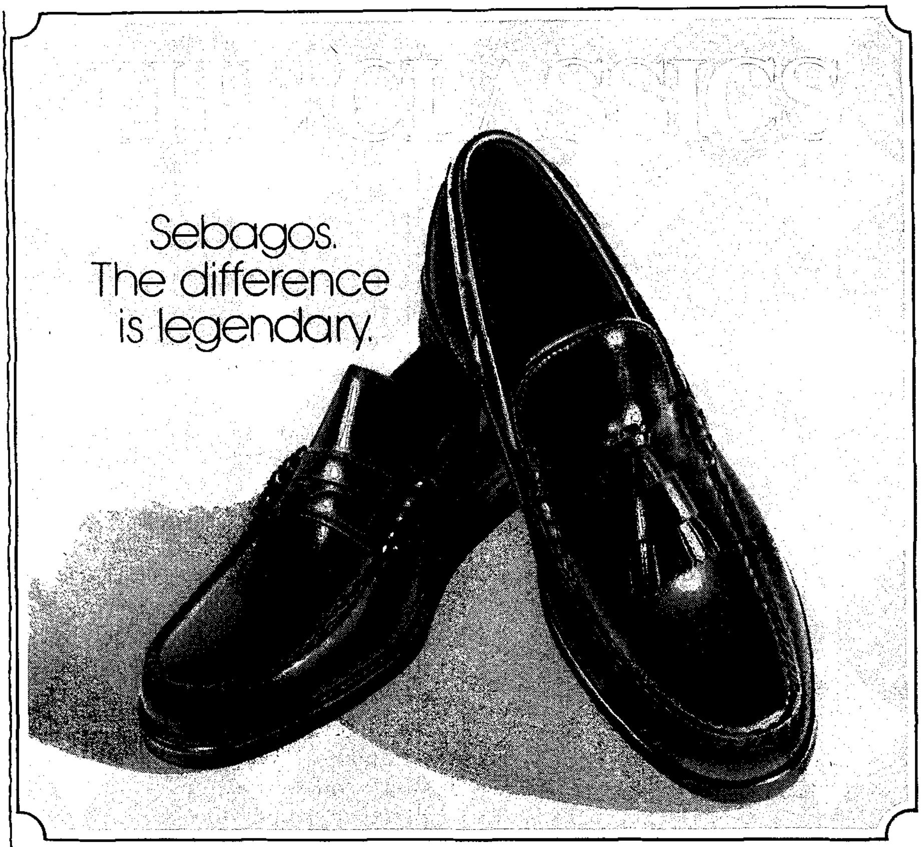
Now the questions tumbled out. What was most on the students' minds quickly became clear: it was the mystery of improvisation. (The Chinese don't even have a word for improvisation of this kind; Ruff translated it as "something created during the process of delivery.") All the questions poked at this central riddle—"Could a Chinese person improvise?" and "Could two strangers improvise together?" and "How can you compose at such speed?"—and during this period Ruff took one question and turned it into a moment that stood us all on our ear.

Was it really possible, a student wanted to know, to improvise on any tune at all—even one that the musicians had never heard before?

Ruff's reply was casual. "I would like to invite one of the pianists here to play a short traditional Chinese melody that I'm sure we would not know, and we will make a new piece based on that," he said.

The room erupted in oohs and cheers. I caught a look on Mitchell's face that said, "This time you've gone too far." The students began to call the name of the young man they wanted to have play. When they found him in the crowd, he was so diffident that he got down on the floor to keep from being dragged out. But his friends dragged him out anyway, and, regaining his aplomb, he walked to the piano and sat down with the formality of a concert artist. He was about twenty-two. Mitchell stood to one side, looking grave.

The young man played his melody beautifully and with great feeling. It seemed to be his own composition, unknown to the other people. It began with four chords of distinctively Chinese structure, moved down the scale in a stately progression, paused, turned itself around with a transitional figure of lighter weight, and then started back up, never repeating itself and finally resolving the theme with a sus-



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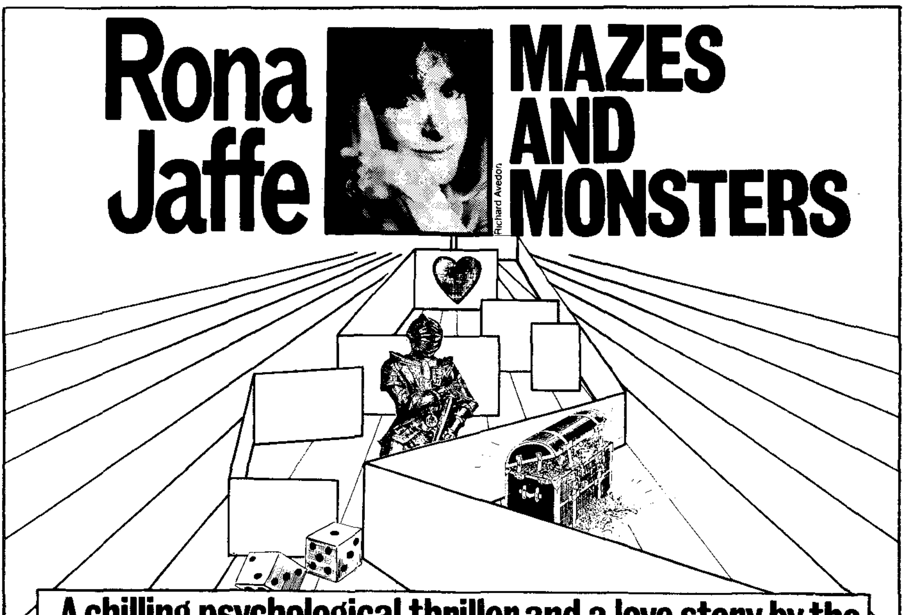

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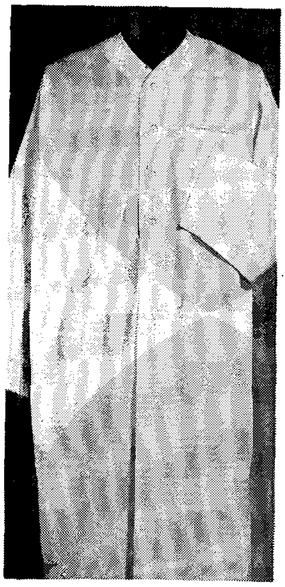

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pended chord that was satisfying because it was so unexpected. It was a perfect small piece, about fourteen bars long. The student walked back to his seat, and Mitchell went back to the piano. The room grew quiet.

Mitchell's huge hands hovered briefly over the keys, and then the young man's melody came back to him. It was in the same key; it had the same chords, slightly embellished near the end; and, best of all, it had the same mood. Having stated the theme, Mitchell broadened it the second time, giving it a certain majesty, coloring the student's chords with dissonances that were entirely apt. He gave the Chinese chords a jazz texture but still preserved their mood. Then Ruff joined him on his bass, and they took the melody through a number of variations, Mitchell giving it a whole series of new lives but never losing its integrity. I listened to his feat with growing excitement. For me, it was the climax of years of marvelling at his ear and at his sensitivity to the material at hand. The students were equally elated and astonished. For them, it was the ultimate proof—because it touched their own heritage—that for a jazz improviser no point of departure is alien.

After that number, a few more questions were asked, and Mitchell and Ruff concluded with a Gershwin medley from "Porgy and Bess" and a genial rendition of "My Old Flame." Professor Tan thanked the two men and formally ended the concert. Then he went over to Mitchell and took his hands in his own. "You are an artist," he said.

Later, I told Mitchell that I thought Ruff had given him an unduly nervous moment when he invited the students to supply a melody.

"Well, naturally I was nervous, because I didn't have any idea what to expect," he said. "But, you know, that boy phrased his piece *perfectly*. The minute he started to play, I got his emotions. I understood exactly what he was feeling, and the rest was easy. The notes and the chords just fell into place."

—WILLIAM ZINSSER

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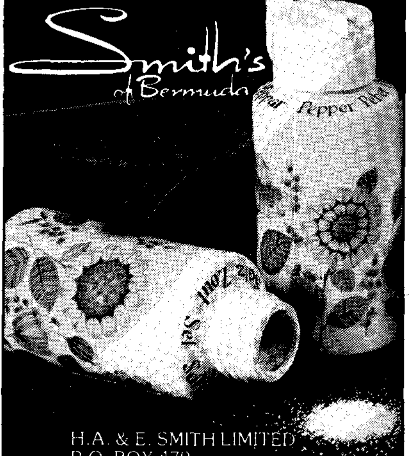

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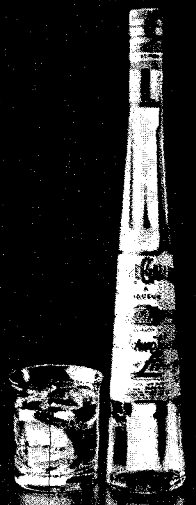

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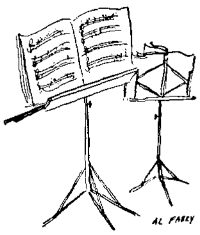
MUSICAL EVENTS

Apollo's Son

THE English National Opera's 1981-82 season opened with a new production of "Tristan and Isolde" distressing to look at but musically overwhelming: it had been prepared (during rehearsals of a year and more) and was conducted by Reginald Goodall. Since it was sung in my English translation, I'll say no more about the performance, beyond a word for Alberto Remedios's ardent, poetic Tristan. The merits of Mr. Goodall and of his Isolde, the young Scottish soprano Linda Esther Gray, and of his Marke, Gwynne Howell, can also be admired in a recording of the Welsh National Opera's original-language "Tristan," due for release here in November by London Records.



Like the New York City Opera, the English National offers some summer operetta—this year "The Merry Widow," which in August alternated with the "Tristan" and with a remarkable new production of Monteverdi's "Orfeo." Fifteen years ago, the company used to play Monteverdi's opera in a rich realization by Raymond Leppard; now it uses a more stylish edition, by John Eliot Gardiner, who also conducted. The English Baroque Soloists, along with some English National strings and brass, provided the accompaniment. The production had opened on tour, in Nottingham's little Theatre Royal; any fears that the old instruments might sound too small in the Coliseum, the English National's London home, which holds over two thousand, were swiftly allayed. The floor of the orchestra pit was set high. Cornetti, clarini, and sackbutts rang out bravely. Continuo harpsichords and chitarroni gave ample support to the singers. In ritornelli, the handful of strings seemed even too loud at times. Musically, this was an attempt at an authentic performance, led by a specialist in the style. Scenically, it was something quite different, directed by a young Australian, David Freeman, who cites Martha Graham, Peter Brook, and Jerzy Grotowski as influences on his work. (Mr. Freeman has founded small operatic ensembles, which he calls Opera Factory, in Sydney, in Zurich, and now, under English National auspices, in London.) The 1607 music drama, sung by highly trained singers and accompanied by expert instrumentalists, was here acted as if by present-day descendants of the Thracians among whom Orpheus once sang. The production, one read in the program book, "is set in a contemporary peasant village on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean." The costumes were a modern motley with ethnic touches. The décor was chiefly pretty cloths or carpets suspended, and some portable rocks on which the company could sit or stand. Divine intervention by Apollo was signalled by the waving of a golden cape. The lighting was simple, strong, and effective. No attempt was made to resolve the evident contradictions: between a High Renaissance court entertainment and an open-air rustic mystery play; between adherence to a verbal and musical text written by two highly cultivated, scholarly artists and the adoption of a simple, improvisatory acting style. (The piece was still recognizably Monteverdi's opera—unlike, say, Grotowski's thorough reworking of "The Constant Prince," which was no longer recognizably Calderón's play.) Mr. Freeman had been, in fact, not so much a "director," imposing his ideas on a cast, as the "coördinator" of an action in which the twenty individual singers had devised for themselves "natural" ways of expressing emotions and had invented for themselves antique, pastoral wedding rites and a representation of souls in Stygian or Hellish torment. By Graham, Brook, or Grotowski standards, much of the movement was naïve (a criticism that invites the retort "Why should peasant acting—or an enactment of peasant acting—be polished?"). The "natural" reaction to grief—throwing oneself to the ground—was indulged in often enough to lose its expressive force. At such times, the firm hand of an old-fashioned director was missed; also when a chorister's obtrusive mime was allowed to steal attention from the hero's principal song.

"Orfeo," the first great opera, is itself a masterpiece in which tensions of many kinds are balanced: between word and note, acting and singing, monody and madrigal, free declamation and strict, formal musical designs, instruments as accompaniment and (in Orpheus's "Possente spirto") as "actors," scenery decorative and scenery dramatic. In fact, the various operatic reforms through nearly four centuries can be defined as returns to or adjustments of these balances that Monteverdi established so long ago. There are many possible ways of presenting the piece. The company's earlier production was done in colorful abstract décor, and in Italian. Kent Opera's version, directed by Jonathan Miller, reflected the harmonious proportions of Poussin in its stage pictures. The Juilliard's, three years ago, mimicked to fine effect a luxurious Baroque spectacle. Mr. Freeman evidently took his cue from the undimmed directness of Monteverdi's musical expression—the immediacy, now as in 1607, of vocal gesture and harmonic pang. The scenic metaphor chosen was, of course, no less artificial and exotic to a modern audience than any attempt to simulate the original performance by Duke Vincenzo's company would be, and it looked a little old-fashioned—"Zagreb sixties" in manner and aspect, a carrying over into the opera house of once popular staging ideas that the straight theatre has explored pretty fully. But it worked. And the questions it raised led to the central mysteries of opera's power over men's minds and hearts. This was no Simple Simon or Monteverdi-for-the-masses redaction. Although on one page of the program book Mr. Freeman remarked that "perhaps today a rock singer such as Roger Daltrey or Mick Jagger . . . is the nearest contemporary equivalent" to Orpheus, on other pages writings by Plato, Dante, Gaffurius, Pico della Mirandola, Lorenzo de' Medici, and Edgar Wind were brought to our attention.

The singing was accomplished, especially that of Anthony Rolfe Johnson, one of the English National's leading Mozart tenors, in the title role; of Jennifer Smith as the incarnation of Music, who introduces the opera; and of John Tomlinson, as Charon. Three countertenor shepherds were excellently and agreeably audible. All were fluent in division and decoration. The ensembles were well balanced and precisely timed. Yet something was lacking, and its absence lessened the eloquence and dimmed the delights of the evening: the singers made little of the words. Nonverbal theatre—or, at any rate, theatre in which words are not treated as the

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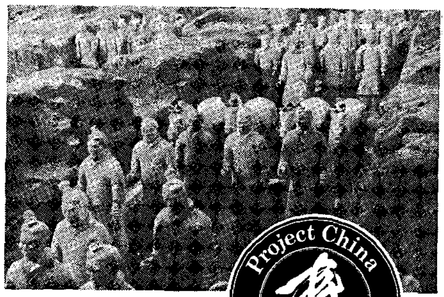

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prime medium of communication—was in vogue some years ago: Grotowski's "Constant Prince" and Brook's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are instances. (Nonverbal theatre of another kind is common in opera houses where performances are given in tongues uncomprehended by either cast or audience.) For Monteverdi it won't do; like Giuseppe Verdi, he was a composer who accorded primacy to the text. "Aim to serve the poet rather than the composer" was the burden of Verdi's instructions to his "Macbeth" interpreters, and Monteverdi's expressed intention was to make his music the handmaiden of the text. Those formulations are, of course, too simple: Alessandro Striggio's libretto for "Orfeo" and the Verdi-Piave-Maffei libretto for "Macbeth" are *drammi per musica*—plays written for a composer to set. They need to be *sung*, not spoken. But the way to sing them expressively, to bring the music to life, is to start by expressing the words—whether those words be the original Italian or, as in this production, a translation. Anne Ridler's English version, sensitive to the shapes of Monteverdi's lines, was used. Although the "Orfeo" cast did not commit the common fault of subordinating sense to vocal tone, it did seem concerned more with "enacting" the text than with uttering it distinctly and affectingly. Many of Anne Ridler's words were quite simply unintelligible. Verbal values—the natural speech rhythms of the translation—were often subordinated to metrical observance of the printed note values. Both conductor and director must be chided for not having urged the artists to "speak" with the passion and vividness they brought to their acting. It might have helped to raise the pit floor higher still and station the continuo players where they could see and follow the singers they accompanied. Recitative relayed through a conductor must always be recitative to some extent dulled.

Yet for both the audiences and, evidently, the cast, this unorthodox "Orfeo" was an exciting, valuable, and stirring enterprise. In an age when, on the one hand, critics and, increasingly, the public are calling for a return to traditional presentations—for operas done in a manner their creators would recognize as reasonable accounts of their work—while, on the other hand, several celebrated directors move farther and farther the other way, this simple, careful, adventurous, and uncostly production afforded new evidence that there can be nonhistorical stagings of old works which do them no violence; that imagination and intensity count for more than mere expenditure on machinery and décor; that limitations of stage or of budget—such as in postwar years Günther Rennert knew in Hamburg and Wieland Wagner in Bayreuth—can still be turned to virtue. Scenically, those morals could be drawn. The musical moral was equally plain: that works sound most eloquent and most beautiful when executed as closely as possible in accord with the sounds and style their composers knew. There is a paradox here, but then opera has ever been a matter of paradoxes, inconsistencies, and compromises. (To touch on just one: although operas are best heard in the original language, the words of many operas need to be understood not just in general but in detail; so compromise is inevitable when borders are crossed.) Like "Orfeo" itself, this production of it sought a new synthesis. Challenging some tenets of contemporary execution and confirming others, it set both traditionalists and modernists thinking. To several current debates—about style, language, old instruments, small-scale operas in large houses—it made a practical contribution. Best of all, it presented "Orfeo" as what Monteverdi meant his opera to be: at once a narrative, an allegory, and a living demonstration of music's power.

—ANDREW PORTER

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But Kohn insists that the Institute's work is vital whether it has foreseeable practical impact or not. After all, he notes, theoretical studies provide the conceptual framework for *all* science. If we still believed, for instance, that the earth revolved around the sun, practical science wouldn't be anything like it is. Only the theorizing of Copernicus caused people to re-think their beliefs.—*TWA Ambassador, an in-flight magazine.*

Sure, but everybody knows Copernicus was a nut.

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Under the circumstances, the price is a little hard to understand, too.

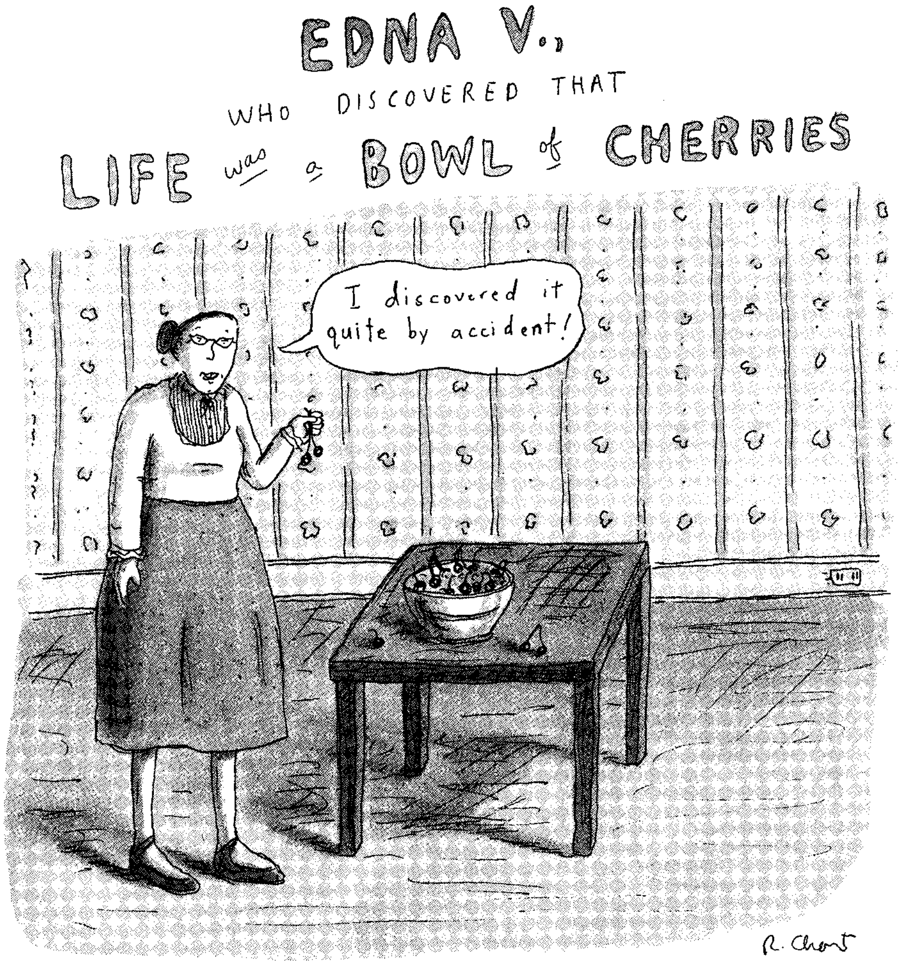
BOOKS

Half a Hero

William S. McFeely's "Grant: A Biography" (Norton; $19.95) is a brisk new effort to answer the knotty old question of how such a good general could have been such a bad President. Grant's Presidency, like Harding's, is an example of decline from wartime idealism to postwar corruption, but Harding demonstrated no capacities comparable to Grant's. Though the historians' assessment of Eisenhower has not yet jelled, no critic of his Presidency has ranked it as low as Grant's. McFeely is more sensitive to some matters—for example, Grant's humane, if ineffectual, Indian policy—than earlier writers were. And as he insists on Grant's importance for our own era we recognize issues that Grant dealt with as President which remain perplexing today—for example, the nature (that is, the backing), the quantity, and the stability of our currency. McFeely, alas, has not made up his mind whether he is writing about or against his subject; he belittles a President who needs no disparagement and misses the originality of the commander. His belief that Grant's failings tell us about the failings of all Americans may be correct, but he sometimes misidentifies human traits as specifically American characteristics. However, in the areas he cares about—particularly Reconstruction policy—his research and judgment are excellent. When this biographer is good, like Grant himself he is very, very good.

Grant was born in Ohio in 1822, the son of a successful tanner and dealer in leather goods. As a boy, he had a way with horses, an aptitude for mathematics, and a loathing of the tannery; West Point offered a free college education and an alternative to the family business. (A mixup on the appointment papers changed his name from Hiram Ulysses to U. S., or Ulysses Simpson, Grant.) After graduation, Grant was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, outside St. Louis, where he met Julia Dent, the sister of a classmate, whose family had a farm nearby. They married after Grant, a lieutenant, returned from the Mexican War. Money became a problem when he was ordered to the West Coast in 1852; he could not afford to take his pregnant wife and their first child with him. Every part-time money-making venture that he tried failed; early in 1854, he came under the command of an unsympathetic superior, grew depressed, and started drinking. Despite his promotion to a captaincy, he resigned later that year. The legend of Grant's alcoholism was exaggerated and spread by rivals. McFeely intelligently and persuasively sifts the matter, telling us that Grant was never habitually intoxicated but when discouraged or lonely might turn to the bottle. In later years, friends, aides, and the presence of his wife kept him sober, but gossip outlasted the rare drinking episodes. The role of alcohol, as McFeely describes it, suggests a vein of dependency. Grant's longing for his wife was sexual, but he also needed her presence, as he needed the company of congenial, undemanding men. He was an assured commander, who knew his own mind and did not depend on his headquarters staff for policy. He wanted them for an atmosphere of sociability. His mother was notably taciturn and shy, and McFeely suggests that she may have had "a psychosomatic disorder." However, one of Grant's brothers-in-law, a minister, reported that Grant felt he took after his mother, which sounds as if the son thought she was normal. Though Grant might appear withdrawn, he disliked solitude, and except in war was uncritical of his fellows. This combination of qualities may account in part for his protective attitude toward another brother-in-law, Abel Corbin, who was involved in gold speculation with Jay Gould and James Fisk, and toward his own secretary, Orville Babcock, who was involved in the tax-fraud conspiracy called the Whisky Ring. In both cases, the President's impulse was not to punish but to shield, and his reputation suffered permanently.

Other American statesmen have lacked money sense—Sam Adams lived broke and Thomas Jefferson died broke—but Grant's lifelong ineptitude in financial matters, which created the legend of Grant the failure to match the legend of Grant the drunk, is very odd. While in California, he invested fifteen hundred dollars in a friend's store and at the friend's request destroyed the notes for the money; the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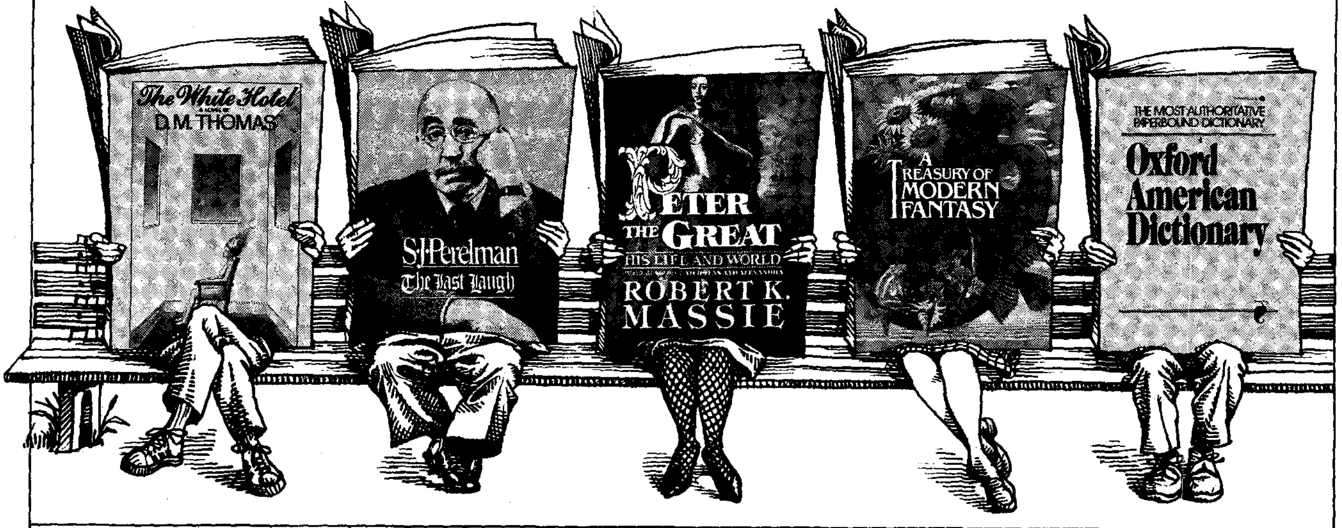

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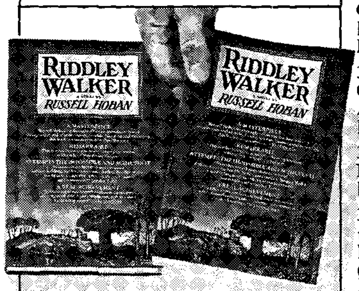

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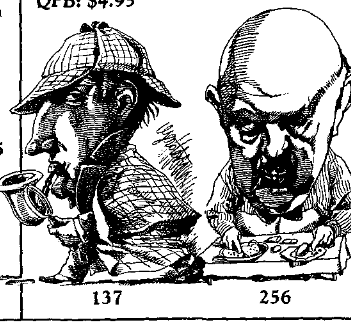

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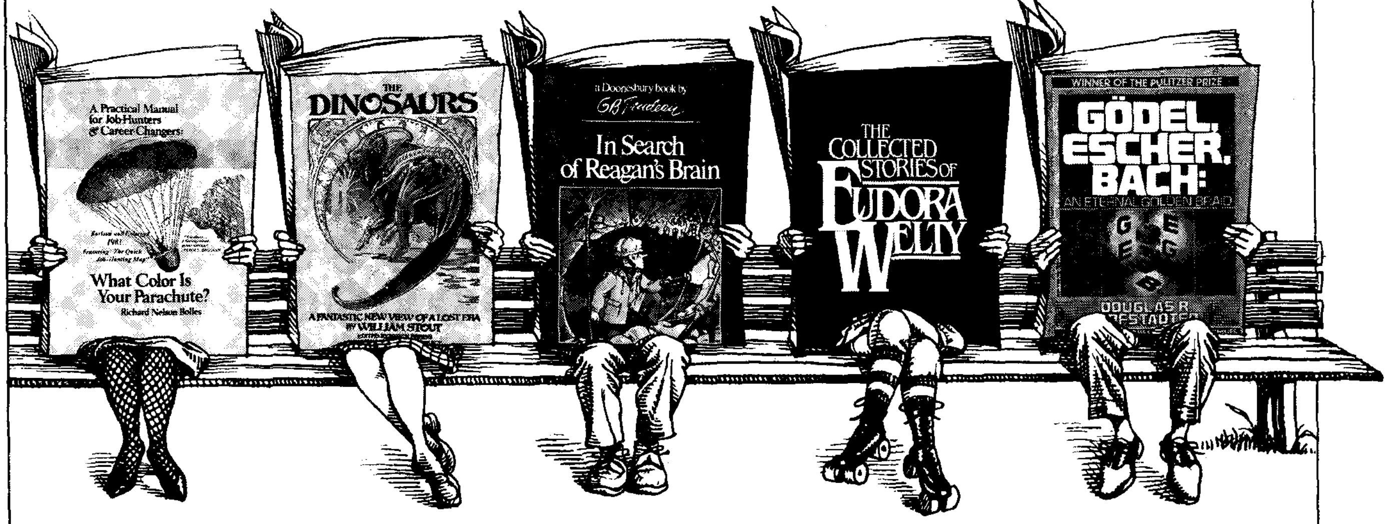
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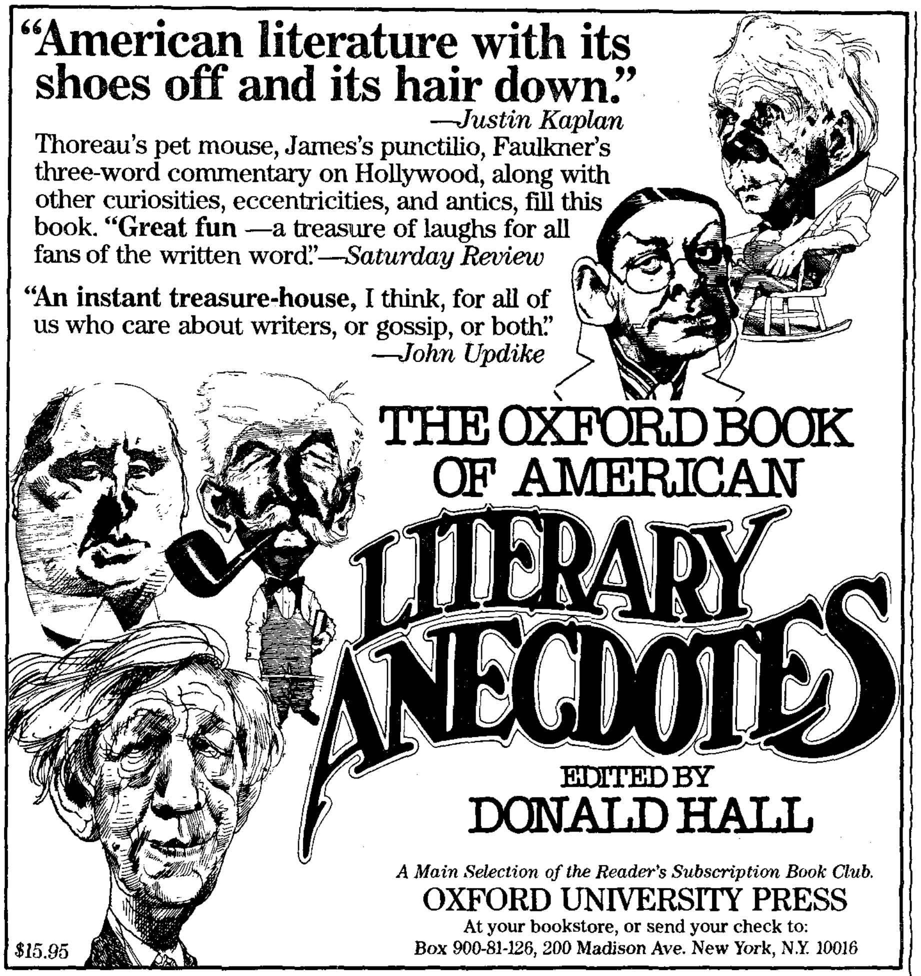

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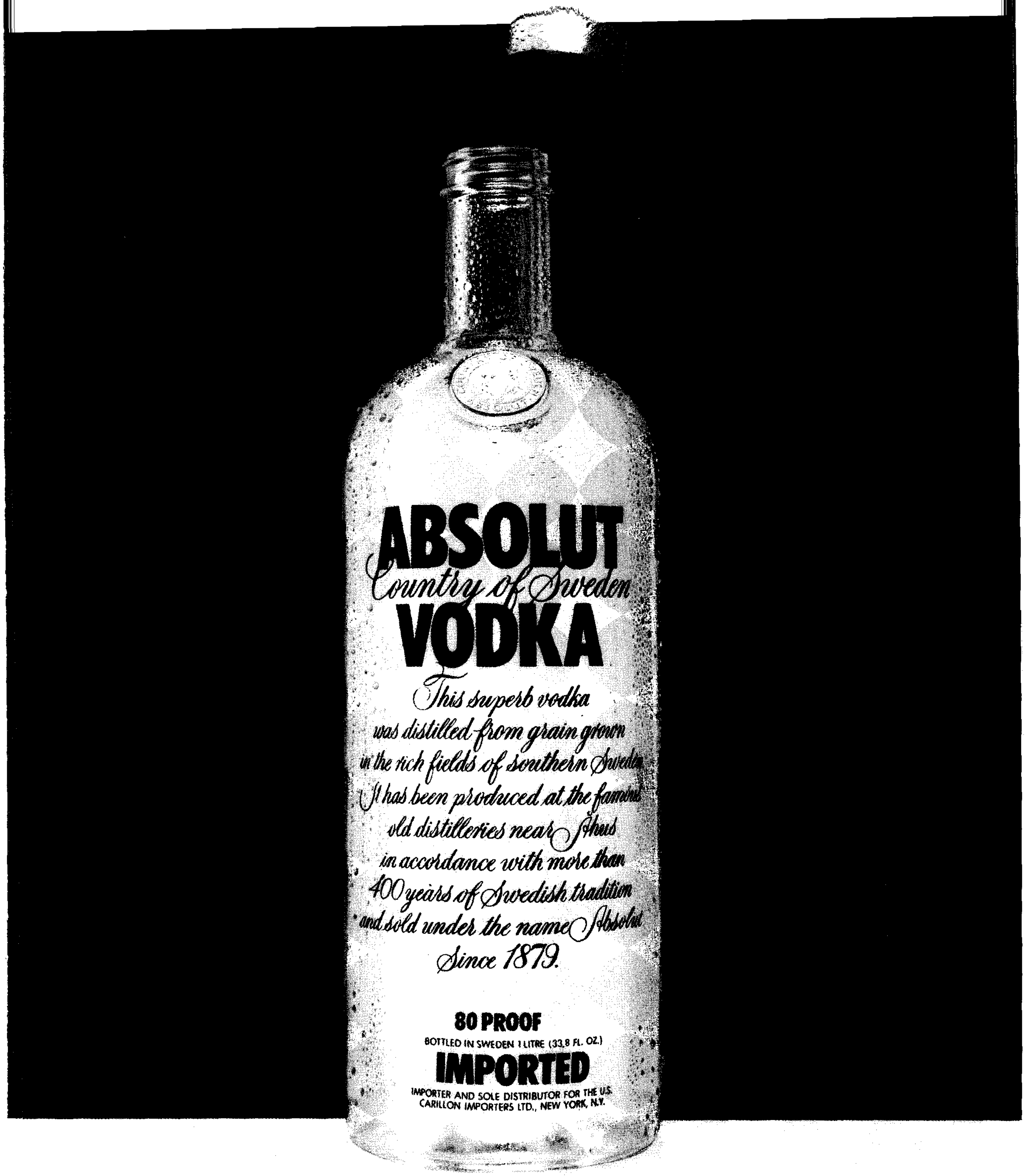
store failed, and so did Grant’s efforts to collect the debt. In this area, he never learned: in 1884, the defalcations of his partners in the brokerage firm Grant & Ward left the ex-President penniless. His father, by contrast, had been an excellent businessman. Possibly because the author dislikes Julia Grant, who was pretentious, he understates the solvency and social status of the Grant and Dent families. According to one authority, the elder Grant had amassed about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars by 1860. The Dent landholdings, though no agribusiness, were extensive enough so that when Grant left the Army his in-laws presented him with a farm. When it proved unprofitable, his father gave him a job in one of his stores, in Galena, Illinois, which Grant left at the outset of the Civil War. McFeely accuses Grant of deserting the common people, or poor folk, from whom he sprang, but in the pre-Civil War American provinces the Dents correspond to Europe’s minor gentry and the Grants to its local notables. West Point was not for the poor; the poor became enlisted men, because they lacked the kind of educational preparation that Grant had received at private schools. His simplicity of manner —his willingness to work with his hands, for example—reflects the simplicity of this country before the Civil War. Like many other Americans, Grant made two kinds of journey: from small town to big city and from prewar to postwar. The wealth of the postwar new rich—the circles in which the victorious commander was fêted—dwarfed anything the Grants had known and revived his anxiety about a suitable provision for his family: suitable was more expensive in 1865 than it had been in 1860. The nation was justly grateful to Grant, for that generation knew what we have half forgotten: the great powers of Europe had always regarded our republic as a radical experiment dangerous to them, and if disunion had prevailed it would have been a likely prelude to the recolonization of North America and—as Lincoln, who was no rhetorical exaggerator, pointed out at Gettysburg—to the extinction of popular government on the globe. The voters rewarded Grant with the Presidency, which he thought his due, though he worried that by accepting it he would forfeit his Army pension. This aspect of Grant’s career remains pertinent, for we have not yet discovered (I wonder if any society has) a rational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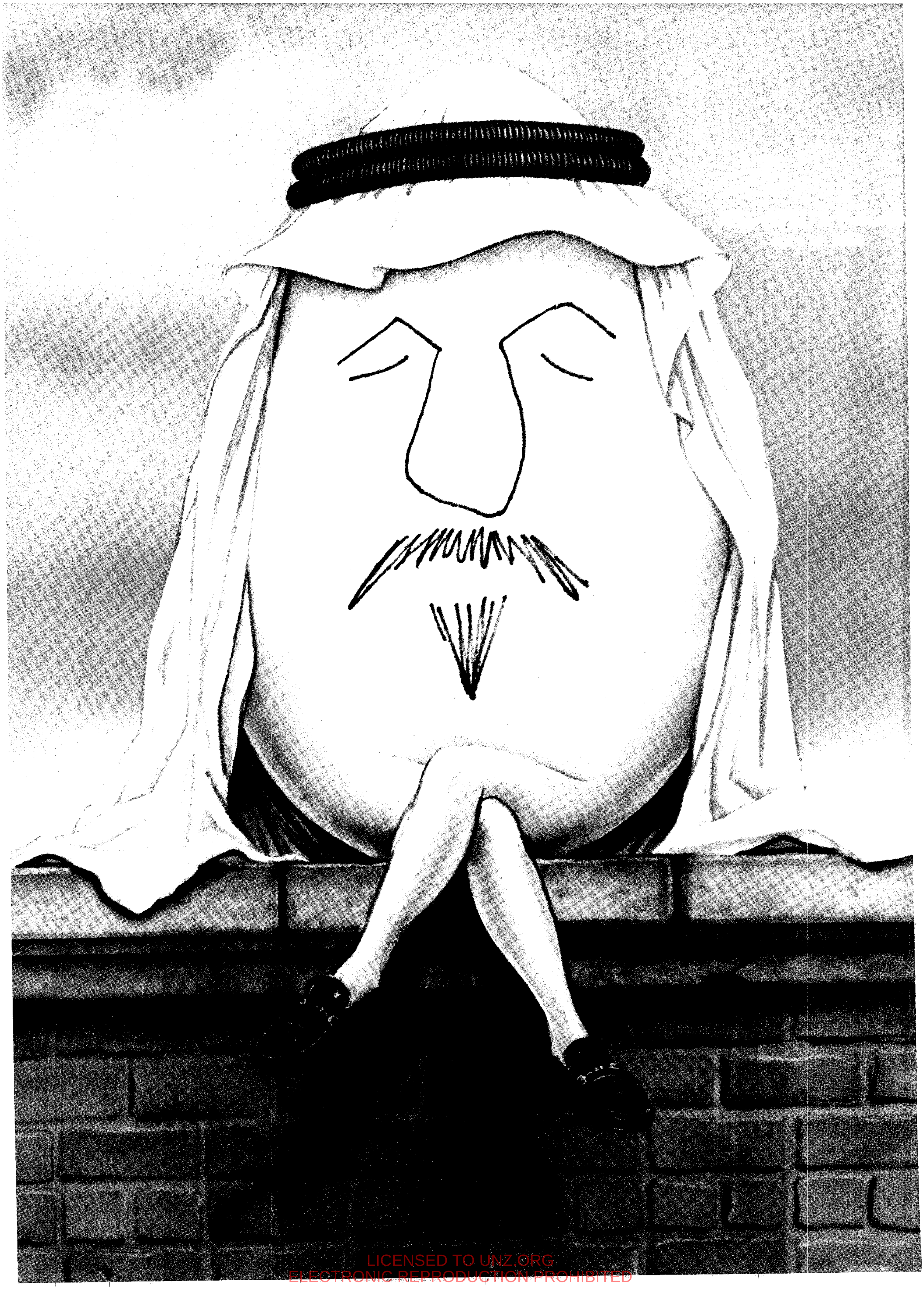

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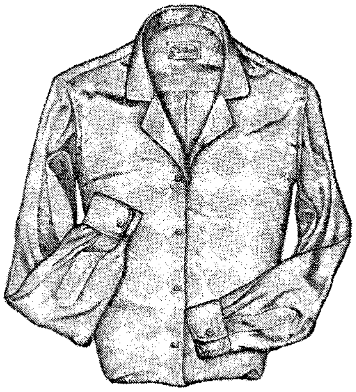
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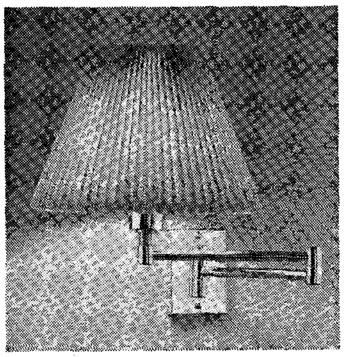
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pattern of reward. The disparity between money and esteem still confuses the notions of success held by Americans, including many, like Grant, who are themselves successful. At the end of his life, Grant made a fortune by writing his memoirs, a best-seller that was both well written and well distributed. (His publisher was Mark Twain, another notable American with an unreliable head for business.) Grant worked doggedly on his book almost to the moment of his death, of cancer; he at last succeeded materially by the exercise of soldierly resolution.

McFeely gives clues to Grant's military greatness without believing in it. The assertion "He had learned . . . how simple war is . . . war is an act; to make war is to kill" is nonsense. If war were simple, its outcome would be as predictable as the upshot of a ticktacktoe game, and no one would start wars. McFeely says that on the assumption that the North was bound to win because of its larger population "Grant now saw the war with frightening clarity" (frightening to whom?). Population is not decisive: Germany beat Russia in the First World War, and Vietnam beat the United States a decade ago. Russell Weigley, in "The American Way of War," explains why the North could bring proportionately fewer men to the Civil War's battlefields than the South. McFeely cites Weigley to the effect that Grant taught Americans that war is annihilation, but Weigley does not say that we waged a Trojan or Punic War, with the aim of reducing Southern cities to archeological sites; he merely contrasts the military problem of the South—to hold its territory and make the war too expensive for the North—with that of the Union, which had to reconquer seceded states. Historians agree that the Civil War was the first "modern" war (at least, before the invention of nuclear weapons). Both world wars resembled it. Grant was the commander who appreciated its modern requirements and potentialities. The modernity was technological; the increase in firepower, for example, changed tactics. I think that the technological changes that most affected the conduct of the war were in transportation and communications. Railroads and steamships permitted the assembly, supply, and resupply of huge armies, which did not have to disband because they ran out of arrows or the horses ate up all the grass. The telegraph permitted the central direction of distant, separated armies. Grant had

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a unique sense of how all the theatres of war were interrelated, and understood how to coördinate the action of the Union forces. Both supply and coördination have given modern wars their peculiarly relentless, grinding quality—so much so that John Keegan, in the last chapter of "The Face of Battle," speculates that modern combat has passed beyond human endurance, and that "battle has already abolished itself."

Grant, confronted by an unprecedented kind of war, knew how to win it, but he did not know how to lead a society changed by that war. McFeely tells us that Grant believed in a national ideal that would leave no room for second-class citizenship, either for American Indians or for emancipated slaves. On the subject of how and why Grant's two terms failed both groups, McFeely is at his best. His control of masses of detail and his ability to make the epoch live show, with a clarity frightening to me, the defeat of the United States government by terrorists. This is an extremely up-to-the-minute subject, if a dispiriting one. Between the end of the Civil War and his election to the Presidency, Grant was the commander of the Army. He was aware of the violence to which freedmen were subjected in the South, but he feared military despotism, and therefore used force as sparingly as possible to repress such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan. During his Presidency, the Civil Rights Acts of 1866 and 1875 and the Ku Klux Klan Act of 1871 enabled the federal government to go to law, but Grant found only one Attorney General, Amos T. Akerman (he served in 1870-71), who brought dedication and pertinacity to the legal battle for civil rights. Ordinary legal action was insufficient in the South: Akerman, for example, had to ask Grant to suspend habeas corpus in nine counties of South Carolina. Terrorists then—as they do now—threatened moderate or constitutional governments by goading them to take measures repugnant to moderation or constitutionalism. McFeely portrays Grant less as a racist than as a man susceptible to those who were racists. Grant was also handicapped by the public's boredom with the issue of civil rights. He tried to rouse the Congress, but he clearly lacked Churchill's ability to use language to inspire, and he lacked as well Jackson's assurance about the use of Presidential powers.

Writing about Grant in the nineteen-fifties, Bruce Catton said, "It can

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be risky to put a professional soldier in the White House, not because the man will try to use too much authority . . . but because he will try to use too little." Catton reflected the concern of observers who thought that Eisenhower was not a sufficiently strong President, but Presidential power cannot be discussed apart from its uses: one would not like a strong President devoted to filling in the Grand Canyon or levelling Niagara Falls. In his first term, Grant did his best to buy Santo Domingo, which had been offered by its President, who had no right to sell it. Congress refused to vote the money—an instance in which Grant's political weakness was probably a boon. McFeely comments on the number of generals who have been elected President, as if this were uniquely American. Historically, of course, military and civilian leadership have commonly been united in one person (a reason that most societies have excluded women, who did not ordinarily go to war, from political power), but the generals we have elected have been those who most resembled civilians—and, since militia service was common in the past, several were civilians. So were most of the soldiers in our armies. At all events, the separation of the military and the civilian reflects the increase in specialization that comes about in advanced societies. One unfortunate side effect of that increase is our growing difficulty in understanding or appreciating each other.

McFeely does not solve the puzzle of Grant. He says simply that the puzzle does not exist, because—despite all the military experts he has consulted, whose appreciation of Grant is immense—he does not admit Grant's military talent. I suspect he would understand his subject better if he had been one of the military intellectuals whose works bored Grant at West Point—men who codified the hunches of successful commanders. It is extremely difficult, I think, to prescribe the qualities that men of action, either military or political, should have. What is political talent? It varies with cultures, societies, and times. There are periods in which it is scarce—the period after the Civil War was one, and our own is another. Grant's rivals for the Presidency were, in 1868, Horatio Seymour, a governor of New York who had played a feeble or an evil part in the Draft Riots of 1863, and, in 1872, Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune*, who had a lively, if some-

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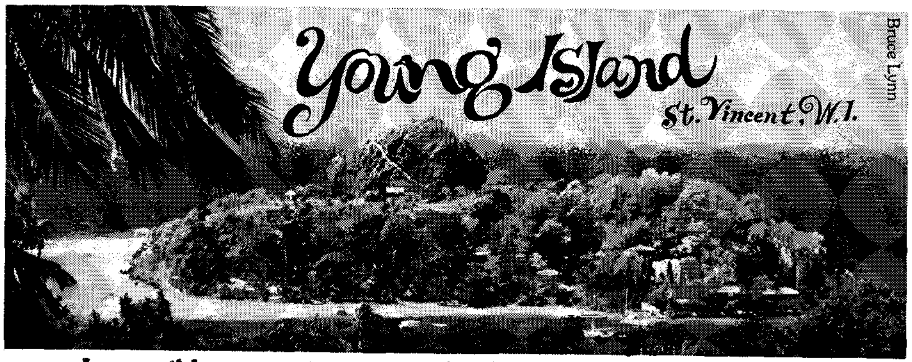

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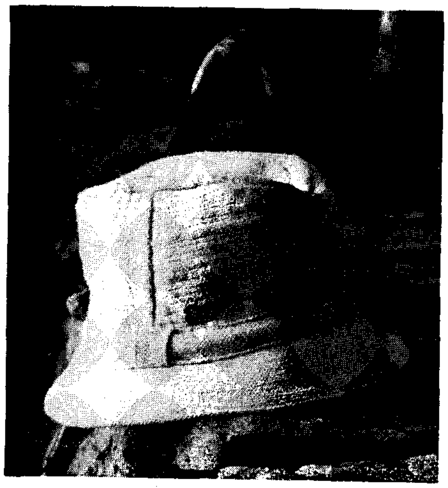

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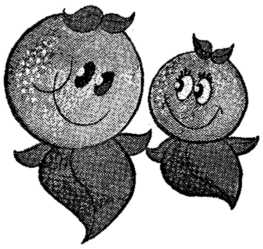
what scattered, mind, and who had lost almost every election in which he ran. Perhaps, just as we do not expect every poet to be Shakespeare, we ought not expect every President to be Lincoln. But perhaps we should also take the hint that McFeely gives and consider ourselves and our responsibility as citizens. In Grant's day, his high-minded critics objected most strenuously to corruption, for which they blamed other people. They did not blame themselves for lack of perseverance in the national responsibility of insuring that the laws and the Constitution were obeyed throughout the Union. Political failure, whether of a President or of a public, is less dramatic than military defeat; unfortunately, it is every bit as costly.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE END OF MY CAREER, by Miles Franklin (St. Martin's; $10.95). The original title of this sequel to "My Brilliant Career" (which was made into a movie in 1979) was "My Career Goes Bung"—not very euphonious, but perfectly attuned to the fresh, unprissy writing. Completed in 1902, this is the story of how Sybylla Melvyn, the fierce and sassy tomboy of 'Possum Gully, New South Wales, and now the twenty-two-year-old author of the greatly successful "My Brilliant Career," copes with international acclaim in a country where readers—much less writers—are about as common as kangaroos in the Cotswolds. As reviews pour in, comparing the author to Emily Brontë, Zola, and Dickens, Sybylla becomes the talk of the bush and of the town, and she is invited to spend a month in Sydney, making the rounds of Australia's handful of literary lights. The lightly fictionalized story of the visit is wickedly funny: the débutantes, suitors, matrons, and old wolves who try to impress her are lucky if they come off looking simply foolish. ("When I saw Mrs. Crasterton booming across a drawing-room I measured that she was of exactly the same proportions and human texture as Mrs. McSwat, save that Mrs. Crasterton had had some sort of a tilling and wore expensive stays, whereas Mrs. McSwat's form was unconfined and her culture had camped out at Barney's Gap and subsisted on bully



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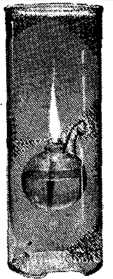

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and damper.") Sybylla returns to 'Possum Gully with her sanity, her virginity, and her feminist ideology unshaken, and grateful to Sydney for having shown her that London is where she belongs. The prospect of libel suits may be the reason that this delightful work was not published until 1946.

GENERAL

MRS. L.: CONVERSATIONS WITH ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH, by Michael Teague (Doubleday; $19.95). President Theodore Roosevelt's eldest child (1884-1980), who in 1906 married from the White House Nicholas Longworth, a Republican representative (later Speaker of the House) from Ohio, gave her name to the color Alice blue and contributed a host of barbs (e.g., that Thomas E. Dewey looked "like the bridegroom on the wedding cake") to American lore. During her long years of widowhood, when she had no personal connections to political power, her personality maintained its hold over the happy few who frequented her salon, and these taped-and-transcribed reminiscences and opinions allow the rest of us to join her admirers. We realize that her mockery was the result of a critical sense arising from high intelligence and aesthetic sensitivity, which helped her survive an upbringing whose ferocity and indifference might have destroyed a less forceful nature. Her recollections of and observations about her cousin Eleanor Roosevelt, whose childhood was equally wretched but whose strategy for survival was different, are illuminating. Mrs. Longworth's candor and almost literary sense of telling detail make very plain why she said that she did not "look back . . . with any particular nostalgia" to her Victorian girlhood and Edwardian youth. Her loyalties and affections were very strong, though they did not cloud her judgment, and her remarks on political affairs show her capacity for intellectual growth.

EMERGING COSMOLOGY, by Bernard Lovell (Columbia University Press; $14.95). The distinguished astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell has written an excellent popular book on the history of cosmology—at least, as it has been practiced in the Western scientific tradition. Readers unfamiliar with the subject will find many surprises here. For example, Isaac

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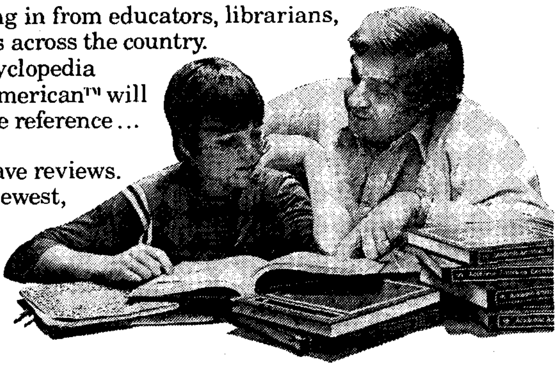

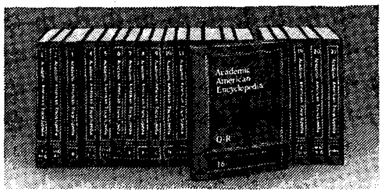

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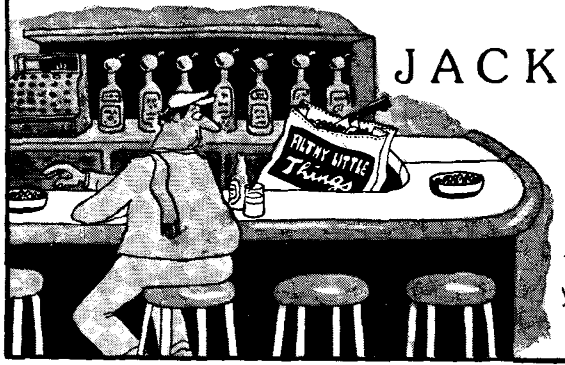

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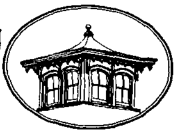

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Newton gave a very convincing argument, within the context of his mechanics, that the universe had to be infinite; Professor Lovell notes that people have found this easier to believe than Einstein's arguments showing that, under certain conditions, the universe can be considered finite. Since cosmology is one of the most active scientific fields at the moment, Professor Lovell's book suggests more questions than it—or, indeed, any other book—can answer.

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Edmund S. Morgan (Norton; $12.95). This brief essay was originally the George Rogers Clark Lecture of the Society of the Cincinnati. In it, Professor Morgan suggests that Washington's understanding of power was unique. Although Washington was one of a band of brilliant Americans of whom many were more articulate than he about political theory, he had, according to Morgan, a superb practical grasp of the nature, the uses, and the limits of various kinds of power: military and economic, domestic and international. He was so notably willing to defer to public opinion because he did not see the acquisition of power (by himself or by any other individual) as a worthy end: he believed in the republican democracy that the Revolution had fashioned. Morgan also thinks that Washington was an able learner who never made the same mistake twice, and to his lecture he has appended (with comments) a selection of Washington letters, from youth to old age, to demonstrate these qualities.

NOTE: "Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession," by Janet Malcolm, has been published by Knopf ($9.95). Most of the contents originally appeared in these pages.

•

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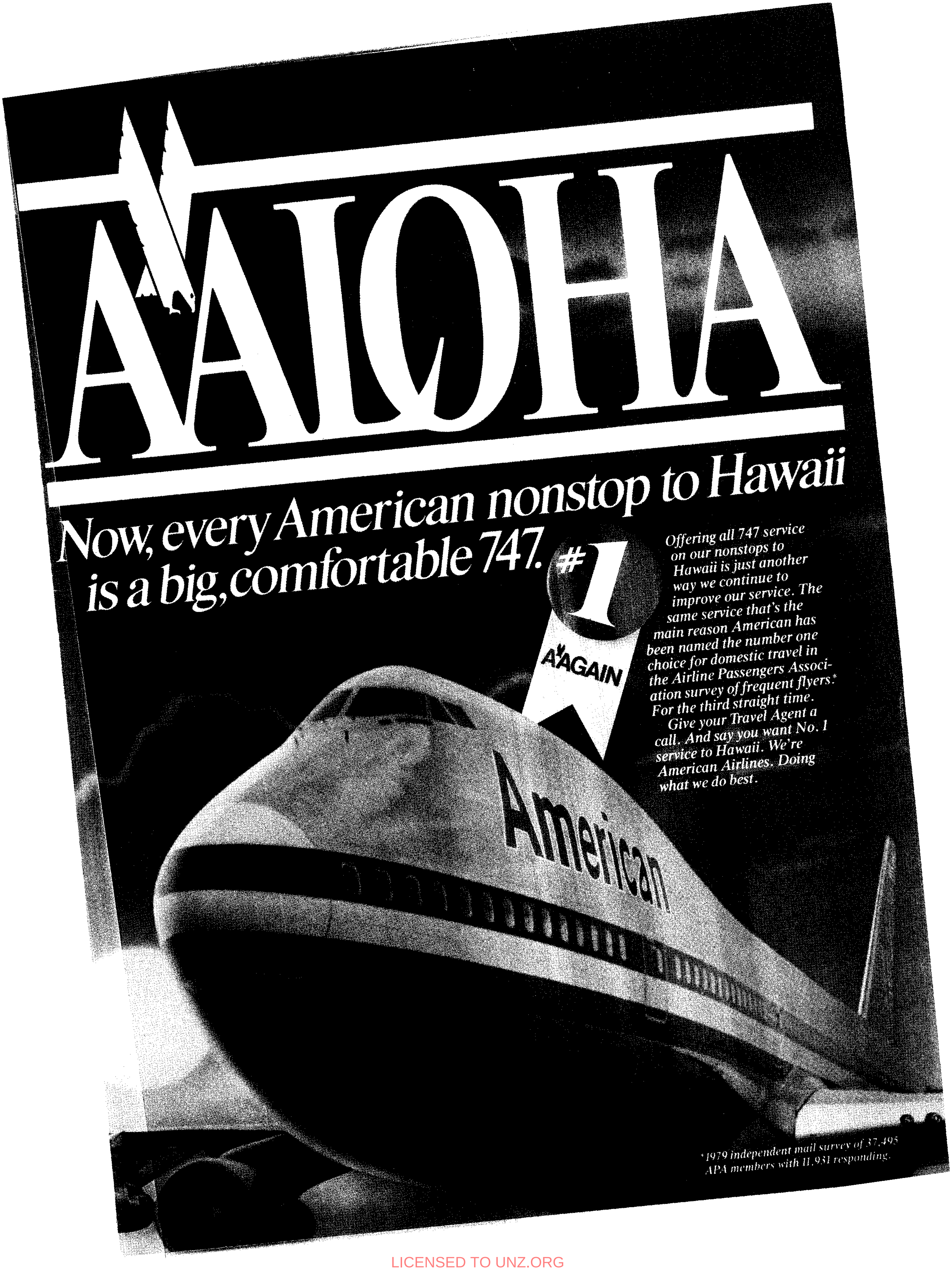
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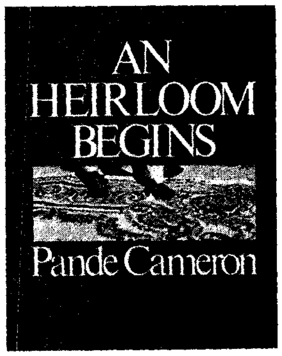

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